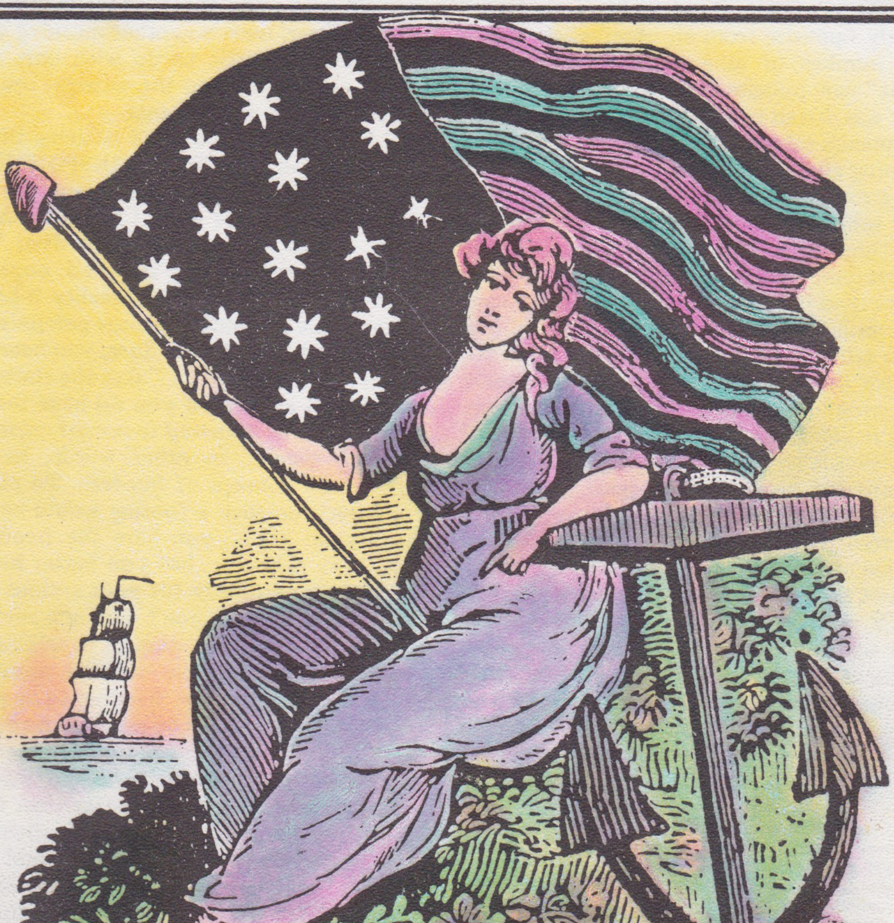
AN ANARCHIST JOURNAL

THE MATCH!

ANARCHISM — A philosophy of resistance to, and criticism of, all statist laws and authoritarianism; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

Issue Number 92 *Winter, 1997 - 1998* *$2.75 per copy*



Useful Applications of the American Flag

(No. 1 in a series.)

In this issue: *Flag "Desecration", Crap-Detection Dept., Time-Traveling, Who really committed the crimes Sacco & Vanzetti were executed for, Reviews, Freedom Eclipsed, Who the Police Beat, What is Anarchism?, Half a Century at Hard Labor—the story of Ammon Hennacy; A Printer Looks at Fingerprints; Contrary Cases—prisoners' "frivolous" lawsuits; World's Largest Letters Column; How Statists create an "anarchist spokesman", Free Ads... & More!*

From the Editor

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE is sometimes strangely equivocal. Most of the time, any blurred meanings are made clear by context, or when not, they're material for "plays on words". If Tim McVeigh, for instance, was reported as being mad about the Waco assault, that would mean something exactly opposite from an observation that a horrifying number of atheist publications were "mad about" such policies of extermination. Where the former was driven by anguish and outrage over the government's crimes, the latter were chortling with sickening glee.

Another example of equivocal language—one that needs some comment from us because it has potentially important social consequences—is this word *responsibility* that has been popping up a lot lately. We've used it ourselves— "Anarchism means taking responsibility for your own life," etc. In this usage we're talking about direct action, people doing things for themselves. Let's say you need some important work done that largely only concerns *you*. If you're like most Americans these days, your instant reaction is to start running around hunting for a government program or at least a support-group and "funding" (other people's money). If no arm of bureaucracy is as yet empowered to jump into that area of your life, you start screaming that there oughtta be a law, and you stick your face in front of TV cameras and wave petitions and get the always obliging Liberal or Conservative newspaper to spawn editorials until pretty soon there is a whole agency devoted to studying new needs, and writing new "guidelines", and figuring up new operating budgets drawn from funds taken by force from people who don't have YOUR problem or anything faintly resembling it. Now, this type of so-called "activism" is a far cry from what we are talking about when we recommend direct action, and taking responsibility for your own life. Anarchism, in fact, is the philosophy most concerned with individual responsibility.

However, there's another meaning of this word, one that has little to do with ours most of the time, and shades into the outright opposite of our philosophy at some points.

A while back I started noticing these bumper-stickers reading: "TAKE RESPONSIBILITY". Is there some anarchistic sentiment behind these? I wondered. A little later I saw a further permutation: "Take Responsibility for What You Do and Say." My wonderment vanished; no, this certainly was nothing libertarian; in reality it happens to be some of the authentic language perennially propping up authoritarian laws. "*Sure, you have the right to make those comments,*" says the statist who really thinks it's a shame if you do have the right, "*but you should be prepared to accept responsibility for making them.*" In other words, he just gutted the whole concept of freedom. To place freedom of speech on such a footing would be tantamount to saying: "Sure, you have the freedom to commit bank robbery— but you better be prepared to *accept responsibility* for your actions later." That means that no, you don't have any such freedom at all, and use of such phrases in talking about true freedom wrenches the concept around and contorts it into absurdity: freedom to be punished.

I can't even begin to estimate how many times, during the years I've been publishing this journal, I've heard the frustrated, hateful rage of citizens who would love nothing better than to find some legal way to compel me to fall silent. They rant about sedition laws, or "treason", and 20-year prison sentences, and when I quizzically ask them how that squares with the alleged guarantees of their glorious "Constitution", they always sputter that sure, I have the right to continue, but that the Law ought to make me "take responsibility" for issuing these pages— i.e., go to prison. Typical American doublethink.

A RELATED type of reasoning is behind the frenzied struggle to enact a so-called Flag Desecration law. Anyone who thinks that such a law would stop with governing the treatment of certain pieces of cloth, has got a lot to learn about the working of laws. Personally, I believe that some such legislation will eventually come forth, and if it necessitates a weird sort of gouged-out "amendment" to the Constitution that the proponents

THE MATCH!
Issue 92, Printed in December, 1997
Fred Woodworth, Editor and Publisher
P. O. Box 3012, Tucson, Arizona 85702

First published in 1969, The Match now throws off light and heat as often as possible. This publication exists solely to criticize authoritarian society and religion in order to argue for the many humane advantages of freedom and rationality. We are not affiliated with any groups or organizations. The above listed address is the one we are trying to switch over to, but our longstanding address, Box 3488, Tucson 85722, is still good. All rights reserved on everything herein, but any publication of this same general orientation that does not have paid employees may reprint anything. SUBSCRIPTION: 4 issues cost $10. Please send CASH ONLY or STAMPS, not checks, as we are soon going to quit dealing with banks entirely. Overseas readers MUST send cash only, but all local currencies are accepted. PLEASE NOTE: NO REFUNDS FOR ANY REASON. If, after subscribing, it turns out that you disagree violently with material in this journal, or don't approve of the publication schedule, or anything else... tough. No refunds, ever. Do not subscribe unless you understand and agree to this. We may give prisoners or other victims of the present maniac social system free subscriptions, at our discretion. Submissions of letters, etc., are welcome, and all letters will be considered as being for publication unless you note otherwise. To assholes, imbeciles, superpatriots, etc. : Don't bother screeching at or threatening us, because after 29 years of publication it will take a lot more than your goofball nazi notes to bring The Match to a stop. Oh yes: Don't bother looking for a printing company you can intimidate—this publication is printed entirely by Fred Woodworth. No telephone, no E-mail, write or don't communicate at all. No computers used in this production.

claim to hold in such reverence— oh well! Better, their reasoning apparently goes, to rip up some parts of the Constitution itself (of which the flag is but a supposed symbol), than to risk that some persons will continue to rip at the *symbol.*

For my part, I loathe the American flag (and I don't think much of any other flag, either)—hate it so passionately and thoroughly that, in complete and honest truth, I think — or hope — that every word, every sentence, that I have during my lifetime written or printed, has in some way or another discredited or insulted this putrid symbol. I might add that all these expressions have taken place, not under the protective aegis of the flag, but always completely *in spite of* it and the repressive, thwarting instrumentalities over whose foul offices it hangs.

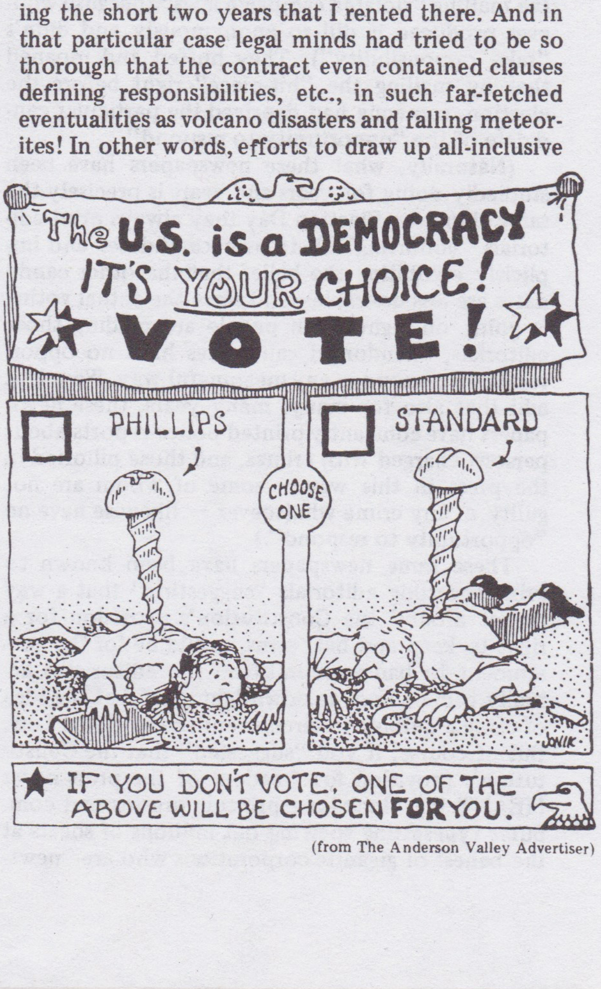
Tiresomely, repeatedly, endlessly asked but only here answered is the primary ritual question of American society: *"Say— does that star-spangled banner still wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave?"* ABSOLUTELY NOT!

There is so much idiotic blithering woven into the debate about flag "desecration" laws that no one ever stops to ponder what exactly a word like "desecration" is doing here anyway. Desecration means making something un-sacred, or insulting a sacred object. *Sacred* means *hallowed by association with "god".* Right away you can see that any legal language involving the word "desecration" at all puts the entire force of the law behind the concept that there is a god. That's preposterous all by itself, but worse yet it could easily lead by short, simple, logical steps to more laws authorizing penalties for "blasphemy" or desecration of religious symbols. So-called hate-crime laws, using the flag amendment as precedent, could require the same protection for the Bible (or the even screwier Koran) that the Stars & Stripes has— after all, *they're* "sacred" too!

Right away there's a whole labyrinth of possibilities leading away to infinity in this direction. And in a different direction a strange uncharted wilderness of regulations will have to be explored, in thousands of court cases, before the majesty of the "Law" will start to have a body of precedent defining exactly what a "flag" is, anyway. Is it cloth only, or does paper qualify too? If cloth, then can someone be prosecuted for "desecrating" one which is printed on paper with a cotton or linen content? If a flag is a flag irrespective of the material it's printed on, then is a picture of one printed in a newspaper fully protected against insulting treatment? What about hand-drawn flags in editorial cartoons? What about electronic pictures of flags transmitted over television or computers? Are obsolete flags, having the wrong number of stars or stripes, covered? If not, what prevents a claim that you had only an old, no-longer-current flag? If so, why wouldn't everyone be able to evade penalties by so alleging?

Suppose you paint your own flag on cloth, and then burn it: how can you "desecrate" something of your own creation, that you made for no other purpose than to destroy? Or—just to peek at another realm of endless fantastic possibilities—what about a dedicated flag-insulter who creates a replica from deliberately mocking materials like discarded sheets from a morgue? Human ingenuity is unpredictably and unendingly inventive, and to keep up with it the Law invariably becomes involved in a crazy, ever-more-complicated dance of restrictions, exceptions, definitions and interpretations. Just as seemingly simple laws against pornography rapidly multiplied into yards-thick stacks of legal cases and complicated judgments, so will everything of this kind that any government ever tries to do.

Obviously, the complications — as with fractals — keep ramifying the closer you look at them. My point in discussing all this, however, mainly has nothing *per se* to do with the flag-"desecration" amendment at all; this is merely an instance that typifies law in general. I once rented an office for The Match and had to sign a lease contract that carried over 12 pages of fine print— law-loving mentalities had over a period of years added more and more clauses in efforts to leave nothing to chance. Yet chance occurrences, not covered by this wasteland of boilerplate, still arose, even during the short two years that I rented there. And in that particular case legal minds had tried to be so thorough that the contract even contained clauses defining responsibilities, etc., in such far-fetched eventualities as volcano disasters and falling meteorites! In other words, efforts to draw up all-inclusive


The U.S. is a DEMOCRACY
IT'S YOUR CHOICE!
VOTE!
☐ PHILLIPS
☐ STANDARD
CHOOSE ONE
JONIK
IF YOU DON'T VOTE, ONE OF THE ABOVE WILL BE CHOSEN FOR YOU.

(from The Anderson Valley Advertiser)

rules and definitions usually fall apart because reality is far slipperier than rigid authoritarians think.

This is one of the very reasons, in fact, why I find the symbol of a governmental system so repulsive. Other major reasons have to do with the way the entity called the United States has behaved and is currently behaving— regulating life to death, creating victims as numerous as the stars in the heavens, and parading endlessly nasty, arrogant behavior as that which stands between people and "chaos".

HOPEFUL SIGNS: In England, bastards arriving at a place in the countryside where they had intended to start off on a jolly fox-hunt, were met by an enormous crowd of unpleasant, determined protesters armed with baseball bats. Protesters, we thank you. The foxes thank you, sentient animals in general thank you, and someday, if the human race should ever earn the right to exist on this world, it as a whole should thank you.

Or here's another one: A while back they held yet another "election" here, and a couple of days before the voting somebody printed up a slew of leaflets showing how one of the many candidates was linked to big financial interests, then mailed hundreds of these to voters in the appropriate district. The local newspapers went completely insane, screeching frantically for days on end that the mailing "violated campaign laws" (because whoever produced it did so anonymously and didn't "take responsibility"). They huffed and moaned that by mailing the "hit-piece" right before the election, someone had deprived the particular candidate of the "opportunity to respond".

(Naturally, what these newspapers have been studiedly doing for years and years is precisely the same thing: on Election Day they always print editorials "endorsing" their own candidates and implicitly exhibiting the belief that the other candidates are less desirable— and since the actual voting is going on right when people are reading those editorials, unendorsed candidates have no opportunity to respond in any meaningful way. We might add that also for many, many years, these newspapers have constantly printed police-reports about persons charged with crimes, and those pilloried in the press in this way — some of whom are not guilty of any crime whatsoever — likewise have no "opportunity to respond".)

These same newspapers have been known to print chortling editorials "suggesting" that a way to get around the Constitution's provision for a right to keep and bear arms, would be for the government to ban ammunition— the editorialist actually came across as downright gleeful at the idea of using a quibble to circumvent the so-called Law. But of course, if you "suggested" that the Constitution's provision for freedom of the press never MEANT big block-long printing presses and computer typesetting spewing out millions of sheets at the behest of gigantic corporations who are "newspaper publishers", they'd howl that you were trying to "abridge a constitutional right". Or, let's say, if you smirkingly "suggested" that a good way to "get around" the constitution would be for the government to ban INK, again they'd scream. The newspapers like to pretend that they are dedicated defenders of certain constitutional rights, and it would be bad enough if they were just the sort of hypocrites who howled when their own constitutional section was being trampled on, ignoring everybody else's; but in reality their hypocrisy is even deeper than that: they won't even defend *freedom of the press itself* if it's someone other than a regularly-constituted commercial newspaper who's getting the shaft.

At any rate, they shrieked in maddened frenzy when whoever it was issued the anonymous leaflet to voters. They got one columnist, an ex-politician hack who now teaches "political science" at the University of Arizona (where else?) to appear in print demanding a police investigation, and hinting about felony violations and prison sentences.

Remember: this is all for just the printing and mailing of a leaflet.

Another point: the leaflet was nothing more than a photocopy of a signed newspaper article that had appeared in a small, low-circulation paper here, a week or so before.

By now you're exasperatedly thumping your finger against this page and barking: "Goddamn it, Woodworth, where's any '*hopeful sign*' in this mess of typical fascism?" Okay, here it comes. You see, they'd never have hit the ceiling this way if Joe Blow got on the PHONE the day of the election and read the article to his sister and two or three other "citizens". They wouldn't have screamed for the Attorney General to convene a grand jury investigation if somebody tapped the article into his computer and released it to the alleged two or three *billion* people all over the planet who are supposedly hooked up to the so-called "internet". No. Instead, they are frightened to death because *somebody who has a printing press*— and who *isn't them*— managed to put a printed sheet into the hands of some possibly significant number of people.

Very sincerely I tell you that I was uplifted by this. Years ago when we anti-war protesters were refused printing services at every printshop in this town, we bought our own little hand-cranked press and churned out thousands of leaflets. Frequently —so often that it sticks in my mind after over a quarter of a century— irritated-looking big, burly men in dark sunglasses would come up to us and try to strike up "casual" conversations as we handed out these leaflets; and invariably they'd soon get around to asking, in oh-so-nonchalant tones, just, ah, where did we get these printed anyway? Oh, you own your own press? Boy, those must take up a lot of room; what do you do, keep it in your garage or something? If they'd known where that little machine was kept, they'd have raided us for sure. Why? For the same reason that the Arizona Daily Star started foaming at the mouth this past September.

For a while now I'd been getting increasingly discouraged, thinking the days of the small press might really be over. I worried that with cable access, faxes, computer networks, phones, pirate radio and so forth, we true underground printers might have lived past our era.

But no! We're the only thing that really does still scare society's dedicated authoritarians. The cop who interrogated a local private printer the other day, still looking for whoever it was who put out that leaflet, wasn't kidding around— the police state really does still gibber in alarm at the exercise of true freedom of the press.

So thanks, cops! Thanks, Star! Thanks, column-writing political has-been hack! You fill us with renewed energy.

ONE of the strangest admissions of guilt I've ever heard was on a local radio station the other day. First let me note that at the end of the spot, the announcer said, in that lower-toned and slightly hurried way they have for such points: "This public service announcement was brought to you by Exxon." Since when are "public service" announcements *sponsored* by some business? Supposedly, PSA's were donations of air-time by stations for charitable and non-profit purposes. Just goes to show you how these things mutate (and again, just incidentally, why laws and regulators always keep growing in power, as their purposes and definitions keep mutating too).

The announcement itself was, to me, almost incredible. It was the sort of thing you'd literally expect to hear only in Nazi Germany, Red China, or Russia, circa 1960. It was a solicitation for donations of toys, to be given *by police* to children who had been present when *one or both of their parents were taken away by police.* Having a cop show up at the door with a toy is supposed to quell a kid's possible nascent hatred for these gestapo?!

Once I got over being astounded, I started marveling. This is one of the dumbest maneuvers I've run into yet! Evidently, police know nothing about child psychology, thank goodness. (Another hopeful sign— even with billions of dollars of resources at their command, they still enact blunders like this into policy.) The second cop arrival will only reinforce the impression from the chaos of the first one, only in a calmer surrounding that will have much greater true intellectual impact. The toy itself will afterward serve as a tangible marker of an event: "That's what they gave me for taking Mom away."

I grieve at the picture of parents being handcuffed and arrested— most of these instances are over drug possession, something that any decent and reasonable society would never regard as a crime in any sense. For a child to have to go through this kind of trauma is a pure tragedy and an inexcusable indictment of the lawless, insane "law enforcement" forces in this country. It is not going to stop until very large numbers of furious people mount a full-scale assault on it, and it may actually require some type of violent revolution to bring this hideous abuse to a halt, since the raiding of homes and the seizure of people's property, and the infliction of fines and imprisonment are all too profitable for authoritarian agencies.

If police have reached a point where they are having to engage in moronic propaganda like this, they must really be getting slightly desperate at the groundswell of detestation at their monstrous behavior. Giving these absurd tokens to horribly victimized children shows that cops do recognize, on some level, the dirtiness of their hands; but their clumsy gestures will, I think, create more in the way of cold, lasting hatred than the warm-fuzzy buyoff they expect. It's sometimes worth remembering that despite their awesome power and alleged social prestige, these people not only aren't geniuses, they aren't even very smart. They're definitely capable of screwing up so badly that they might bring themselves down.

CERTAINLY, voting isn't going to stop the encroaching police-state. Voters in Arizona last year approved a measure designed to abolish one small part of the Drug War nightmare: they said they wanted a decriminalization of medical usage of marijuana, and they wanted people caught in possession of small amounts of the weed not to be sent to prison.

All kinds of efforts were made just to keep the proposition off the ballot. Then, when it became clear that people really were going to try to vote on the matter, an amazing propaganda barrage got going that included ex-Presidents Ford and Carter, along with the present inhabitant of the White House, urging the voters not to make this "mistake". Still, despite all this, the measure passed.

So what happened next? Well, the authorities just refused to abide by the vote: in a welter of throat-clearing pomposity about "what the people REALLY meant", the legislature took this slight liberalization and subjected it to the death of a thousand cuts, following which there was nothing recognizable or still-living left. All the while, Clinton administration "czars" and so forth openly scoffed that "the voters didn't know what they were doing", so they shouldn't be listened to. It's true: the voters DON'T know what they're doing; that's why they've elected hundreds of thousands of persons to public office who outright hate the very idea of freedom of choice in any sphere; but for these officials to make such statements when their pet area of social fascism receives the faintest blow is pretty sickening.

Just to mention one of the many ways in which the proposition was sliced to pieces: the Arizona

Supreme Court ruled that where the proposition says small-time "offenders" shouldn't be sent to prison, they can still be sent to jail, because "jail is not prison". See how little good voting does?

If voting could have kept this totalitarianism from happening, we wouldn't have the police-state we have got, because people are forever voting and they've certainly had enough opportunities to stop it or turn it aside if that was possible.

Frankly, I don't even think that some elections are on the level. Naturally I myself never vote because I refuse to sanction the outcome. I refuse to agree to be bound by whatever it is or whoever it is that the people who are allowed to vote, vote for. If I agreed to accept the outcome of an election, I would forfeit my right to regard the government so obtained as illegitimate. Beyond this I recognize that so-called majorities are only statistical games fabricated around contrived populations— about half of the full total of people are not permitted to vote, for many reasons: not old enough, rights forfeited after felony conviction, etc. (The Drug War is creating a population of individuals who are entirely forbidden to vote.) But beyond even this, I suspect that there is considerable tampering with ballots, particularly in places where electronic ballots are employed.

In a recent local election, a friend of mine who pays attention to such things did an analysis of the election results, by polling place, and he found that the percentage of incompletely filled-out ballots, ordinarily, was about 7 to 15 percent at any particular set of voting booths. But as he plotted this on a graph, he noticed that the wavery line in the 7-15% range suddenly jumped, at polling place 115, up into the 60 to 70% range. All the polling places after that one showed the same high undervote. So he went public with this, demanded a recount, and had city officials, at first, laugh at him. "A very interesting graph," said one, "but it doesn't mean anything." A few days later, when incontrovertible evidence arose from a sample recount, this same official was seen on TV acting like HE'D been the one who noticed the discrepancy in the first place.

Then the newspapers jumped into the act, reassuring the populace that while there might have been some irregularity, it would be too small to affect the outcome. Even when it finally turned out that 12,000 votes hadn't been counted at all, they kept up the calm reassurances to the voters that of course this wouldn't change a thing. And it didn't; after the recount, the same candidates won and lost as before. Interesting, though, how they love to proclaim how much "your vote counts"— until an irregularity arises; then, well, don't be concerned if your vote didn't really count. It don't matter.

I asked my friend, "How likely is it that this kind of thing happens all the time, and just isn't ever noticed?"

He shrugged. "It seems like a crude way to fool around with the balloting. If somebody really wanted to mess with an election, they wouldn't let you see it on a graph like this, where the line shoots up suddenly. They'd bury the miscount in randomly among the dozens of polling places."

I asked: "What about that time..."—I named a hotly contested election of a few years before. He seemed glum.

"Yeah," he said, "I just took a look at some of the records from that one, and I do think I see it, now that I know what to look for. Too late to do anything about it now, though."

Meanwhile, thousands of these elections go on, and in most cases detailed statistical records were not kept, or are impossible to find.

It's all a complicated game, but what it boils down to is: your vote is never going to change anything unless someone in power has already decided to let it be changed. And, by voting, you make it seem as if you fully agree to all that is done in the name of "the voters".

LAST ISSUE, I commented here on the effort that had been made to shut down the tiny substation of the Post Office where the old address of The Match is located. If the USPS had been in earnest about shutting down that branch, it surely would have done so by now, but there has been nothing else said about it and the place does a booming business. I am now absolutely certain that what was supposed to happen was: we and one or two other specially targeted boxholders were to be *persuaded*, by the threat of closure, to sign away our addresses. The little branch would close for a couple of days, then re-open under a new sub-contractor (it switched to the new sub-contractor anyway). Now, with no rights to our old address anymore, we'd be at the mercy of forwarding services which are notoriously unreliable and which will only keep forwarding for six months in any case. How catastrophic a blow this would have been to us is illustrated by the following fact: Even now, at our old P.O. box address, we still receive over FIVE TIMES as much mail as at our new one which we rented during the emergency period. In a lot of cases, mail comes in without the name, The Match, written on it: just the p.o. box number— so in such instances whoever the box had been re-assigned to would have been able to open and keep all of it.

Pretty thought-provoking, eh?

However, the little plot didn't work, and we kept the old address, so if you accidentally send anything to us at the box number listed in any of the first 90 issues, we'll still get it. But please do use our newer address for any correspondence with The Match. That is: P.O. Box 3012, Tucson 85702.

As promised, this issue we have the feature on Ammon Hennacy, a long condensation from his autobiography, "The Book of Ammon." Like all dissidents' books in this *Land of the Free*, his is a rare volume, so we want to thank Phyllis Hordin, of San Diego, for providing a copy to us. Now, on to a look at Deathville, in the Crap-Detector.

Crap-Detection Department:

"It's an amazing automatic crap-detector," she said drily.
"No home should be without one."
—Dream World

This issue: Miracles We Didn't See — Thank Goodness!

Readers, I've waited for this one for a long time, but before I can present it to you, I have to ask you to believe that it's not a hoax. Some of you who've read this magazine for a while know how much I hate hoaxes and so-called pranks in print, that destroy the ability of the written word to amaze or outrage people. When everybody starts to suspect that nothing anywhere can be believed, then there's no point in having an "alternative" press anymore, since the alternative to the regular set of soberly-presented lies becomes, at best, flippantly-presented lies. So, again: I don't print hoaxes in The Match. What follows is not a hoax.

I have to say, though, that if this appeared in any other magazine today I'd figure it had been deliberately made up, or at least tweaked to make it even more outrageous and stupid. I didn't change it one bit, however; this is reprinted from a 1952 high-school textbook called "Adventures in Reading", and it illustrates perfectly one of the reasons why I detested school so much. A version of this textbook was still being used when I was in high-school, and while I don't particularly remember the following essay, I do recall all too clearly the gloating, omniscient tone, the cheerful assurance that sickening and putrescent things were good for you and you WOULD like them, that always permeated high-school classes. I hear the same tone today whenever "experts" appear in the newspaper to pat good little citizens on the head and assure them that in a decade, or in a few years, or even only a few months or next week, you'll be firing up your computerized toothbrush in the morning, and kicking off your computerized shoes at night. In between, if you want a drink you'll lunge for a computerized water-faucet; if your lungs crave air you'll rely on a brand new software plugged into your nose; and if you need to take a shit, full procedures must first be accessed on the Internet.

Yes, I hated school, or as I've always thought of it, *skool.* (The "k" gives it an apt reminiscence of Der Faderland, or maybe the Ku Klux Klan.) Everything about skool was atrocious, from the needless, useless bullshit to the compulsory attendance. If a kid like me, who loved reading and studying *some* things, loathed it, what must the experience be like for those who have no fondness for either? No wonder ignorance is rampant today... But I digress.

The essay that follows is quintessential *skool;* it is nauseating crap that you can never refute at the time, that you can only fume and simmer and pass tests on... and see debunked in an anarchist paper 45 years later. Here, then, from 1952 is an "Adventure In Reading"—*Miracles You'll See in the Next Fifty Years,* by Waldemar Kaempfert. A preface noted that he was "the science editor for the New York Times, doing some looking into a crystal ball."

WHAT will the world be like in A.D. 2000? You can read the answer in your home, in the streets, in the trains and cars that carry you to your work, in the bargain basement of every department store. You don't realize what is happening because it is a piecemeal process. The jet-propelled plane is one piece, the latest insect killer is another. Thousands of such pieces are automatically dropping into their places to form the pattern of tomorrow's world.

The best way of visualizing the new world of A.D. 2000 is to introduce you to the Dobsons, who live in Tottenville, a hypothetical metropolitan suburb of 100,000. There are parks and playgrounds and green open spaces not only around detached houses but also around apartment houses. The heart of the town is the airport. Surrounding it are business houses, factories, and hotels. In concentric circles beyond these lie the residential districts.

Thanks to alloys, plastics, and other artificial materials, houses differ from those of our own time. The Dobson house has light metal walls only four inches thick. There is a sheet of insulating material an inch or two thick with a casing of sheet metal on both sides.

This Dobson air-conditioned house is not a prefabricated structure, though all its parts are mass-produced. Metal, sheets of plastic, and aerated clay (clay filled with bubbles so that it resembles petrified sponge) are cut to size on the spot. In the center of this eight-room house is a unit that contains all the utilities – air-conditioning apparatus, plumbing, bathrooms, showers, electric range, electric outlets. Around this central unit the house has been pieced together. Some of it is poured plastic – the floors, for instance. By 2000, wood, brick, and stone are ruled out because they are too expensive.

It is a cheap house. With all its furnishings, Joe Dobson paid only $5,000 for it. Though it is galeproof and weatherproof, it is built to last only about 25 years. Nobody in 2000 sees any sense in building a house that will last a century.

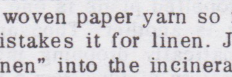
Everything about the Dobson house is synthetic in the best chemical sense of the term. When Joe Dobson awakens in the morning he uses a depilatory. No soap or safety razor for him. It takes him no longer than a minute to apply the chemical, wipe it off with the bristles, and wash his face in plain water.

This Dobson house is not as highly mechanized as you may imagine, chiefly because of the progress made by the synthetic chemists. There are no dishwashing machines, for example, because dishes are thrown away after they have been used once, or rather put into a sink where they are dissolved by superheated water. Two dozen soluble plastic plates cost a dollar. They dissolve at about 250 degrees Fahrenheit, so that boiling-hot soup and stews can be served in them without inviting a catastrophe. The plastics are derived from such inexpensive raw materials as cottonseed hulls, oat hulls, Jerusalem artichokes, fruit pits, soy beans, straw, and wood pull.

When Jane Dobson cleans house she simply turns the hose on everything. Why not? Furniture (upholstery included), rugs, draperies, unscratchable floors – all are made of synthetic fabric or waterproof plastic. After the water has run down a drain in the middle of the floor (later concealed by a rug of synthetic fiber) Jane turns on a blast of hot air and dries everything. A detergent in the water dissolves any resistant dirt. Tablecloths and napkins are made of woven paper yarn so fine that the untutored eye mistakes it for linen. Jane Dobson throws soiled "linen" into the incinerator. Bed sheets are of more substantial stuff, but Jane Dobson has only to hang them up and wash them down with a hose when she puts the bedroom in order.

Cooking as an art is only a memory in the minds of old people. A few die-hards still broil a chicken or roast a leg of lamb, but the experts have developed ways of deep-freezing partially baked cuts of meat. Even soup and milk are delivered in the form of frozen bricks.

This expansion of the frozen-food industry and the changing gastronomic habits of the nation have made it necessary to install in every home the electronic industrial stove which came out of World War II. Jane Dobson has one of these electronic stoves. In eight seconds a half-grilled frozen steak is thawed; in two minutes more it is ready to serve. It never takes Jane Dobson more than half an hour to prepare what Tottenville considers an elaborate meal of several courses.


Good old Jane

Some of the food that Jane Dobson buys is what we miscall "synthetic". In the middle of the twentieth century statisticians were predicting that the world would starve to death because the population was increasing more rapidly than the food supply. By 2000, a vast amount of research has been conducted to exploit principles that were embryonic in the first quarter of the twentieth century. Thus sawdust and wood pulp are converted into sugary foods. Discarded paper table "linen" and rayon underwear are bought by chemical factories to be converted into candy.

Of course the Dobsons have a television set. But it is connected with the telephones as well as with the radio receiver, so that when Joe Dobson and a friend in a distant city talk over the telephone they also see each other. Businessmen have television conferences. Each man is surrounded by half a dozen television screens on which he sees those taking part in the discussion. Documents are held up for examination; samples of goods are displayed. In fact, Jane Dobson does much of her shopping by television. Department stores obligingly hold up for her inspection bolts of fabric or show her new styles of clothing.

By 2000, supersonic planes cover a thousand miles an hour, but the consumption of fuel is such that high fares have to be charged. In one of these supersonic planes the Atlantic is crossed in three hours. Nobody has yet circumnavigated the moon in a rocket space ship, but the idea is not laughed down.

Corporation presidents, bankers, ambassadors, and rich people in a hurry use the 1000-mile-an-hour rocket planes and think nothing of paying a fare of $5,000 between Chicago and Paris. The Dobsons take cheaper jet planes.

This extension of aerial transportation has had the effect of distributing the population. People find it more satisfactory to live in a suburb like Tottenville, if suburb it can be called, than in a metropolis like New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles. Cities have grown into regions, and it is sometimes hard to tell where one city ends and another begins. Instead of driving from Tottenville to California in their car – teardrop in shape and driven from the rear by a high-compression engine that burns cheap denatured alcohol – the Dobsons use the family helicopter, which is kept on the roof. The car is used chiefly for shopping and for journeys of not more than twenty miles.

The railways are just as necessary in 2000 as they are in 1950. They haul chiefly freight too heavy or too bulky for air cargo carriers. Passenger travel by rail is a mere trickle. Even commuters go to the city, a hundred miles away, in huge aerial busses that hold two hundred passengers. Hundreds of thousands make such journeys twice a day in their own helicopters.

Fast jet- and rocket-propelled mail planes made it so hard for telegraph companies all over the world to compete with the postal service that dormant facsimile-transmission systems had to be revived. It takes no more than a minute to transmit and receive in facsimile a five-page letter on paper of the usual business size. Cost? Five cents. In Tottenville the clerks in telegraph offices no longer print out illegible words. Everything is transmitted by phototelegraphy exactly as it is written – illegible spelling, blots, smudges, and all. Mistakes are the sender's, never the telegraph company's.

When the Dobsons are sick they go to the doctor, in a hospital, where he has only to push a button to command all the assistance he needs.

In the middle of the twentieth century, doctors talked much of such antibiotics as penicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin and about fifty others that had been extracted from soil and other molds. It was the beginning of what was even then known as chemotherapy – cure by chemical means. By 2000, physicians have several hundred of these chemical agents at their command. Tuberculosis in all of its forms is cured as easily as pneumonia was cured at mid-century.

In that wonderful year, 2000, any marked departure from what Joe Dobson and his fellow citizens wear and eat and how they amuse themselves will arouse comment. If old Mrs. Underwood, who lives around the corner from the Dobsons and who was born in 1920, insists on sleeping under an old-fashioned comforter instead of a blanket of glass puffed with air so that it is as light as thistledown, she must expect people to talk about her "queerness". It is astonishing how easily the great majority of us fall into step with our neighbors. Some people dislike standardization, of course, but most of us could take a good deal of it in order to have a house like Joe Dobson's. ●

MATCH EDITOR'S NOTE: There is the article, just as it appeared at the time. The only things I left out were the footnoted definitions of hard words for the high school student reader of 1950—"hypothetical", "metropolitan", "suburb", "catastrophe", "depilatory", "embryonic", "dormant", "facsimile", "phototelegraphy", "antibiotics", and "chemotherapy". If this author had really known anything about the future, he'd have foretold that in A.D. 2000 a typical high school student would require about 25 times as many words to be defined, and even then the reader would have little notion of what the essay really said.

However, the idiotic crap didn't stop with the conclusion of the essay, because, as usual, the great educational system then chimed in with its typical loaded "questions" designed to make the student regard this drivel as wonderfully profound. Here is the short section called "Thinking It Over" that such school textbooks invariably contain:

1. Not all the speculations made by the author should seem entirely foreign, or even fantastic, to a person living in the 1950's. Take a number of the predictions he makes about (a) building materials, (b) house architecture, (c) foods, and see if you can find things in our present-day world that already suggest such new developments.
2. You ought to take pleasure in imagining that some day you will have some of the conveniences described here. Which ones please you the most? What advantages would they give you?

Hey, Teach! I particularly look forward to hosing down all my books— especially this one. That candy made out of recycled underwear sounds good too!

I Go Time Traveling

By Fred Woodworth

THE only thing that puzzles me about the matter of Mike O'Crotty is the fact that — so far, anyway — there's been no big award handed to him, no building named after him, no bronze monument with his name and picture thereon, dedicated by the mayor. In fact, all there was was a two-line obituary under Public Records: Deaths, in the newspaper; and looking at it again I see that in reality it wasn't even two lines. More like one and one-third. It said:

> **O'CROTTY, Michael Sean, 48, police officer, Dec. 24, Evergreen.**

Now, you're probably saying to yourself right now, "Ah, he is being sarcastic about the award, or whatever, for this cop." And you'd be somewhat right. However, it really is true that on some level I've grown almost to expect that people who've behaved nastily or unethically to me will, in a surprising number of cases, sometime reap high praises in the city where I live. Supposedly there's an ancient oriental saying that if you wait by the river long enough, the body of your enemy will come floating past. This seems to be true, and I've certainly been gratified to notice a fair number of corpses sloshing by on the current. But it is probably more accurate to remark that while their bloated cadavers will indeed float and bob through your approving field of vision if you sit there long enough, long before that ever happens you will see the parade of honor for them that marches past on the road behind you.

Just a couple of cases in point: one character I helped out a million times stabbed me in the back, inflicting a potentially—and literally—lethal blow; then left town. Following his departure there were about SIX newspaper testimonials as to what a fine fellow he'd been, and how much all of Tucson would miss him. In another case, back in 1980 I'd been living in this beautiful old house that had become rundown after being vacant for several years. I had a deal with the landlord whereby I got cheap rent in exchange for my doing a bunch of repairs and restoration to the building. One day the West University Neighborhood Association decided to make a big deal out of its public-spiritedness, and it got on television to crow that soon it would be filing papers making that house a "historic structure" of the city (don't worry; it wasn't because I lived there, it was because the place was old). Unfortunately, the landlord was tuned in when they were doing their bragging and trumpeting, and he heard them boasting that no one would ever be able to so much as alter one shingle of the place without a million kinds of approval after the paperwork went through; so he panicked and decided to tear the place down. In two weeks my home was utterly destroyed, bulldozed! For 17 years following that disaster I've had to listen to constant, fantastic praises for WUNA. Oh, the fine work it does! Oh, the preservation it engages in! All media participate.

When the landlord decided to raze the joint, he got this son-of-a-bitch demolition professional to come in when I wasn't even home, and start tearing the place to bits. Linda, my girlfriend, called me up frantically at the Fourth Avenue saloon where I was earning a precarious living mopping floors, and related how our home was right then under invasion by dozens of men with crowbars who were ripping out walls and fixtures. I raced over there and by threats of physical violence, including use of a gun — and, I'm ashamed to say — also threats to call the police (which, however, I didn't actually do), I ran these jerks out of there. By then our home was ruined, unliveable. Water was everywhere, as the water-heater lay on its side, torn loose from the pipes and draining all over the floor. Its gas connections had been hacked off and ripped right out of the wall. The toilet had been pried out, and more water was flowing through the bedroom from that smashed appliance. In my office, my collating machine had already been removed, and stolen (eight years later I got it back when it turned up in Value Village, though I had to pay $25 for it then). A crowd of men was in the back room hovering over this very machine that I'm typesetting this column on today.

The head demolition nazi screamed that he was going to have me — ME! — charged with theft for "removing things from a condemned building."

Let me tell you, after you've endured an assault like this one, it's hard not to grow furious when you see the people who did it being praised repeatedly, afterward. But it has been my fate to hear several times about this demolition criminal. Several years later there was an article in the newspaper about him: He'd been contracted to rip out a bunch of trees over near the University stadium to make room for some new construction. For some reason, after all of the joyous destruction he'd engaged in for years, he suddenly had one small qualm, and he declined to demolish one old tree out of the many that were there. In deference to his wishes, the University let that tree stand. It is still there, and in about 1986 they actually put up a brass plaque on the spot to honor this son-of-a-bitch for NOT bulldozing the tree!

Wait, there's more: only last year (1996), the features section of the local paper carried a truly enormous spread about this very thug, honoring him for being at the forefront of about fifty years of Tucson rebuilding and progress. The plaque wasn't enough; oh, no— he has to be featured with color photos of himself and 3000 words of incredible, uncritical praise, too. The whole thrust of the article is that an individual whose entire career was based on destroying old structures, is some kind of a hero!

I don't read the paper every single day, and over the years I've missed a few issues; but I don't doubt for a moment the high probability that there exists, somewhere in one of those papers, even a third social hymn of worship to the same snake, telling of what a benefactor to humanity he was, recently, when he donated (my) old collator and some (of Linda's) clothes (and other possessions of both of us, including even our porch windchimes) to "a charitable outlet".

Another case: the pillar of society who actually gave the order to have my Match newsstands seized and smashed in a trash compactor, gets a large write-up about every two years.

Another character who declined to hire me for a job I was well qualified for, was recently stood up for praise in another paper by a writer who spoke fondly of how the beautiful spirit of the man was such that he'd hired HIM, despite the applicant's admitted lack of qualifications for the job, and despite the applicant's having listed two drunk-driving convictions on the application. The dear, crusty old soul just told the new hire to go back and re-write the form, omitting the two dwi's.

Seriously, I tend to get a little bowled over by the weird completeness of these gushing tributes. Anybody who can show he once behaved like a bastard to Fred Woodworth, apparently, gets one. I try not to get solipsistic about it, but... Okay, just one more case, to show how far back they're willing to go:

It's 1968; I'm working in the photocopy office of the Science Library on campus. In those days there were no self-serve copiers; you brought your material to us and we copied it. We worked with crawlingly slow Xerox machines which rendered everything in shades of gray. No crisp, solid black images even in the best conditions, and to save money on toner the administration kept the toner bins locked; we peons didn't have the key. Invariably, every shift, two or three really nasty and domineering jerks would come in carrying impossible jobs for us to duplicate: big maps, 8 x 10 feet, which they'd complain bitterly about if we overlapped the copies too much so that it took 85 copies instead of 80 to reproduce. Hundreds of book-pages where the tight binding kept the book from sitting flat on the glass, so the copies curved somewhat on the central portions of the image. Documents that were light blueprints that hardly reproduced at all. Forms in reverse, with black backgrounds and type in white.

One of the worst of these snarling nazis was a character we all came to dread — one T—W—Y—, a sneering, surly, insulting, threatening, abusive instructor in, as I remember, the Hydrology Department. Nobody wanted to deal with this one, and he made LOTS of copies. His department had a budget for such things and he wasn't paying for them; and people like himself were far too good to waste their time copying down an occasional sentence from a book. Instead, they'd send the book flying with a shove across the counter to you, accompanied by an imperious demand to copy the entire chapter (dozens of pages). I guess Mr. Y— really was probably the worst one of these snotty order-givers, always insultingly promising to report your "inferior work" to higher-ups, and so on. Okay, years pass. The turd becomes a shrinking memory in your mind, and then... By god, a columnist in another local paper (I swear this is true), devotes most of an entire article praising him and putting forward his name as a candidate for the position of University President!

...So, like I say, I really do kind of wonder why they've left O'Crotty alone. He was one of the undercover police agents who pretended to be one of us years ago in the days of protest and the beginnings of The Match. He never missed a meeting. He learned where everybody lived, visited all of us in our homes. He turned many a meeting aside, into discussions of violent or illegal actions that had we gone forward with any of them, we'd only just be getting out of prison around now. I don't know who he worked for, aside from the Tucson Police Dept., but it must have been some other agency, because when some of us went out to Los Angeles in about September, 1970, to attend the libertarian conference there, he insisted on being one of the drivers, bringing his own car (it was probably fitted out with recording devices). On the way back, when O'Crotty got too "sleepy" to drive anymore, I drove his car while he—seemingly now well rested—stayed quite awake and plied me with questions from about Yuma to Tucson. It seems to me that there'd be a lot of problems with jurisdiction, that far away from this city, not to mention insurance and liability complications that would likewise argue against his having been employed solely by the local pork. Somewhere in there I imagine our friend O'Crotty picked up a few paychecks from Nixon's COINTELPRO. He did his level best to neutralize our protests, and he tried hard to stop The Match from continuing to be published, after June of 1971.

Now he's dead. What good did it do him? He tried to harm people whose only crime was disagreeing with him and his police bosses. You can't say he did it because he loved law and order, because he made repeated efforts to commit us to actions of riot or sabotage that were really indefensible from any point of view. On a number of occasions I know that O'Crotty would have prevailed if I hadn't been there to stop him. To me he was affable, always affable; but he sensed I mistrusted him, and several times I found out about eerily searching questions he was making to others regarding small details of my life.

Again, what good did it do him? A couple of decades later, he's dead. A line and a half of six-point type on a back-section inside page announces that fact, and soon he will be forgotten. He could have tried to behave decently, to live in a manner that would cause past associates to recall him with friendliness and genuine sorrow at his passing. Instead... just another floating corpse.

ONE September night in 1983, I called to Linda to come out onto the porch. A lush, ripe moon spread across the glowing sky, and as we stood there a faint movement caught our gaze down in the dark and grassy yard. It was a tiny puppy, ambling unsteadily toward us. He clawed at the mighty precipice of the porch, perhaps four inches high, and fell down, unable to make the leap. I picked him up.

And I was always glad I did. The last time I set him back down was on April 2, 1997, when I lowered the once-mighty body of my hundred-pound descendant of wolves into his last spot near me. Razzle, the enormous furry sheepdog, was my companion for almost 14 years.

I still have his list of words—the vocabulary I was sure he knew, and which I once idly jotted down. There was a surprising number of words and phrases on the list, though for the most part it tells the usual doggy story: "ball," "burger," "kitty," "bath," "get off the bed," etc. I talked with him a lot over the entire course of his lifetime, partly as a conscious effort to see how much he'd absorb, and partly just because it felt companionable to muse aloud to the Razz. I came to think that he did at least follow the tone of my conversation, and of course he knew perfectly well what was going on when I spoke of going for rides, or visiting "the office," or going out and seeing what "the turtle" in the back yard was up to. (A huge old desert tortoise wandered in and lived there for a while, and Razzle liked him.)

It's remarkable how many useful items I found on walks with the Razz: tools, radios, a working microwave oven, car parts, flashlights. One time we found another dog—chained up without shelter or, usually, food. We made friends with him, and when it snowed on Dec. 26, 1987 and Razzle and I went out for a cold walk and found him still there, huddled on his chain by an empty house, I got in and broke loose the pin shackling him to a stake in the ground, took him, and found him a home with someone. He's now grown old.

A few other episodes stand out: we rescued a small cat, strangling under a chain-link fence with a pink ribbon around its throat.

A man shuffled by us in a frayed green army jacket over on Santa Rita street, headed south. He nodded and mumbled hello. The Razz didn't bark at him. Soon after, a cop-car screeched up and a cold voice demanded to know whether we'd seen a man in a green coat. Sure, I said cordially, pointing over toward Highland Street. "He was walking north, toward the university." A rumbling growl arose from the Razzle as the cop gazed musingly at me before driving away, toward Highland.

A girl in her twenties, wearing only the skimpiest bikini, walked calmly up to us on the street and purred, What's your dog's name? "Wow, forget the dog!" I blurted. "What's YOUR name?" She laughed and went on her pretty way. Fetch, Razz!

When Linda and I parted, friends, we shared "joint custody", so Razzle got to live out in the desert sometimes, and sometimes down in town. It was a good life, I hope. Linda says that even now, her cat who liked to sleep with Razzle, and who always ran to her car when she came home, waiting to nuzzle at the dog if he arrived with her, acts angry and hisses when she gets out of her car alone. Increasingly, the cat stays away and doesn't come to greet the car at all anymore.

Razzle spoke once. Two people heard it, clearly. I was walking with him when he and I both saw Iris about 40 feet away, approaching us. He tossed his head and said, unmistakably: "Hello!" "Well, hello, Razzle!" said Iris, laughing.

His death overshadows every other grief or tragedy or injury or outrage I've ever gone through, and the taunts and fists of cops were as soft as feathers compared to the grinding pangs I've known since the death of Razzle.

CONTRARY CASES...

...A lighthearted look at prison inmates' FRIVOLOUS lawsuits!

By Ronald Del Raine

OF LATE, the media, fair and impartial as they are, have bombarded the good public with a plethora of TV presentations, newspaper and magazine articles, and radio sound-bites enlightening the citizens about the pervasive, evil machinations of writ-writing convicts. For sure, it's a national disgrace! As duly reported, these pampered, molly-coddled cons, lolling in the lap of luxury in their country-club prisons have nothing better to do than bombard the courts with their frivolous legal petitions. Why, one Illinois inmate filed to be allowed to pray naked in the chapel. One wanted creamy instead of chunky peanut butter (or was it vice-versa?) (If these felons don't like peanut butter, then let them eat cake.)

The Kansas City newspaper recently listed twenty examples of such frivolous writs, e.g.:

...Inmate sues for $100 million alleging prison officials shorted his pay by 90 cents.

...Inmate claims he was hit by a very large kangaroo.

...Inmate claims he should be able to use marijuana with impunity and be sent to the Netherlands to work as an undercover agent.

...Inmate claims cruel and unusual punishment because prison served him the artificial sweetener, Sweet'n'Low.

...Buchanan County Jail too easy to escape from.

...Male inmate should be allowed to wear female apparel such as bras, panties, lipstick and artificial fingernails.

...Limit on refills of Kool-Aid is cruel and unusual punishment.

Although Kansas State prevails in 99.9 percent of the cases, the Kansas Attorney General and nine others met in Washington DC to curb these convict writ-writers. Missouri, Arizona, Minnesota, and of course Texas have all enacted laws to "confiscate" any monies awarded prisoners (in the unlikely event they actually win a lawsuit).

(These'll just kill ya.)

Unfortunately, it is probably true that there are some lawsuits that have no merit. But the media's recent, strangely concerted nationwide vilification of these petitions as being representative of ALL convict writs is deliberately designed to mislead the public. Since prisoners don't have freedom of the press—not owning any—we have to rely on The Match! and a few publications like it to disseminate contrary cases such as these:

Parrish v. Johnson, 800 F.2d 600, 602-3 (6th Cir., 1986): Parrish and Giles were paraplegics incarcerated at the State Prison for Southern Michigan. As a result of their condition, both men exhibited a diminished control over their bladder and bowel functions, and, consequently, would frequently soil themselves. While Giles was able to clean himself, Parrish needed assistance to change. Assistance, however, due to both staff shortages and intentional neglect on the part of prison personnel, was often slow in arriving, forcing Parrish, on a regular basis, to sit in his own feces for several hours. Besides being extremely unpleasant, this was medically dangerous because Parrish risked infecting his ulcers. Although Giles could clean himself, he was either not supplied with anything with which to do so, or was given only one small rag which quickly became soiled and unusable. Thus he would routinely sit in his own waste for significant periods of time. These conditions were exacerbated by verbal degradations, assaults, and acts of malfeasance and nonfeasance committed by a prison guard, Turner, against both Parrish and Giles.

(Turner habitually refused to relay requests for aid to the nurses, and also committed several assaults upon Parrish. On one occasion he brandished a knife in order to extort cigarettes from Parrish, and, on another, in what at best could be described as a bizarre episode, Turner while standing on top of a table shouting obscenities, waved a knife at Parrish. Turner further enhanced Parrish's suffering by placing Parrish's food tray in positions in which Parrish was unable to retrieve it, and by serving the food accompanied with taunts that he had contaminated the food with venereal disease—a disease which Turner, in fact, had. Turner also interfered with Parrish's private phone conversations and personal mail; he would interrupt Parrish's phone calls by loudly speaking obscenities into the receiver and capriciously refuse to distribute, and open and read, Parrish's legal and personal mail. Giles received similar treatment. Turner was equally remiss in relaying Giles' requests for care and twice accosted him with a knife. Turner frequently ridiculed and tormented Giles by calling him, among other things, a "crippled bastard" who should be dead, and telling Giles that he had defiled his food with venereal disease.)

Young v. City of Augusta, GA, through DeVaney, 59 F.3d 1160 1163-65 (11th Cir., 1995) stated: In July 1989, Young, who was 18 years old and afflicted with a manic-depressive disorder, was arrested for stealing a pack of cigarettes at a local grocery store. She was thereafter found guilty of misdemeanor theft and was sentenced to pay a $500 fine or to serve 90 days in the City Jail. Unable to pay the fine, Young was faced with service of the jail sentence. Prior to being transported to the jail, she was placed in a holding cell adjacent to the courtroom, where she removed her underwear and shoes and set them on fire. This led to another charge for destruction of City property as a result of the damage to the cell. The next day, she pleaded guilty to that offense and was again sentenced to a $500 fine or 90 days in jail.

Young had been treated for psychiatric and behavior problems since she was 14 years old. Her stay at the jail was interrupted on September 6 when she had to be transported to an emergency room because of complaints of abdominal pain. On Sept. 11 she was returned to the emergency room because of violent behavior, and later returned to the jail. By Sept. 13 she was in an overtly psychotic state and in need of hospitalization.

On October 3, Young told a guard she was hearing voices. She was placed in an isolation cell, which she attempted to flood, thereby wetting her clothes. She was then stripped naked and chained to the metal bed, which contained no mattress. She was shackled in such a way that she could not reach the toilet and was forced to eliminate her bodily wastes where she sat on the floor. When a meal was served, she threw it against the wall. She repeatedly banged on the door, which resulted in her being sprayed with mace by male and female guards. She was confined in this manner, naked and chained to the bed amid filth and excrement until October 6, when she was provided with clothes and allowed to take a shower. She may have been maced by guards while being escorted to and from the shower. She was taken to a mental health clinic and treated with shots and medication; then returned to the jail on Oct. 10. On Nov. 3 she again informed a guard that she was hearing voices; as before, was placed in an isolation cell, and again flooded it and was handcuffed to the bed. Later she engaged in words with one of the guards, Bobbie Jean Gentle, and this confrontation escalated into a physical assault during which Gentle struck Young in the eye with her fist. Young was finally released to her family on November 17.

In her suit she alleged that the City failed to adequately select or train jail personnel. The City moved for summary judgment (dismissal) urging that portions of the complaint were barred by the statute of limitations; that her damages were not caused by a custom, practice or policy of the City, and other legal nonsense.

Or consider Mandel v. Doe, 888 F.2d 783 (11th Cir., 1989): Mandel jumped off a work crew truck in Florida injuring himself. Repeated requests for an X-ray were denied and he was put in a small cell with no sink or toilet. When finally released, he couldn't walk. An examination then revealed that the failure to administer treatment necessitated a complete prosthetic hip joint replacement, including both the ball and socket.

Of course a smirking newspaper columnist could easily highlight this case as "Prisoner sues for injuries he inflicted on himself."

Hughes v. Joliet Correctional Center, 931 F.2d 425 (7th Cir., 1991): Hughes entered Joliet on crutches with a bullet injury to his spine. When he couldn't walk to the mess hall, the guard checked with the nurse who said there was nothing wrong with him and he could get his own food. So he didn't eat. When he fell down and couldn't get up, he was taken to the hospital and X-rayed, revealing bullet fragments around the spine, and vertebrae torn out. But the doctor told him that he wanted to see him walking again, soon. Hughes said he couldn't even feel his legs; so the doctor had him put in the psychiatric ward, where the same nurse as above took his leg brace and crutches and had his bed moved away from the toilet so that he would have to walk to use it. Much later he was examined by a neurologist who told him he will never walk again.

Mullen v. Smith, 738 F .2d 314 (th Cir., 1984): Mullen fell in El Reno federal prison. He alleged that three defendants "physically removed him from his bed and ordered him to walk. He was unable to walk and fell to the floor. He was then subjected to verbal abuse... and was told by defendant Hicks that there was nothing wrong with him and he would receive no medical treatment or tests. (Obviously faking; these federals are always pampered.)

Wood v. Sunn, 865 F.2d 982 (9th Cir 1988): Wood, born with one kidney, was in a Hawaii prison with drainage of his scrotal area and a kidney staphylococcal infection. He was taunted and accused of malingering. Now he must be permanently catheterized. (Wisecracking reporter: Probably infected himself to avoid working.)

White v. Napolean, 897 F.2d 103 (3rd Cir. 1990): The appeals court held that the doctor intended to inflict pain on prisoners without medical justification (he burned a convict with a cigarette, among other things). He insisted on treatments that he knew were painful, ineffective, or entailed substantial risk of serious harm. (Of course, if enough Republican judges had been appointed, this honest and hardworking doctor would never have been subjected to such scurrilous charges.)

IN SOME cases, these felons didn't file lawsuits—but wouldn't you know it, others filed for them. Finney v. Arkansas Board of Correction, 505 F.2d 194, 206 (8th Cir. 1974): "Finally, even after prior decisions, a young boy named Willie Stewart was given a one-day sentence, and on that day he was put through all forms of mental and physical torture, ending when the guards shot at his feet and inadvertently killed him." (Well, c'mon; accidents happen!)

Joseph v. Brierton, 431 F. Supp. 50 (ND IL. 1976): 18-year-old Joseph was sentenced to one year in Stateville prison. After being deemed "eccentrically religious", he was put in the detention hospital. After flooding his cell and smearing feces on himself, he was beaten by guards and held against a hot radiator, inflicting burns on various parts of his body. Later he was again beaten and his clothes taken. He was injected with Thorazine three times a day, in spite of suffering from a lung disorder complicated by purulent bronchitis. He was found dead in his strip cell a few days later.

United States v. McGill, 952 F.2d 16 (1st Cir. 1991):

A guard was playing Russian Roulette in the Rhode Island state prison and blew a hole in a con's head while shouting "Mau Mau." (Just good clean fun, ha ha.)

In Harris v. United States, 677 F. Supp. 403 (W. D. N. C. 1988) Lt. Gerry Dale, of the federal Bureau of Prisons, wrapped duct tape around the mouth of a black con on a transfer bus smothering him to death. (Well, how else could he quiet him down?)

In Ancata v. Prison Health Services, Inc., 769 F.2d 700 (11th Cir. 1985): Ancata was suffering from leukemia in the Broward County Jail (a jail frequently featured on TV). After being treated with Ben Gay and Tylenol, he died. (Hey, it happens.)

Hoston v. United States, 566 F/ Supp. 1125, 1127-29 (D. Col 1983): After he "appeared to be psychotic" and was declared unfit to stand trial, Hoston tried to grab a marshal's gun in the courtroom. Two marshals, weighing 240 and 265 pounds, subdued the 150-lb Hoston and handcuffed his hands behind his back. Shortly after he was put on the floor in an isolation cell, he was declared dead. An attorney who chanced by as the incident occurred testified later that he saw the two marshals kicking an unresisting man who lay face down on the floor. But his testimony was not credited. The court wrote: "It is the marshal's contention that Hoston was neither kicked nor hit after being handcuffed. When Rutherford attempted to lift Hoston, he slipped and fell face forward on the floor."

The medical examiner declared: "The heart was compressed by the impact of (the Deputies) on Hoston. This compression then forced the blood in the heart to tear or lacerate the heart in two places."

Note 6 stated: "Later one tooth was found in the track of the elevator and another tooth in the elevator. (You know, if these prisoners practiced proper dental hygiene, their teeth wouldn't be decaying and falling out.)

Brock v. Warren County, TN, 713 F. Supp. 238 (E.D. Tenn. 1 1989): In spite of published warnings of excessive heat in the jail, nothing was done. Nineteen days after his admittance, Brock died from heat prostration. (Well, he should have moved to Alaska if he didn't like the heat.)

Haynes v. Marshall, 887 F.2d 700 (6th Cir. 1989): After he wasn't given his anti-psychotic medicine, 12 guards moved Haynes to the strip cell. The district court found that "there is evidence, if believed, that while Haynes was shackled and on the floor he was beaten with clubs about the body, taken to the strip cell fatally injured, and left unattended to die. ...It was while in the strip cell that another officer allegedly placed his foot on Haynes' neck, applied his body weight, and inflicted the blow that led to his death." (Sure— you just can't be too careful with these obvious madmen.)

Spence v. Staras, 507 F.2d 554 (7th Cir. 1974): Spence was non-verbal, was beaten on at least 20 separate occasions by other inmates in the Peoria State Hospital, and finally beaten to death. Defendants were aware of this and of his inability to call for help. (An obvious bully who forced others to defend themselves...)

MOST FRIVOLOUS of all are the many so-called "Conditions of Confinement" suits. Such as... Jackson v. Bishop, 268 F. Supp. 804, 813 (E.D. Ark. 1967): "Upon being questioned by the court, Captain Smith said that of the 1,600 inmates at Cummins, in 1966, approximately 200 were whipped." Page 809 states: "The strap ... is made of leather and is between four and five feet long, and four inches wide. This leather is bradded to a wooden handle approximately six inches in length. The strap is about one-fourth inch thick at the end attached to the wooden handle and is gradually tapered ..."

Holt v. Sarver, 309 F. Supp. 362, 368, 374 (E.D. Ark. 1970): "The final result of the Talley and Jackson cases was that corporal punishment of inmates, practiced for years at the farms, was outlawed along with the use of such devices of torture as the 'Tucker Telephone'—an old hand-cranked phone discharging high voltage, with one terminal attached to the penis and the other to selected body parts. (Proper law and order legislation could have easily stopped this waste of taxpayers' money.)

Bonitz v. Fair, 804 F. 2d 164 (1st Cir. 1986): At 3:00 a.m. riot-clad cops invaded the Massachusetts women's prison searching for drugs, prostitution, gambling, staff corruption, and... tax evasions! Using only one pair of gloves the female hacks administered dozens of body cavity searches while the male cops ogled the procedures. (Tax evasion is a serious crime, and evidence of it could be secreted anywhere.)

Burris v. Kirkpatrick, 573 F. Supp. 1084 (N.D., Ind. 1983): A screw threw a bucket of hot water on a death-row con, but hit the wrong lad. He said it was a necessary act of discipline. (If this con hadn't filed so many appeals he would have been properly executed, so really he can only blame himself.)

Lemaire v. Maass, 745 F. Supp. 623 (D. Oregon, 1990): "There was uncontroverted evidence that plaintiff has been held in his cell for days at a time, in full mechanical restraints, without clothing, bedding, or personal property. ...Some inmates are restrained in their cells so they cannot remove surgical masks placed on them to prevent spitting."

"It is understandable that in such a hostile, violent, and confrontational environment," the Court wrote, "inmates who are locked down and isolated for almost 24 hours a day, sometimes for years on end, in tiny, damp, smelly cells, with absolutely nothing to do, will strike out in any way they can." INJUNCTION GRANTED! (Ha! You liberal bleeding hearts didn't prevail here. Our right-wing appeal-court judges overturned this decision.)

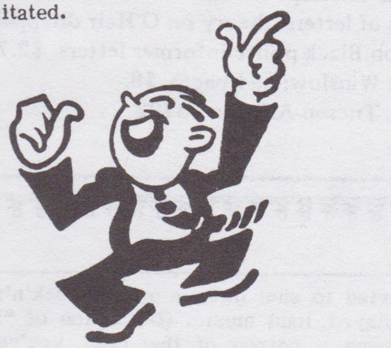
United States v. Bigham, 812 F. 2d 943 (5th Cir., 1987): After two cons walked out of a Texas state prison and were caught they suffered lacerations, swollen testicles, bruises and abrasions, and had burns from lighted cigarettes being put out on their bodies. Page 945 of the record states: "There was also evidence that following the beatings the officers agreed together to submit false reports on the incident to cover up their misconduct and explain the inmates' injuries." (These prisoners always have some woebegone tale of abuse, don't they?)

Then we have these so-called rape cases:

United States v. Free, 574 F. 2d 1221, 1222 (5th Cir., 1978): "The facts in the case on appeal reveal a grim picture of life in a federal prison. Under the 'watchful eye' of the prison administration, the defendant, a prisoner in a federal correctional institution, threatened fellow prisoners with death or injury unless they engaged in homosexual relations with him. The evidence shows that at least two prisoners succumbed to the defendant. This case, however, involves the defendant's killing of a prisoner who refused..."

United States v. Free, 841 F. 2d 321 (9th Cir., 1988): After being transferred from Texarkana to Lompoc, California, Free was convicted of killing his white prison punk by stabbing him 67 times.

Cowart v. United States, 617 F. 2d 112, 114-5 (5th Cir., 1980): While in the Tallahassee FCI, McHarris had several reports written against him for molesting inmates. A treatment team noted his "unusual sexual advances to other inmates" and expressed concern for "his and others' protection" and recommended he see a psychologist. The latter characterized him as "bored" and recommended "beefing up" his program to provide him with more intellectual stimulation. He later stabbed Cowart in the heart, causing brain damage, cortical blindness, and other injuries that rendered him substantially and permanently incapacitated.



In Van Horn v. Lukhard, 392 F. Supp. 384 (E. D. Virginia 1975), the plaintiff was given two years, and upon his arrival was placed in a dormitory. Page 386 of the record states: "At a little before midnight, plaintiff was attacked in the receiving dormitory by a group of 10 - 15 inmates, ...who repeatedly raped him and then forced him to commit sodomy and other acts over a period of one to two hours. Plaintiff alleges that prison guards and officials stationed nearby made no effort to rescue him despite his cries for help and the general uproar in the receiving dormitory."

Martin v. White, 742 F 2d 469 (8th Cir. 1984): In a Missouri state prison, Martin was threatened with rape and narrowly escaped on three different occasions, so he began carrying a knife. He was caught and given three more years. Then four inmates with a knife and an iron bar attacked him and one raped him.

Little v. Walker, 552 F. 2d 193, 195 (7th Cir. 1977): Stateville prison. "Those in Segregation-Safekeeping status had meals served to them in their cells by gang-affiliated inmates who withheld meals from plaintiffs unless plaintiffs performed... sexual acts through the cell bars."

Jones v. Diamond, 636 F. 2d 1364, 1372 (5th Cir., 1981): "Jailer Tootle testified that during the Diamond administration the prisoners held a kangaroo court in the bullpen and, in answer to interrogatories, said of a prisoner, 'Judged at kangaroo court in bullpen. Sentence on every new inmate put in bullpen after trial, such as unnatural intercourse and make them give a blow job. Also beat up several inmates pretty bad.' "

Redman v. County of San Diego, 896 F. 2d 362 (9th Cir., 1990): An 18-year-old, five-foot six-inches tall, 130-pound inmate was taken from the "young and tender" unit to the "mainline tank" module where he was put in a cell with a known aggressive homosexual. He was then raped by his cellmate and others.

Stokes v. Delcambre, 710 F. 2d 1120 (5th Cir., 1983): A 21-year-old college student was thrown into an all-black Louisiana jail for throwing a beer bottle out of his truck window, where he was then raped, beaten and humiliated.

Barfield v. Brierton, 883 F. 2d 923 (11th Cir. 1989): A 20-year-old sentenced to three years for bad checks was placed in Florida's Management Cellblock of Death Row upon the FBI's assertion that he was a national security risk. Guards told him that he would have his head shaved and eat his last meal. They allowed an inmate to enter his cell and rape him several times.

Gordon v. Leeke, 574 F. 2d 1147 (4th Cir., 1978): Gordon was raped by four black inmates in a Carolina prison while black hacks watched.

Young v. Quinlan, 960 F. 2d 351 (3rd Cir., 1992): Young, who was young, effeminate, and HIV positive, was assured by the Lewisburg federal prison Captain that he would be safe while awaiting transfer to a lower level prison. Instead he was raped, beaten by his cellmates in two different cells, had his head dunked into the toilet, and was threatened with death. Repeated requests to ALL higher level officials were denied. When he flooded his cell, he was put in a dry cell with no toilet, toilet paper, water, or blanket...

And now for a word from your local newspaper: "It's intolerable to have our courts deluged with frivolous lawsuits. Everyone knows that those inmates—convicts—are homosexual anyway, and must instigate such treatment or it couldn't occur!"

WELL— I claim that most con petitions are meritorious. Occasionally even a federal judge will agree, at least partially, with me.

In Morrison v. LeFevre, 592 F. Supp. 1052, 1056 (S.D. NY 1984), Judge Sofaer, later a spokesman for the State Department (and who declared that the United States has a legal right to kidnap anyone from a foreign country, and if someone is hurt or killed in the operation the US is not to be held responsible), wrote: "Prisoners often file civil rights suits making implausible accusations that they were "framed" by prison guards or officials. This is one of those rare cases, however, in which a prisoner has succeeded in proving he was subjected to just such a violation of his constitutional rights."

Morrison, a black jailhouse lawyer, had been put in the hole and transferred after guards "found" a bottle of fluorescent marking ink used to stamp the hands of visitors. It was inside a battery recharger his wife had left for him, so his wife was arrested for it also.

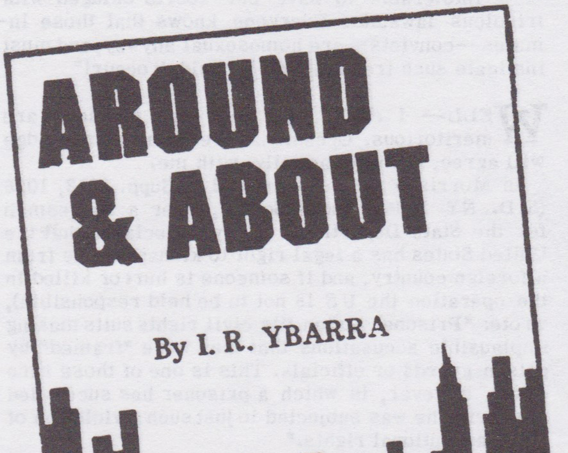
Sisneros v. Nix, 884 F. Supp. 1313, 1318 (S.D. Iowa 1995) stated: "Given the crescendo of public uproar over frivolous prisoner litigation clogging the federal courts, this case is an important reminder that however fortissimo the public clamor, the court must always listen for a solo voice with a legitimate complaint of a constitutional violation. This is such a case."

In 1983 - 84, in Marion prison, after the population was completely locked down, authorities secretly buried truckloads of our property on the adjacent campgrounds. My letter to the Southern Illinoisan, printed on October 9, 1991, deleted this fact and my comment that 60 Minutes had reported that in Operation Just Cause hundreds of Panamanian civilians were secretly buried. Why do you suppose they ommitted my comment concerning the plutocratic, paid, pig, puppet, prostitute press? ■

Back-issues and other publications of THE MATCH!: Numbers 88 and 89 still available, to libraries or serious collections only, as we have sold almost completely out of them. Please inquire. Older issues from the 1970s: Some still available, but the supply is dwindling. For now you can still get a dozen for ten dollars. ISSUE 90: The Computer as Consumer Ripoff and Frankenstein Monster— 116-page issue that includes Time-Traveling Dept., Crap-Detector, updates on the Madalyn O'Hair cult, part two of How Businesses and Institutions Attempt to Control the Small Press and much more: $3.50. ISSUE 91: 33 pages of letters, theory on O'Hair disappearance, Technology Report, reproduction of Bob Black police-informer letters. $2.75.

Book, DREAM WORLD, by Kent Winslow; 294 pages, $8.

THE MATCH, P. O. Box 3012, Tucson Arizona 85702



AROUND & ABOUT

By I. R. YBARRA

MY SAGA of the poisoned neighborhood comes to an end with this column and some final thoughts on all that happened.

If you tuned in late, it was a tale of how an elderly couple, Methuselah and Methuselina, had a pair of crusades going that they conducted for want of anything better to keep their Americanized minds occupied. First, from a stupid obsession that no cat should ever get into their yard, they tried to physically lay hands on a stray, and when it scratched them they set off a city-wide baseless panic over "rabies" that resulted in huge numbers of cats being seized and killed. They set up traps in their yard, and they or someone else eradicated all seven of the wonderful, friendly animals that lived by my tiny house.

Next, taking up the bludgeon of "neighborhood activism" on another matter, these busybodies tried to shut down a nearby rock'n'roll club that played loud music. (Definition of "loud": if you were a patron of that club, you're going to be in serious need of a hearing aid when you get to be my age; and if you were NOT inside that club, but lived a block away where I did, with the Methuselahs even farther away, it meant that if you sat on your porch in the evening and listened very carefully, sometimes you could hear a little of the music from the club.) The Methuselahs— mainly Methuselina— called the police literally hundreds of times. They got up a neighborhood petition, which nobody else would sign, and if you didn't sign it they threatened to "tell the police" that you had refused. They forced the club to put in all kinds of added insulation and sound-baffling, they went to court a number of times; they screamed they were going to subpoena me as a prosecution witness against the club, and when I instead volunteered as a defense witness, Methuselah lifted his cane as if he were going to strike me, and he and Methuselina circulated the rumor that I was a drug dealer and possibly wanted by the police. Despite the testimony of half a dozen neighbors, a court heard a bunch of cops who didn't live anywhere near there testify on behalf of the Methuselazoids' allegations, and found the club guilty, fining it several thousand dollars.

I finally moved. Between the 'Zoids and the nut-case landlord, I'd had it. If you've followed my writings on landlords for the last 22 years, you know that I do not hold this breed in lofty esteem, and my fond hope that the oriental owner of the tiny house I moved into in 1991 would be different from the rest, was more or less dashed as I came to find that the mental aberration his landlordism had brought him was no less strange than those of his occidental buddies. Over and over I've harped on the fact that exercising this kind of basic, bitter, nitty-gritty control over people in the very conditions of the place where they live is not only destructive to the tenants, but to those who order and command; and Wingy, my now-former landlord, had come to suffer from some weird fixations. For one thing, he hated all living plants— the tiniest flower, the most isolated blade of grass. Nothing might grow in his domain. Many was the time when I came home at night, or got up in the morning, to find that Wingy had paid a visit with his little bags of herbicide: white powder, dusting all over everything, would lie in windrows like miniature dunes covering every square inch of the yard— not a spot as big as the period at the end of this sentence was missed. I would often follow around in his footsteps, after he had gone, carrying my broom and dustpan, sweeping up and doubtlessly inhaling large amounts of the white poison powder he'd laid down. I collected bags of it, leaving the yard a bare, packed-earth waste, and sent the bags to some landfill where they will fester for thousands of years.

Other times I would peer out my window and notice Wingy, kneeling on the ground, with a tiny spade and other tools, rooting out some infinitesimal chlorophyll speck daring to add its green affront to the moon-colored earth. The only other work he ever did around there (there was really nothing to do at all, because whenever I live in a place, I maintain it myself; so there was never any call for repairs or replacements from me), was another interesting monomania: about twice yearly he would varnish the front door. One morning—the first time it happened—I heard a faint swishing sound like something moving back and forth by the base of the door. As I happened to be right on the other side just then, and thinking it was perhaps one of my cats, I threw it wide open and had Wingy almost topple into the open doorway, his varnish-laden brush upthrust and dripping. Nothing else got painted; only the front door, in clear varnish. It had at least twelve coats by the time I left, and invariably he'd paint over the peephole lens, so to inspect visitors before answering a knock, I always had to go get some denatured alcohol to clean off the viewport after he'd left. About the only thing Wingy didn't do was raise the rent on me, so if you stack him up against his Western compadres, it looks like the balance is somewhere between greed and fanaticism— hardly a flattering battle of virtues.

Oh yeah: he never did return my deposit. . .

One of my cats that I kept indoors most of the time, and which therefore did not vanish in the Methuselazoidal holocaust, developed cancer of the mouth after going out just for a few minutes with me every night for some months in Wingy's sanitized yard. My dog, who died ONE DAY before I finally managed to get out of that hole, had developed, the vet told me at the end, a tumor of the mouth... I don't know if that's what did him in; I guess I'll never know.

ONCE I LEFT the little house behind, I thought I'd never know any more about the still unfolding story I left there. But some months later, as luck would have it, I ran into the blonde who owned the rock club while I was picking up some groceries. We talked in the parking lot of the Safeway store, and it seemed that she was on her way out of town at that very minute.

She'd sold the club; the hassles were just too much. The Methuselah couple, she said— they had made her life a hell. She told me some more of what had happened up to then: She'd fought back with some efforts to prove that the 'Zoids were on a vendetta, but no court would listen. The police inspections of her place stepped up, and she got citations for having too many people in there, for loud music on nights when the club was CLOSED... endless harassment.

Finally, ONCE, when she called the police herself in sheer desperation for the dozenth time, she got a cop who listened, came out, talked with her, observed the sound-level around the neighborhood, then went to have a talk with the Methuselahs. As the cop arrived, Methuselina fluttered around under the impression that he was there to take her complaint yet again, and she rattled on about "that boom-boom" which she alleged was coming from the club. The cop heard her and paid attention. At the end of her recitation and joyous clatter, he hauled out his book of forms and said: "Ma'am, I'm afraid I'm going to have to give YOU a ticket, for making false reports."

Methuselina shut off with a wheeze. Huh? You can't do this to ME! "Yes, I sure can, ma'am. I've been all around here tonight, and there is no noise. The folks from the club asked me to investigate, so I did, and I'm finding that you have made a harassing complaint. I'm afraid you'll have to appear in court. Here you are; please sign this."

The shoe was on the withered foot now, but the 'Zoids weren't out of tricks. Not by a long shot. They called up their Councilwoman and the Chief of Police. They filed a storm of complaints. They gasped for air in their fury. They were so upset they were having health problems. Mr. Methuselah had to go to the hospital briefly with a small heart-attack, and here he is, an 84-year-old man, all just in TEARS at the injustice that is being done to him and his wife, for no other reason than their trying to make this neighborhood a better place for us all to live in! An' I just think that——!

The cop who issued the ticket got reprimanded and moved to a different beat. The city sent representatives including the Councilwoman and, supposedly, even the MAYOR, to visit the 'Zoids. These officials delivered formal apologies, and FLOWERS!!

Just think of it! Just contrast that to cases of people we've known, who've suffered knock-down-drag-out abuse from city police, resulting in false charges, loss of jobs, years of consequent dire poverty, lack of ability to pay for health care, and development of serious medical conditions without access to any treatment at all as a result— with not the least whispered syllable of apology or regret or desire to make amends.

The rock club's owner recounted the last deplorable toadying of the city authorities, with a gesture of utter amazement and scorn. "Well, that's when I knew I had to sell out," she said with fine understatement. She threw some bags of groceries into a big motor-home. "At least I got enough money to buy this thing! Pretty cool, huh?" Yes, I said, that is one hell of a dwelling.

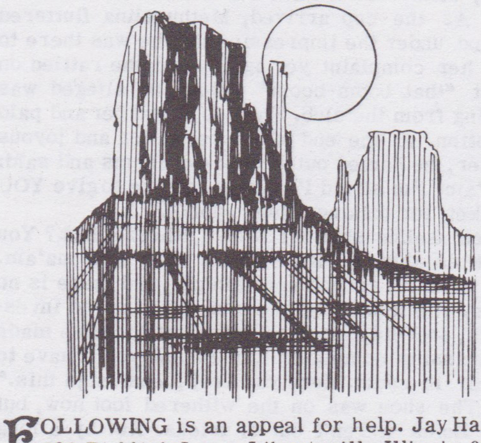
"I want to thank you for testifying for me that time," she said. "You know, I had to subpoena all the other neighbors, but you volunteered. My attorney was pretty surprised; he said nobody ever did that. You know, because the others were called in, they all got $12 apiece from the court. You never even got paid anything!"

"I don't accept money from the State."

"Well, here's a little something."

She gave me a kiss.

So ends my tale. May you profit from it more than I did, and may you have the good fortune to avoid those vexing burdens: landlords and toxic neighbors.



FOLLOWING is an appeal for help. Jay Harber, 626 Paddock Lane, Libertyville Illinois 60048, has contacted The Match in an effort to save his own life. Jay fell victim, some time back, to a horrifying and obscure medical condition that no one seems to understand, and which has left him in agonizing pain and almost blind. Jay initially suspected it was some type of environmental illness— a growing, systemic intolerance by his body of all fumes from plastics or other chemicals. However, it proved incredibly difficult to bring his environment under control, and recently Jay has been desperately begging for help and advice from anyone who may have any ideas about this. The medical profession seems to offer Jay no relief whatsoever, and after several unpleasant experiences going to doctors, Jay is understandably reluctant to put up with more fob-offs and condescension. Here's a sample of what Jay has been through:

"Today I went to an appointment with a neurologist who supposedly dealt with epilepsy. I say 'supposedly' because we never got to the subject. He was the one doctor I could find around here who did not dismiss Environmental Illness. No one else would have anything to do with me. ...After an abrupt shooting upward of the neurological effects to the point where just being conscious was unbearable, it was harder than I can say to get treated as some disgusting faker. I had to drive in full sunlight to this appointment... (editor's note: Jay has been experiencing such a severe reaction to light that even subdued room light is intensely painful)... and I knew that I wouldn't be able to speak when I got there.

"I don't say this for pathos—sympathy is degrading—but it's important: I was on the verge of crying from the pain when I got there. Then, after a long wait, the doctor started with what I now know was an amateur (since he wasn't a psychiatrist) psychiatric 'exam'; and if I'd had the presence of mind to do so, I'd have said that if the five-page statement I'd just given him (since I knew I wouldn't be able to talk much) had convinced him I'm crazy, then we could save both of us a lot of time if I were to just get the hell out of there.

"I went along with it, though, answering loaded questions about jobs, girlfriends, and sporting activities I'd had (I hate sports, and I'm sure this was the wrong answer). The doctor called my five-page statement "garbage" that said nothing, and pressed me for answers that HE wanted (simple pains— this or that part of my body "hurts"), and I repeated what I'd said in the statement about severe eye pain. He got disgusted and told me I still wasn't being specific.

He went off on some rambling, incoherent, patronizing rant about 'science', which was defined apparently as asking and answering extremely simplistic questions with easy answers, not complex, difficult-to-articulate answers. Before I knew it or knew why, he was labeling me as 'uncooperative' and a troublemaker. I was told I was in no pain, and that this problem had gone on for years without killing me, so it couldn't be serious.

"I got up to leave, at which point he had to act like HE was the one throwing ME out, and he called me a punk and raised his arm at me...

"Really, his attitude was the same as my family's. Exactly the same.

"Unless some new and radically different avenue opens up, through help from the outside, the chances of just finding any respectful and comprehending and inquisitive MD to deal with this problem in any way, are nil. This is so impossible for me, alone, when I can't read, or usually even think or talk, and can't be out of a blackened room most of the time. A quadriplegic would stand a better chance of going out and getting heard and believed than I do. The light of the dimmest bulb just electrocutes me, and the effects from every exposure to light or anything else linger and build up. There's no break and no rest...

"Please, if you can somehow actively spread word about my situation, I'd be more than grateful. I need a real conduit to the outer world."

With the help of a friend who types Jay's letters from dictation, he has produced some computer-printed documents called "Notes From Oblivion", that provide more detail on this incapacitating malady. But Jay prefers not to try to read any incoming material, for obvious reasons. If any of you reading these lines have any thoughts or suggestions that this desperate sufferer might benefit from, please correspond with Jay by means of audiotape. If any neurological specialists or MD's are reading this in Jay's vicinity, would you consider contacting him?

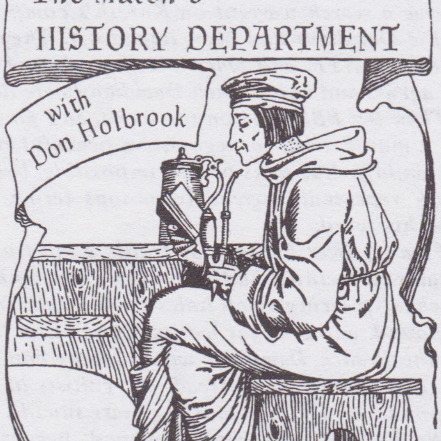
Here at The Match, we've read all of Jay's letters and pleas, and we believe this to be a genuine instance of someone who is suffering simply because he can't get the right medical attention. Stories of surgeons watching basketball games while doing operations, or joking and horse-playing and listening to music instead of paying close attention to procedures, convince us that while the knowledge exists to alleviate a tremendous amount of human suffering, in a strangely large number of instances that knowledge is never fully brought to bear.

Jay writes: "A problem I've been noticing is people with broad, sweeping left political/social agendas being actually callous when it comes to dealing with an INDIVIDUAL in trouble. A socialist I sent tapes to in Philadelphia got impatient and then angry when I kept talking about this nightmare I'm stuck in since he 'knew' the 'answer': socialized medicine. We're not going to GET socialized medicine any time soon, but that wasn't his problem... I hear the phrase 'slipping through the cracks' a lot. It's all part of this liberal myth, that you leave everything to the government, and if they don't solve all problems, you don't do anything yourself, but get self-righteously indignant that the government isn't doing what it should. If there's some subculture of genuinely human leftists or anarchists, I could really use your help. No one else out there is listening."

SEVENTY years ago—in 1927—two Anarchists, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, were electrocuted by the State for allegedly carrying out a robbery and murder. There's no question that they never had a fair trial, as their philosophical beliefs were brought up at every opportunity to bias the jury, and the judge in the case openly referred to them as "Anarchist bastards".

But who actually did carry out the crime that Sacco and Vanzetti were executed for? Buried in a book published in 1973—*My Life In the Mafia,* by Vincent Teresa and Thomas C. Renner—we find this passage:

> ...In Rhode Island...the situation was more complicated. For more than thirty years, the undisputed ruler had been Frank (Butsey) Morelli, ...who had organized a gang that ran roughshod across New England during and after World War I. But in 1947, Morelli's long career as a crime boss came to an end. He had cancer, ...and he was drinking heavily. He was replaced with a favored Boston don and boss, Philip Bruccola. For the retired Butsey Morelli, it was a relief. According to Vincent Teresa:
>
> "Butsey was a tough killer. He wouldn't give the right time of day to anybody he didn't like. When I first saw him as a kid..., he was full of vitality, strong, dominant. When I got real close to him in later years, every breath was torture for him; he prayed to die. It was a few years after the Kefauver thing [investigation]. The doctors had taken the whole side of his jaw and face away. It was terrible to look at. They didn't really force Butsey out [of the mob]. He didn't want to stay at it. It was too much for him and he had an adopted kid, Buddy. That boy was his life, and he didn't want to embarrass him with the publicity the mob was drawing."
>
> (In later years, Teresa learned how far the retired crime boss was willing to go to protect his adopted son from the shame of Butsey's past life. Teresa's insight came from a discussion he and Morelli had about the famous Sacco-Vanzetti robbery-murder trial of 1920, a trial that generated a vast controversy over the justice of the verdict. In 1920, Butsey and his gang were wheeling violently across New England. ...On April 15, 1920, a violent robbery took place, and two men were killed in the $15,773 holdup. Although it was reported that four men had participated in the holdup, only two—[Sacco and Vanzetti]—were arrested. They were convicted and executed. These Italian-born anarchists who advocated the overthrow of the government, were persecuted by police, prosecutors, and judges in a tide of superpatriotism. To the last moment before they were electrocuted, they maintained their innocence. The controversy over the case continued to boil for years. Newspapers revived it occasionally, and authors and lawyers cited it as a classic in the mishandling of justice. Teresa comments:
>
> "I remember, this was long after 1951, that the Boston Globe printed an article that said Butsey was behind the robbery-murder in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Butsey sued. I asked him, 'What the hell are you suing them for?' He said: 'They're implicating me. What they said was true, but it's going to hurt my kid. I don't give a damn about myself. I'm ready to die anyway. But look what it's doing to my boy. He's a legitimate kid. He never knew what was going on before.'
>
> "I looked at Butsey. I didn't know much about the case except what I'd heard. But he was upset because of what was happening to his boy, not what happened to Sacco and Vanzetti. 'We whacked them out, we killed those guys in the robbery,' Butsey said. 'These two greaseballs [Sacco and Vanzetti] took it on the chin. They got in our way so we just ran over them. Now after all these years some punch-drunk writer has got to start the whole thing over again— ruin my reputation. I gotta sue for my kid's protection.' I said: 'Did you really do this?' He looked at me, right into my eyes, and said: 'Absolutely, Vinnie. These two suckers took it on the chin. That shows you how much justice there really is.'
>
> "Butsey's dead now. I don't think he ever told the story to anyone else except maybe a few close friends he had in the mob. The only thing I know for sure is that Butsey wasn't the kind of guy to tell tales. He didn't brag about anything— ever."



anarchist reviews

Waco: The Rules of Engagement, directed by William Gazecki.

Reviewed by Doug Holland

ON the afternoon of April 19, 1993, as fire destroyed the Branch Davidians' "compound" near Waco, Texas, federal agents stood outside the burning building, machine-gunning people who tried to escape the flames. This is the most damning, completely-proven assertion in a new documentary, *Waco : The Rules of Engagement.*

But before considering the film, a brief disclaimer: In the odd arena of news and analysis, anyone who questions certain official assumptions is generally assumed to be a nut. Well, I do not pay attention to the latest theories of who killed JFK. I have only minimal curiosity about crop circles, and this film is not to be mistaken for Linda Thompson's of several years ago (see The Match, issue 89, for a review of that one). I'm a skeptical man, and the director of the present film is just as skeptical; he's a former network newsman, so if anything this film is *too* objective. The narration is dry and dispassionate, even as the facts demand outrage.

Ask any American – your friends, your co-workers, yourself – what happened at Waco, and you'll hear a recitation of the following "facts":

David Koresh was a cult leader, a known child-molester and suspected drug dealer who was stockpiling weapons. Agents from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms (ATF, or BATF) tried to serve a search warrant on Koresh's compound, but the Davidians had been tipped off. They ambushed the ATF, and when the dust cleared, four ATF agents and two Branch Davidians were dead.

Then the FBI came on the scene, and for more than a month tried to negotiate a peaceful end to the standoff. But talks proved impossible, because Koresh repeatedly agreed to various terms, then broke his word.

Finally, after 51 days of fruitless and frustrating talks, something had to be done. So tanks approached, piercing small holes in the walls of the compound, and tear gas was pumped in, in hopes that the Branch Davidians would finally come out with their hands up. Instead, the cultists lit their compound on fire, committing mass suicide.

We know that's what happened, because we saw it on TV. But as revealed by this stunning documentary, almost every word in the preceding italicized paragraphs is untrue.

What happened is that a group you'd never heard of suddenly erupted into the headlines on the last day of February 1993, and by mid-April they'd been obliterated. In that month and a half, the press was kept almost two miles away and never permitted to talk to the Davidians. Until this film, the closest we've come to hearing anything but the official story, is reading the cryptic messages the Davidians painted on bedsheets and draped out the windows during the siege :

"RODNEY KING, WE UNDERSTAND."

"FBI broke negotiations. We want press."

President Clinton said David Koresh was "dangerous, irrational, and probably insane." But was he? Shown here in home videos, and preaching to his congregation, Koresh seems merely weird, and not anywhere near as nutty as the minister at a typical screamer church. The local sheriff says the Branch Davidians were "good people." They weren't insane; they were Christians. The "compound" was a church. The "cult leader" was just a Bible-thumping preacher.

Was Koresh a child molester? He bedded girls as young as 14 ; there's no dispute about that. But the girls consented, and their parents knew and had given permission. You might say that this is disgusting; but under the legal system that all these authorities were sworn to uphold, there was not any illegality in it and no charges could be filed.

There IS one girl who says that Koresh raped her – the only charge of abuse which could theoretically have been brought against Koresh, if he had survived. However, while such an allegation must be taken seriously, it is completely irrelevant to everything that happened once the ATF became involved. Rape is not alcohol, rape is not tobacco, rape is not firearms. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms has no authority to investigate rape and child abuse.

Was Koresh a drug dealer? In a word, No. In order to gain access to a military base for full-scale "dress rehearsals," the ATF told Army officials that this would be an anti-drug raid. But there is simply no evidence that Koresh or the Branch Davidians were ever involved with drugs.

Were the Davidians stockpiling illegal weapons? Koresh was a small-scale gun dealer, buying and selling weapons and ammunition at area gun shows, so he had dozens of weapons. But if they were illegal, it was only under the technicalities of the law. Long before the initial raid, Koresh actually invited ATF agents to visit his home and inspect his weapons, to clarify the often-blurry line between what's legal and what's not. But when the ATF arrived, it was not for purposes of examination and explanation.

On the morning of February 28, 1993, three ATF helicopters hovered behind the church, to distract the Davidians as several truckloads of ATF agents arrived at the front of the building. According to agents' testimony, the Davidians opened fire as the trucks approached, but in the film these claims are juxtaposed against ATF photographs of the raid in progress. We see agents crouched and poised, their weapons aimed at the church's doors and windows, while other agents are in the open, only yards from the church. We see agents standing directly outside the church's windows, their back to the building, holding ladders that other agents climb up to the roof. Clearly these are not positions any police officer would take after being fired upon. So the assertion that the Davidians fired as ATF trucks approached cannot be true.

Koresh said that the ATF opened fire, without provocation, when he came to the door. His lawyer, who visited the church during the stand-off, says the front door was riddled with bullet holes, from shots fired through the door *from outside.*

The door, however, cannot be found. Indeed, in every instance where the Davidians' version of events differs from the government's, crucial evidence has been "lost" or misplaced– in other words simply suppressed by the ATF and/or the FBI.

After hours of non-stop firing on the church, ATF agents finally announced a "truce"–because they had run out of bullets and grenades. Yet according to FBI testimony, the Davidians were shooting at them as the building burned down on April 19, 1993, so there must've been plenty of ammunition inside the church on February 28. If Koresh had murderous intent, he and his followers could have slaughtered all of the ATF agents as they backed away with their hands up, that first afternoon. But instead, the ATF was allowed to retreat.

It is common knowledge that a written report must be filed any time an American police officer fires his weapon in the line of duty. However, no written reports were filed by any of the ATF agents involved in the initial raid. The film, citing an ATF internal memo, reports that agents were ordered by their superiors NOT to file reports, because such reports "might tend to show that someone accused of a crime is innocent."

Once the ATF had backed off, a long standoff began. The FBI took over, and for a month and a half the Davidians stayed inside their church, while dozens of FBI and ATF agents had the building surrounded. The feds blasted loud music and horrid sound effects through loudspeakers night after night, drove tanks over the grave of a Davidian killed in the ATF raid, and did everything they could to taunt the Davidians into another gunfight, while making claims in the press that Koresh was "repeatedly lying" in negotiations.

Was Koresh "repeatedly lying"? At one point during the talks, he agreed that if a tape of his preachings was played on the radio, he would come out, but after the tape was played, he said God had told him to wait. Assuming Koresh was not taking orders from any "God," that was a lie. However, it was Koresh's only lie. Careful study of the transcript reveals that he followed through on everything else he promised during all the negotiations. The claim that he was "repeatedly lying" is itself a lie, often repeated.

By comparison, returning to the theater to see this film again a few nights after my first viewing, I counted 35 statements by federal agents, during negotiations with Koresh and during the Congressional hearings afterwards, which were all plainly lies. One ATF agent in particular, Jim Cavanaugh, is shown telling enough proven and demonstrable lies before Congress, he could certainly be charged with perjury (but of course, that's not going to happen).

On the standoff's 51st morning, as FBI loudspeakers announced, "This is not an assault," several tanks pumped huge quantities of CS powder, mixed into an extremely flammable chemical compound, into the building. The gas was delivered in a form so concentrated that many of the Davidians were probably killed by the gas, not by the fire (when CS burns it becomes hydrogen cyanide, the same poison used in gas chambers for prison executions). And as fire trucks approached, the FBI ordered them to wait as the building burned for more than twenty minutes.

How many of the Davidians were burned to death? How many were killed by the gas? How many were killed by gunshots? We'll never know, because the FBI did not allow the local coroner's office to be involved in the autopsies. In fact, crucial evidence was seized from the county coroner's office, and never returned. All autopsies were performed by the FBI Laboratory, the same facility currently embroiled in scandals involving false evidence submitted in many other cases.

One thing we do know. Shown conclusively in this film is how the fire started. It began when pyrotechnic devices – firebombs, essentially – were shot into the building by hand-held FBI grenade launchers. After that, the flames are visible almost instantly.

Meanwhile, the M-60 tanks, rigged with bulldozer blades, had done much more than merely pierce holes in the walls. The film shows whole sections of the buildings being obliterated, stairways and exits destroyed, until only one door remained as the last way out. That's where two FBI agents were stationed, firing machine guns at anyone trying to flee the building.

The documentary shows heat-sensitive infrared film taken during the fire, as Edward Allard, the well-respected night vision physicist who pioneered infrared technology, explains what it means. "Nothing in nature," Allard says, "has the thermal signature of gunshots." On screen we watch a series of quick white blips, several blips per second — gunshots from automatic weapons. Gunfire is shown coming from the tanks, and from positions adjacent to the tanks, INTO the flames, including a 30-second burst of "almost continuous gunfire," aimed directly at the building's last remaining exit.

If that's not enough, more evidence is presented. Conventional photography, filmed from the air and broadcast live on national television as the flames raged, shows brief but unmistakable glimpses of automatic weapons being fired into the building, from outside. Intercut against this are the repeated lies of the FBI, in press conferences and Congressional hearings, that "our agents didn't fire a single shot."

And the cover-up continues. The Congressional investigation had access to the same infrared photography shown in this film — and didn't even mention it in the hearings. The television program, *60 Minutes*, hired independent experts to analyze the same film, and these experts concurred that it does indeed show automatic gunfire. But the report was never aired, "due to the potentially sensitive nature of this material."

When the *San Francisco Examiner* ran a half-page review of this motion picture in March of 1997, the review mentioned NONE of the film's meticulously-documented evidence. The strongest statement the paper printed was: "The film charges that federal agents used excessive force against the Davidians." And while some mainstream newspapers have been more forthright in their reviews, none has yet reported the film's allegations anywhere other than in the "Arts & Entertainment" sections.

Well, this film IS art, but it is also, emphatically, NEWS.

In Q and A with the filmmakers after the screening, I asked where and how the infrared footage was obtained. The film's director, Dan Gifford, explained that the infrared photography was actually shot by the FBI, and has been introduced as evidence by the feds, at trial, at Congressional hearings, and so on. So it's available to the public. The FBI has also released the tapes and transcripts which form much of the overwhelming evidence here. But were these records released because the ATF and FBI have nothing to hide? Or were they released because it's simply "a given" that the mainstream press won't bother reading transcripts, listening to tapes, and watching the infrared video? Certainly, as far as the New York Times and the rest of the mainstream media is concerned, this story ended when the Branch Davidians "killed themselves." The American media's mantra is: *Ask no questions; believe what the press-release says.*

But the Congressmen and women who saw the infrared evidence must know the truth. The producers of 60 Minutes know the truth. Presumably, Janet Reno and Bill Clinton know the truth. And people who see this movie will know the truth, because only a cop — hell, only a particularly cruel cop — could watch this film and not be convinced. The truth is that the ATF had no reasonable grounds for the initial assault, and the FBI had no intention of reaching a peaceful resolution once the stand-off began. The truth is that federal agents filled the building with flammable gas, ignited it, stationed men at the last exit to machine-gun any survivors, and lied at the Congressional hearings about every detail.

If you have any doubts or curiosity about the official version of these events, you owe it to yourself to see *Waco : The Rules of Engagement.* It's a calm, well-reasoned, thoroughly-documented examination of the facts which proves in the end that there were no rules of engagement whatsoever. The Waco disaster wasn't about "law enforcement," it was simply the mass-murder of American citizens by the government.

Nobody wants to believe this, but the evidence is plain. As the film's executive producer, Ann Sommer Gifford, said after the screening: "We'd LOVE to hear another interpretation, but until we do, we have to believe the experts, and our own eyes."

Small Publications Received

Inspector 18. (Issue 3). This is a very disturbing and sad failure, and I mean that literally: the fact that it is a failure should be disturbing and saddening to anyone, because this barely-readable zine contains one of the best autobiographical stories I've ever read. It's called, I think, "Nightmare 02, The Army: 1989." There's a stunning amount of self-examination and intelligent observation of the world in this approximately 14,000-word tale by author-publisher Michael Jackman, but the guy is doing everything he can to sabotage his work by making it illegible. He has converted a typically unattractive but still competent typescript into a ferocious mess, by cutting out paragraphs and pasting them over photocopied pictures, and then using pieces of old road maps and sections of the classified ads of some newspaper all around that, right out to the edge of every page. So there's absolutely no break for the eye, no concession to the physiology or psychology of reading, and not the scarcest, faintest nod to the insights developed by human beings since time immemorial.

Meanwhile, the story itself is like something you would read in The Match, frankly; it's that good.

The protagonist enlists in the mind-numbingly lunatic Army, where you can "be all that you can be", as long as you limit your choices to "Numbed Mind" and/or "Lunatic". The defense of the Land of the Free is apparently best placed in the hands of people who have every vestigial concept of what Freedom might possibly mean, beaten out of them by screaming, racist, maniacal bullies. This is a worthwhile segment of an intelligent man's experience, that other people could profit from without having to go through such experiences themselves; in other words it's just the sort of stuff that folks ought to be reading— and it's entertaining too. But I bet the readership could be counted on the knuckles of one hand. Christ, I am the wrong guy to be reviewing 'zines; I get too depressed. So you will get the idea, here's page 64 and a little of 65, followed by the actual appearance of p. 65:

I wonder what they're doing at home. I wonder if they think about me. Being in the army is a lot like being dead.

We jumped onto the ground and hugged it hard. Rather we cupped the soil around our heads and shoved our faces into the ground, imitating some prone ostrich. Somehow, I remained unconvinced that this was the way to survive a nuclear explosion. Evidently this performance was enough to satisfy our Drill Sergeants,for they barked out the "All clear!" and we stood up, unfazed by the non-existent blast.

We assembled again, this time to enter the chamber. The Drill Sergeants ordered us to the ready and I sucked in some of the fresh air. As if they were wise to this they stalled for a bit before marching us in. We walked in with a group of about ten Privates. There was not a smell so much as an immediate sense of pain. As soon as I entered I felt my eyes starting to water painfully. In a few moments, hot tears of pain were streaming down my face. We walked around and around. In the center of the room, a canister of CS gas sent up its deadly vapors. My eyes simmered with gas, like I had wiped my eyes with pepper juice. My cheeks puffed with my breath. I had to exhale. I continued marching around the room in some kind of cakewalk, waiting for the music to stop. What was this room, anyway? It looked like a Swiss sauna. Finally, running out of breath, I took in a little whiff of the deadly fumes.

It was astonishing. I felt like I had breathed in a cup of Japanese mustard. I choked on the stuff. I felt a terrible pain in my nose reaching around to the base of my skull. My nasal passages burned with a red-hot pain, and my throat registered deadly alarm. I choked on it. Walking around the room, I observed my fellows in the same kind of distress, their eyes screwed up in disgust, gagging on the bad air. Then I noticed that my nose was dripping. Dripping? That's putting it mildly! My nose was pouring green soggy stuff. I opened my mouth in agony and a strange bile poured out that I had no idea existed. Christ! What was inside me? My face became a stream of oozing garbage. Mercifully, the Sergeants ordered us out, and I nearly toppled a Drill Sergeant on the way out.

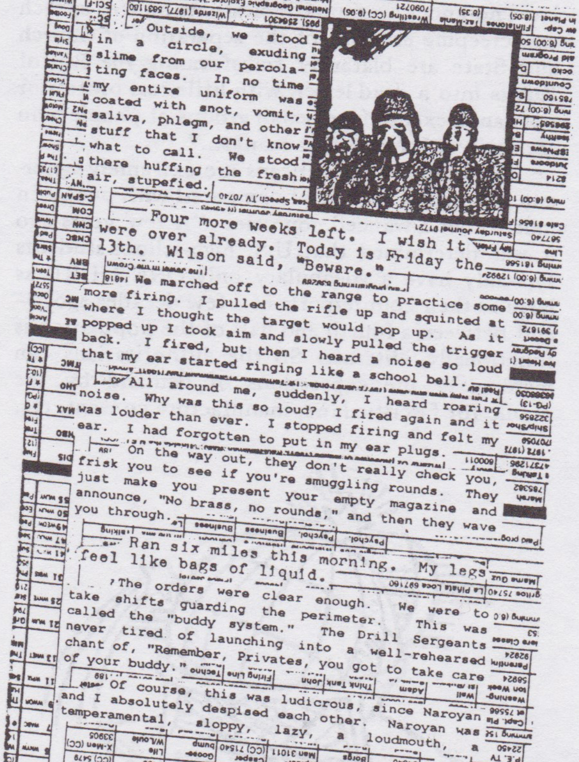
Outside, we stood in a circle, exuding slime from our percolating faces. In no time my entire uniform was coated with snot, vomit, saliva, phlegm, and other stuff that I don't know what to call. We stood there huffing the fresh air, stupefied.

Four more weeks left...

Like it? Want to see how it comes out? Then send $2 to the author at P. O. Box 3663, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163, and be prepared to confront possibly the worst typographical guise that anything worth reading has ever been presented in.

Jeffrey Deboo's *The Radical Individualist* (4326 S.E. Woodstock Blvd., no 524, Portland, Oregon 97206), regrettably has just ceased publication, with issue number eight. Deboo has a lot to say that has been worth listening to, but at least you

What on earth is the purpose of self-sabotaging layout like this? It's not clever, it's foolish.



Outside, we stood in a circle, exuding slime from our percolating faces. In no time my entire uniform was coated with snot, vomit, saliva, phlegm, and other stuff that I don't know what to call. We stood there huffing the fresh air, stupefied.

Four more weeks left. I wish it were over already. Today is Friday the 13th. Wilson said, "Beware."

We marched off to the range to practice some more firing. I pulled the rifle up and squinted at where I thought the target would pop up. As it popped up I took aim and slowly pulled the trigger back. I fired, but then I heard a noise so loud that my ear started ringing like a school bell.

All around me, suddenly, I heard roaring noise. Why was this so loud? I fired again and it was louder than ever. I stopped firing and felt my ear. I had forgotten to put in my ear plugs.

On the way out, they don't really check you, frisk you to see if you're smuggling rounds. They just make you present your empty magazine and announce, "No brass, no rounds," and then they wave you through.

Ran six miles this morning. My legs feel like bags of liquid.

The orders were clear enough. We were to take shifts guarding the perimeter. This was called the "buddy system." The Drill Sergeants never tired of launching into a well-rehearsed chant of, "Remember, Privates, you got to take care of your buddy."

Of course, this was ludicrous, since Naroyan and I absolutely despised each other. Naroyan was temperamental, sloppy, lazy, a loudmouth, a

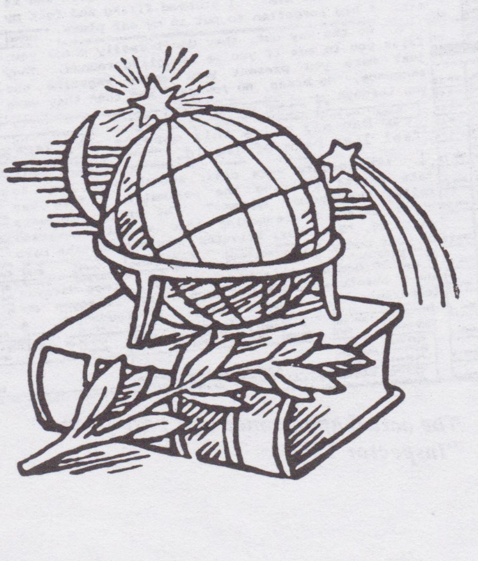
65

The actual appearance of a page from "Inspector 18" can still get back issues (numbers 1 through 8) for $4.00 each from the author at the above address.

The essay "Could It Happen Here ?" in issue 8, is particularly valuable, since it takes a fairly hackneyed theme and gives it new life by means of a simple, elegant, dignified style and a refreshing adherence to real libertarian standards. He glances at previous examinations of the theme that have confidently reassured: Of course it couldn't happen here; and then he shows why "...these...incantations are largely bunk, and ...they attribute to modern Americans traits which they no longer possess..." Jeffrey is an Individualist at a time when collectivism is rampant, now called Liberalism, and even much Anarchism is dominated by a strain of "libertarian" communism which openly sneers that Individualism means fascism. (Real anarchism, needless to say, is the highest expression of individualism, and the freedom to participate with others in communal arrangements is only one subset of such individual choice and liberty.)

About modern Americans, Deboo rightly observes: "The mistrust of, and even hostility to, the State are certainly real, but they do not translate into effective resistance. We submit meekly to a tax burden far more onerous than what drove an earlier generation to revolt against George III. A whole phalanx of gun-control laws, asset-forfeiture laws, no-knock warrants, limitations on free speech and creeping erosions of the separation of Church and State are blatantly transforming the Bill of Rights into a dead letter, with little real protest or resistance except from small groups of people who are easily stigmatized as cranks..."

He points out Americans are extremely ignorant and poorly educated compared with people in most other advanced countries—"A few years ago it was determined that U.S. high-school students typically have a vocabulary only ONE-THIRD as large as their counterparts of a few decades ago,"—and between a fourth and half of the population is functionally illiterate. So the authoritarians can manipulate the expressions of demand by the public for fascistic laws, manufacture consent, etc.



Then, he goes on, there must be a truly fascist party, strongly motivated with a clearly-articulated social policy; and here, of course, he is looking at the Christian Right. Americans are perhaps more susceptible to such madness than are other nationalities because Americans have become more religious than many other peoples (high percentages of Americans are truly fanatic in religious belief, to the point of hallucinating that "god" is speaking to them, and so on; the fastest-growing cult in the country is, in fact, the Mormon Church). They are, as Deboo notes, "deadly serious about imposing their morality on everyone else."

It is a shame to see an articulate, elegant voice like that of the Radical Individualist vanish from the anarchist milieu. But one can certainly empathize with the desire to quit battering at the impregnable citadel of ignorance, stupidity and statism that is the United States of America.

A less theoretical 'zine is ***plastic***, the first issue at least, available from E. Persimmon, P.O. Box 460931, San Francisco, CA 94146 ($2 in cash or stamps only). This 28-page pamphlet contains over a dozen small features including a crossword, a sort of recipe section, and an article on drug use that contains this coherent logic: "*We must be careful not to mistake good arguments against the use of drugs with good arguments for laws against drug use. There are lots of excellent reasons to avoid drugs of all sorts, just as there are great reasons not to eat sugar, drink alcohol, ride in automobiles, or do a thousand other "dangerous" things. But it is a far more dangerous thing to allow strangers to determine what risks we are allowed to take. I'm not telling you to take drugs; I'm telling you to beware of anyone who won't let you make up your own mind on the matter.*"

The issue of ***plastic*** also contains movie reviews by Joe Gallo, of movies he hasn't seen and won't see... *(EMMA: Oh, Jesus! Isn't Jane Austen dead? If not, won't SOMEONE please kill her now? They MUST MAKE NO MORE MOVIES based on her novels... I don't care who's in it, or who directed it. Just burn it!)* ...and Doug Holland reprises a little of his ***Pathetic Life*** 'zine with some fleeting glimpses of his current job mopping up in a coin-op laundry. Excellent first issue.

Static, issue 2, from 1750 30th St. no. 198, Boulder Colorado 80301, is a loathsome little piece of tripe put out by people who exhibit no brains, thought, style, ethics, or anything else that makes a publication worth reading. Articles on ripping off everybody in sight, "pranks", printing that ranges from illegible to ugly, and outright advocacy of being the snottiest, most untrustworthy rat in the urban sewer, provoke nostalgia for the good old days when juvenile delinquents carried chains and zip-guns, and raised hell with nightmarish street rumbles, but at least didn't subject you to their nauseating, snot-nosed "writing". In the middle of this mire of stinking putrescence there is a big ad for AK Press, blabbing about "Anarchism" and using a piece of Red Chinese propaganda artwork. From an article on "Poetic Terrorism": *"These pranks aren't unique, anyone could do them, but only with a Poetic Terrorist mentality will you think to do them. Be aware that around every corner is a prank waiting to happen, opportunities. Never waste a chance.*

"These kinds of pranks have become automatic to me. I steal screws, bolts, anything that I can get off. At work, I steal whatever I can get my hands on that might be useful. In supermarkets I always shoplift... I always take toilet paper from public bathrooms, hoping some poor guy will get stuck on the can... Whenever I get a call and it's a wrong number I make sure to pretend that the person lives there but has recently been in an accident or other tragedy... [We] are driven by the need to fuck with people... We all have a Poetic Terrorist mentality, but it is repressed by our modern hyper rational society. Mature adults can't see any value in making someone's life a little harder, a little weirder. It's just nasty and cruel..."

These people are human garbage. Make THEIR lives a little harder, by not buying their rotten publication or patronizing any of the people who advertise in it, including: Pressure Drop Press, AK Distribution, Discord Records, and Naked Eye News & Video, San Francisco.

Poles apart from such guffawing children and their subnormal sniggerings are works of genuine worth and true sarcasm and rebellion— not their ersatz K-Mart knockoffs. For example ***The Geis Letter***, a publication of "Thought Crime, Dogmacide & Intellectual Heresy", issues for June, July, August, September and October, 1997 (Sample copy $2.00 from Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 11408 Portland, Oregon 97211). Geis is an old guy who's been in the fanzine, writing, criticism and political commentary "business" for most of his life, and it shows: he has plenty to say, thoughts worth listening to. He is righteously sick of the "smear press" and effectively highlights examples of how it sneaks underhanded phrases and descriptions and modifiers into articles on disapproved philosophies or groups so that after reading typical newspapers the average person thinks things the newspaper dislikes are "hate groups", things that "have links to the Oklahoma City bombing," etc. His cynical analyses of the official press-releases on the TWA Flight 800 explosion are always thought provoking no matter what your opinion is on that disaster, and no matter what the truth may someday turn out to be (if we ever know), as he shows again and again that government spokesmen only say whatever seems expedient. Geis isn't quite an anarchist, but he's more of one than a lot of people who pretend to be (especially more than those who seem to be part of some disinformation campaign financed by the government to make anarchism seem disreputable and stupid.) His newsletter will make you THINK, and you'll want to hand it to somebody else and say: "Hey, you oughtta read this!" And that's an experience worth having.

The newsletter runs to about eight sheets of typing-size paper photocopied on both sides, and the typography ranges from indifferent computer to unattractive computer (you know, where the letters are all squeezed up together and boldface is made by re-typing over the same spot a hundredth of an inch off). Since you're reading The Match, you should definitely be on the mailing list for ***The Geis Letter.***

Zine World, the new review magazine by Doug Holland and friends, provides a comprehensive alternative at last to the Gunderloy/Friedman style of "hooray-for-all-zines" publicity. Zines can and do get unfavorable reviews in ***Zine World***, and one of the most interesting developments during the first five issues has been the amazing response from some readers who have screamed that ZW has no business—EVER—giving any negative comment about anything. (Of course, it's perfectly all right for THEM to write in and tell the editor that his publication, in their opinion, stinks— after all, HE gave somebody a bad review. HIS expression of opinion is "out of line"; THEIR negative expression is okay.) For instance one guy wrote: *"I sure was disappointed in your so-called Zine World. You ought to call it Mean World... As for me, I will not send my zine in for your staff to slaughter. I want nothing whatever to do with your hateful, spiteful, just plain mean ZW."* Do we detect a double standard here?

ZW reviews small publications with an obvious liking for the phenomenon of zines, combined with an honest desire to be fair. As a result of the presence of some negative reviews, you can TRUST the positive ones. Each issue is 60 pages long, costs $3.50, and contains hundreds of reviews, a few pages of editorials and letters-to-the-editor, news, and a constant sense that real intelligence and love of freedom of the press are back of it all. Zine World seems committed to principles, not expediency, and since I'm implicitly making an invidious comparison here to Factsheet Five, let me provide an example of what I'm talking about:

Zine World reports on distributors who rip off small publishers. Factsheet Five never said a word, and continued running huge ads for Fine Print Distribution even after The Match raised the issue of that agency's non-payment or extremely slow payment (see issues 89 and 90 of The Match). Zine World, by comparison, warned its zinester readers to be wary of Fine Print. Now that Fine Print has declared bankruptcy, leaving scores of tiny, impecunious publications twisting slowly in the wind after trusting that distributor with their zines, Factsheet Five quietly drops the ad.

Or take printer hassles for another instance: For decades refusals by printing companies constituted one of the major problems of the alternative publisher. Some critical magazines and journals have been forced to stop publishing or been driven to substandard do-it-yourself methods when printing companies suddenly declined to run off another issue. Never a peep from Factsheet Five about this problem, until... FF's recent issue was refused by its own printer on account of some raunchy language in a display ad—NOW printer refusal is a big issue with front-cover blaring titles, and feature pieces inside the magazine. Because such concerns never arose in Factsheet Five until IT had a problem, you have to conclude that its troubled mien has no solidarity behind it and is therefore worth little. Zine World, by contrast, exhibits support for publishers who encounter repressions that ZW itself is not currently experiencing— that's what true solidarity is about. It's what separates a real review of alternative media from a commercial exploitation.

Amusing Yourself to Death (c/o Ruel Gaviola, Box 91934, Santa Barbara California 93190) also reviews zines and books, but with slightly longer reviews (and fewer reviews) than Zine World, so this guide also has its definite niche. Two dollars will get you a sample copy of this 20 to 24 page publication (11 x 17 sheets folded over to make 8.5 x 11 pages). Again, there's real enthusiasm for the genre, and because of that, some significant hope for overall increase in the impact and quality of the genre. Already, much of what I said about zines in the Summer, 1993 issue of The Match is no longer true (the death-oriented zines have faded away, for instance, and junk like Static has become much rarer). In any sphere of life there needs to be some input from real criticism, and the review zines truly are part of the rising tide that lifts all boats.

Two newsletters from Fred Whitehead, Box 5224, Kansas City, Kansas 66119, are doing great scholarly work from a libertarian leftist position. ***People's Culture*** and ***Freethought History*** are 8.5 x 11 sheets, computer typeset, stapled in the corner, 12 to 14 pages; $15 and $10 per year, respectively. FH prints articles and reviews relating to the dissident traditions of thought such as atheism, secularism and skepticism. Through this publication the editor recently publicized the amazing case of a woman named "Serpentfoot", and as this situation is of such importance to dissidents everywhere, it's worth reprinting here:

AN APPEAL: In December, 1996, a courageous church-state separationist named Serpentfoot (formerly Ann Otwell) was arrested on the order of a Floyd County, Georgia judge, and sentenced to 12 months in jail because she refused to accept his previous sentence that she be "banished" from the County...

(That's right; you read correctly: they tried to BANISH her! What century is Georgia still in?)

...For several years, Serpentfoot had protested Christian prayers at the opening of city council and county commission meetings in Floyd County, about an hour's drive northwest of Atlanta. Finally, authorities tried to prevent her making any objections, so she partially disrobed in protest. In the late winter and spring following, she served the first part of her sentence, in jail.

Upon her release, she returned to Floyd County, which she contends is her native place. She was once more arrested. There are many legal irregularities in the handling of this case, not to mention that it is surely "cruel and unusual punishment" for someone to literally be "banished", a sentence that harkens back to medieval times.

If the humanist/atheist/freethought movement does not support its grassroots members, we deserve our present "marginalization". To protest to the court, write Judge Larry Salmon, Superior Court, Floyd County, Government Plaza, Rome, Georgia 30161.

Serpentfoot's permanent mailing address is: P.O. Box 214, Coosa, GA 30129. Her telephone answering machine can be accessed at 706-235-1492.

Freethought History in a long article about the case recounts that Serpentfoot had loudly and often objected to the repetition of prayers at official meetings, and also to such endorsements of religion as the City of Rome's ad stating: "Find yourself through faith in God...and Regular Church Attendance." She had requested the County Attorney to advise the Board that it was un-Constitutional to pray before the meetings; the attorney advised her that he is a Christian and was not about to succumb to the wishes of an atheist or devout devil-worshipper. The complainant had responded that she was not a devil-worshipper and resented the comment; the case has built from there.

In ***People's Culture*** and related issuances, editor Whitehead has become concerned about another issue: the dumping of books from libraries. His "Call for a Working Group on the Defense of Library Collections" this past summer netted a few responses, one of them from The Match's own editor, Fred Woodworth, whose long "Report from Arizona" appears in People's Culture no. 37. This article recounts the dumping of books from local libraries and the transformation of local used-book stores into a new form of real library where in lieu of monitoring and library cards and fines and library police, there are now places where one can either read or "check out" (buy) books—WITHOUT any computer records being kept for police agencies to subpoena or finagle.

Other articles in the issue describe how libraries have long since become small fiefdoms, exercising several varieties of censorship by acquisition, placement, or exclusion. People's Culture has also focused on the widespread practice of libraries and museums, of "microfilming" and then selling off old periodical collections, notably including old atheist and radical papers, which in many cases are not filmed or computer-scanned at all. Their discarding does, therefore, in frequent cases result in the disappearance of the only copies in existence. (Orwell would again smile grimly at the prescience of his fiction.)

In Fred Whitehead's investigations of library practices, probably the oddest, most damning document he has run across is the American Library Association's statement, "Evaluating and Weeding Collections in Small and Medium-Sized Public Libraries" (apparently from 1996). This is a work that all but rejoices over the ability of, and the high duty of, the librarian to get rid of books. At a time when the San Francisco library was loading books by the bale into dump-trucks to have them hauled to landfills (some books were rescued by outraged book-lovers who, with no place to store the tons of volumes, were in some cases keeping them on their porches), a document like this one tells us what's going on in these out-of-control bureaucrats' "minds":

"There are six major benefits of weeding... YOU SAVE SPACE. Discarded materials no longer cost money for cleaning, binding, mending, extra stacks, extra catalog drawers... The library will be more attractive and easier to use. There will be space to furnish tables and chairs for in-house study. And that open, friendly appearance that is the trademark of a good community library will be maintained...

"YOU SAVE THE TIME of patrons, of the staff, and best of all, of yourself, Crowded shelves, full of ragged books with illegible markings, cost time...to shelve... or for anyone trying to use the collection for reference. Library housekeeping, from dusting to relocating... is impeded and made more back-breaking by an overload of useless books.

"YOU MAKE THE LIBRARY MORE APPEALING by replacing ragged and smudged books and unattractive rebounds... Circulation can be increased by simply making the shelves look nicer, even if there are fewer books..."

This almost incredible document (which unfortunately is all too real at 26 pages, complete with an ISBN) primly and smugly chirps, page 5, that *"Less is more."* If a book isn't checked out in a six-month period, it should definitely go. Or, if in doubt, find out if it is "award-winning", and if it is, naturally, keep it. (Again we see evidence that "award-winning" often strongly suggests something with a built-in adherence to the status quo.) If it isn't in the Bowker Corporation's "Books for Public Libraries", that's a count against the book—and as readers of The Match know, Bowker is the outfit that grants the ISBN numbers, so once more you see the censorship component when a small publisher refuses to pay this corporation for a book license.

The "formula" for regarding a book as a candidate for the landfill is an acronym: MUSTY, which stands for Misleading, Ugly, Superseded, Trivial, Your collection has no use for it. (Hmmm.)

Once a book is discarded, there's a further provision that keeps the public from having any input into the autocratic kingdom of the bureaucrats: A once-discarded book cannot be accepted as a donation.

And, in a strange, rare insight into the mind of a cultural vandal, we read on page 19 of the librarians' document, this amazing passage:

"Even if an old book dates back before 1900, chances are one in several thousand that an it (sic) ***is worth as much as $25.00. Only a handful of unique copies, authors' personal copies, or other treasures sell for more than this amount. Old books are overwhelmingly rubbish or cheap curios... If you have never heard of the title, it is almost certainly not (worth keeping)."***

The document even attempts to prime the librarian for objections, such as:

"Isn't weeding really just irresponsible destruction of public property?" "NO. It is a very constructive process which increases the library's ability to give a full service value per dollar and which improves the appearance and comfort of the library building."

How wonderful our libraries could be, if not for all of these messy, inconvenient books!

Fred Whitehead's uncovering of the above guidelines for librarians who've become weeders, instead of readers, confirms the bitter estimation of Fred Woodworth's article in People's Culture: After writing about how he was personally driven to avoid libraries in favor of book stores (he refused to pay a large overdue fine on a book that computer records neglected to show had been returned, and for this was permanently denied a library card), he tells of attending years of library discard sales and finding unique volumes for pennies. *"Librarians have made their bed, and now they should lie in it. They've caved in to the mania for putting faith in a totally un-archival medium. They've sacrificed untold, invaluable writings to limbo and have converted their stacks into the gold stars from a popularity contest. If you allow the 'public' to vote on books, what you get is a library jam-packed with crap written by Andrew Greeley and his ilk. The public does not notice anything wrong with this, and the librarians who ought to know don't care. The discriminating reader, who withdraws from such madness and begins to compile his own collection, regards the new electronic junkpile as a horror which he is not obliged to sift through or deal with.*

"The librarians' rush to dumpsterize anything

unique or valuable should really result in THEIR long-overdue self-destruction. They have behaved with abject cowardice before government and right-wing groups. They've allowed some controversial books in, but have booted far more of them out. Now they are increasingly internet-izing their facilities and grinningly dismissing poor old books to the realm of the obsolete. So shouldn't these people get what they so richly deserve? Should we mourn when their libraries become homogenized, plastic, indistinguishable McDonald's outlets with computer screens? Should we weep with regret that the people who caved in to law enforcement and violated the rights and privacy of readers who trusted them, are now being downgraded to the role of custodians over a vote-for-what-we'll-have-here type of institution?

"You can't save people from themselves. If this is what they want, then...that is going to be what they get... Perhaps now, when books are flowing into private collections and people like me are no longer even walking inside the doors of public libraries, the seed of a more worthwhile involvement with books will flower. ...I don't think librarians are even faintly deserving of our pity, considering how they've behaved."

A correspondent of this reviewer, Mr. B. G., of San Francisco, after reading ***People's Culture*** and hearing that I intended to discuss some of these matters in my review, wrote me the following letter, with which it seems appropriate to close:

You might appreciate the tale of how I was evicted from the San Francisco Public Library.

When I moved here, getting a library card was one of the first things I did after getting an apartment and a job. Of course! I mean, who wouldn't have a library card? And my card had four years before its expiration date; I always returned books on time; and the SFPL's main building was, while cramped and overcrowded, charmingly bookish.

But one afternoon, after waiting in line to check out books, I was told by someone at the counter that I had to renew my card or I couldn't check out any books. "First," she said, "you need to re-register at that counter." She pointed to another desk, down another hall, where about a dozen patrons were already obediently queued up. I too obediently stepped into that mysterious line, and from eavesdropping quickly learned that the library was–oh, glorious day– computerizing!

Everyone, regardless of when their cards were marked to expire, was being herded toward this "re-registration" desk. Well, I filled out a new SFPL application, which wasn't noticeably different from the one I'd filled out some time earlier. When I got to the counter and turned in my paperwork, the polite shrew asked for my driver's license. Of course, I don't drive, and by then I'd already decided I'd never be driving again– public transit in San Francisco is one of this city's attractions, and not needing a car is a terrific freedom.

But I did still have a valid license, so I showed it to her. She instantly noticed that the address it listed wasn't the same as the address on the form I'd just handed her. "You've moved?" she asked.

"No," I said, quite truthfully, since I had not moved since getting my supposedly still-valid library card. Ah, but now the discrepancy– which hadn't been a problem earlier– meant that they couldn't "approve" me (those were her words, like a banker's) until the address had been corrected on my driver's license.

She quickly, efficiently handed me a change-of-address form, and I actually started filling it out (I was in an uncharacteristically good mood) before I noticed the Department of Motor Vehicles logo on the bottom. Slowly, as the fog of my good mood lifted, it dawned on me that a librarian was handing me D.M.V. forms, ensuring that not only my local library, but the fucking State of California, would know where I lived, where I could be found.

I cut my library card into sixteen tiny pieces that day. And as the SFPL's "Friends of the Library" committee worked to raise funding for its new! new! new! main library, I have always quietly considered myself now anything BUT a "friend" of the library.

And now let me say something about the ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLAR monstrosity that is the new main library here. Sure, they did haul tens of thousands of books to landfills. Sure, they took away the card catalogue and replaced it with new! new! new! on-line cataloguing. But the reality is actually worse than reported in People's Culture.

First and foremost, especially from the outside, the new library is just remarkably ugly. Inside, it's less ugly, but utterly un-library-like. Computers take up, I would estimate, between five and ten percent of the floor space. AND the computerized card catalogue is an abomination! I don't particularly like on-line look-up systems, but I've used them in other libraries, and the SFPL's is just a monstrosity– very, very poorly designed, confoundedly difficult to use, virtually impossible to master. Instead of being one big database, it's an arrangement where you choose among SEVEN, and if you're in the wrong one, what you're looking for just isn't there. Also, huge sections of the library's books simply are not in the on-line catalogue. And it gets even worse.

Critics of the new! new! new! library sometimes say that it's too computer-centric, not enough concerned with BOOKS. The truth is worse, and is obvious if you walk through the place: Computers are the third priority; books still are the second (though computers are gaining). But the First priority of the library layout is OPEN SPACE. Huge, huge sections of the building are dedicated to NOTHINGNESS: empty space. There's a lovely open-air atrium that stretches the height of the building, so 20% of the space is there, unused. And whole sections of various floors don't exist– instead, open air stretches across the vast building. I'll get the floors wrong, as I've only been there a few times, but you can stand in a hallway on, say, the fifth floor and look through vast nothingness down to the third floor. Et cetera. For $100,000,000 they built a building that APPEARS to be much bigger than the old one. But in reality–thanks to open space–it has less than 10% more shelf space than the old building. Truly, you have to see this monstrosity to appreciate the horror...

Reading these comments and the ones in ***People's Culture***, you get a sense of real alienation among a lot of writers and people who are concerned with books. When the sickness in a society extends so deep that every facet of living is affected, life itself becomes intolerable. Alluding to a comment that someone else made in a recent issue of The Match, I wonder if the time isn't rapidly approaching when it will be necessary to flee the United States.

Freedom

Eclipsed

IT IS exceedingly hard—almost impossible—to make the average person believe that things they're told on a daily basis are false. It's worse than an uphill battle; it's a Situation Hopeless. Naturally, one belief people have which we wish they would discard is this automatic notion that anarchists are maniacs who desire murder and chaos. To those of us who argue in favor of what we think is a better organization of society on fully voluntary lines, coercionists— or statists or governmentalists, or authoritarians, or control freaks or whatever you want to call them— seem like the brutal type of criminals that WE are constantly painted as being. We can make efforts to prove the truth of our analysis by presenting long lists of abuses, beatings, and constantly more oppressive acts by governments... but they have the edge on us: better press. The press is completely willing to boost the idea of anarchism as madness, and it does so frequently in matter-of-fact little pieces like this one:

"Homemade Bomb Injures New York Man: A Bronx man who booby-trapped his apartment with homemade bombs accidentally blew his left hand off, police said, prompting the evacuation of dozens of families from the area while the remaining explosives were dismantled.

"John Saperstein, 36, an unemployed construction worker, set off one of the bombs in his apartment. Neither the woman he lived with nor their 18-month-old daughter was hurt.

"Police found four more bombs in the apartment, officials said. Just what Saperstein was doing with all the explosives puzzled investigators. 'There's no indication he was involved in any group,' said a police spokesman. 'There were no rantings or anarchist writings of any kind.'"

See what we mean? An item like this, which ought to be one more piece of evidence that violence or stupidity or fooling around with explosives are things that all kinds of people do, instead gets converted with a purposefully "casual" observation, into yet another slur on anarchists. Well, there wasn't any anarchist literature there; but there goddamn well SHOULD HAVE BEEN!

The press would never state that: "Republican Party literature was found in the home. Police spokesmen said that investigations into links with recent Republican candidates will continue...", or "Police raided nearby homes of several notorious Democrats in a widening hunt for links with the deranged criminal genius who blew his hand off Thursday evening..." blah, blah.

Meanwhile, the REAL pattern showing what political philosophy stands squarely for relentless abridgement of human rights— namely governmentalism— gets shrugged off everywhere except here. And here we note—

Scanners run by police and border patrol agents will be beaming what the press called "X-rays", but which are actually Gamma rays, at cars and trucks crossing into the US from Mexico. So, to protect people against the so-called "danger of drugs" (drugs which people have used throughout history and always are going to be using), these crazy lunatics are willing to irradiate millions of automobiles and drivers. Note that any radiation of sufficient power to penetrate the materials typically used in construction of auto bodies, is going to be far more than strong enough to induce genetic damage in the cells of the persons it passes through. Oh, well.

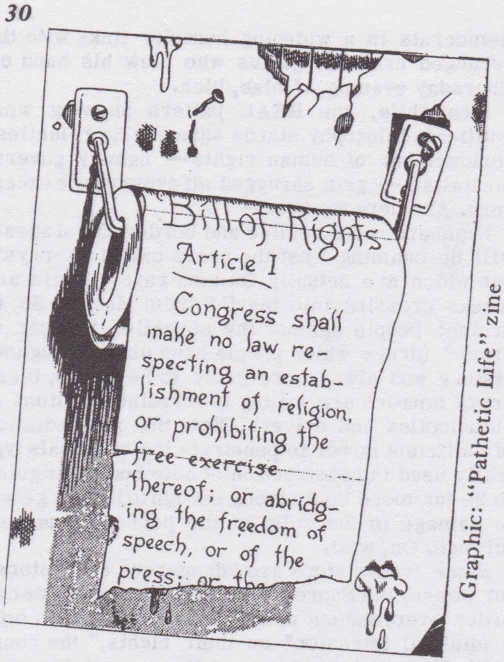
Since traffic stops are "dangerous encounters" for police, the Supreme Court has ruled, cops can order everyone out of all cars stopped. "It's only a minimal intrusion" on their rights," the court said. Yes, and the coasts of Europe and America are only separating from each other at the rate of a fraction of an inch per year—but in 200 million years this amounts to a couple of thousands of miles.

Louisiana police have taken this philosophy a few fractions of an inch farther, and they have been stopping out-of-state drivers, "searching their cars for drugs", and seizing the cars and property on any pretext, even if no drugs were found. Now, wouldn't you call that highway robbery? Wouldn't you want to sputter in frustrated rage the next time the textbook, feature article, or TV show smirks and chuckles about foolish anarchists: who'd protect them from, say, highway robbery? Well, you can't— at least, not so anybody else can hear. Textbooks, press, TV shows won't allow it.

Are your paperss in or-dah?? Some monocled nazi barks this regularly on old movies. Find one way in which his demand differs from today's American reality! And now it's not just on the streets; your paperss vill be in ordah or you are not gonna get a job. In fact, as of October of 1997, a national database containing information on every last person hired for any job whatsoever is allowing the government to check on whether you owe "child support". Even if you hate children, or are responsible enough so that you'd never consider having any, your name will be scrutinized to see if you "owe". No word on what happens if

We are Borg. Resistance is Futile.

Steve Mann, Cambridge Mass., loves computers. He has a monitor in his eyeglasses, always visible to him alone, a tiny keyboard in a pocket, miniature hard-drive in a waist pouch, and various other junk in his "cyberclothes". Wherever he goes he's linked by radio to the Internet. Someday, he predicts, "we'll feel naked, confused and lost without a computer screen in front of our eyes to guide us."


!
Bill of Rights
Article I
Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the

Graphic: "Pathetic Life" zine

the feds make a mistake, but you can be sure that it will mean that the burden of proof is on YOU to show you're innocent. Oh yeah— wasn't it in some type of other madman regime like Commie Russia or someplace, in more of those old movies, where you were guilty until proven innocent? Or maybe some crazy nation like Iraq, or Iran, or Libya, or wherever the press and the politicians are currently pointing the accusing finger...

Remember: Good Citizens in our society need to be taught at every turn that "We are the freest nation on earth." Okay, you students; now that we've had that lesson, let's review your requirements to graduate: 60 hours of COMMUNITY SERVICE! Yep, you heard right: you're so free that you're now sentenced to the same kind of involuntary servitude that the Constitution claims is reserved only for the punishment of crimes. "Well, that's different." The idea is catching on, and more and more states are requiring this. Soon we can expect that "Driving is a privilege, not a right; so all applicants for a driver's license will have to perform X hours of community service!" or: "Being out on the streets after dark is a privilege, not a right, so to earn your license to be outside..."

All the classic stuff is coming true. Orwell's brilliant invention in literature, "thought crime", became reality when conspiracy laws started being used to convict people even where no actual crime took place. If you and Joe Doakes even mumble a couple of words to each other about how nice it would be to... you're guilty of felonious conspiracy. But at least until the computer whizzes crack the neural code so they can connect us up and forcibly read our thoughts (a development which is probably only about 25 years away), the prosecutions rest on fairly indirect evidence of your criminal thinking. However, following a lawsuit, a court has just decided that an engineer, Evan Brown, has an idea in his head, and that that idea belongs to his employer, DSC Communications Corp., so Mr. Brown has been ORDERED to "divulge his idea". Brown may actually spend time in the slammer unless he can come up with an "idea" that will be sufficiently good to satisfy the court and his ex-employer.

In Pakistan they're called "parasitic animals", and they're outlawed. They're people's pets—cats, dogs, birds. Same deal in that other bastion of freedom, Albania, during the years when it was under the thumb of that loon, Enver Hoxha. Now the city council of SAN FRANCISCO wants to get underway with a similar program starting with the poisoning of all stray cats. Similar droolings over the trappings of tyranny have led authorities out there to try banning perfume and after-shave in public places, to force homeowners to plant a tree in their yards, and to discourage the sale of potato chips. Fortunately there are ways to derail crap like this, and this is where the angry sufferer who has had it up to here with "Law" might be able to vent some healthy rage by dumping cologne all over public streets and parks, going into the potato-chip smuggling racket, or even pouring the traditional mixture of saltwater and bleach on some city grass. It's a shame to have to kill plants, but if they want a moral wasteland, maybe it should be accompanied by a physical wasteland.

Frankly, it doesn't seem as if purely passive resistance is doing the job. Now that police can aim portable X-ray units at people's BODIES (this is a different technology from the truck and car scanners mentioned above), to see if one is carrying a concealed weapon, maybe it's time to start putting foil on the windows to reflect the rays back at the cops (let THEM get the cancer, hey?) or even stocking up on low-power laser leveling devices to see how they like having rays beamed at THEM...

Oh yeah, here's another old saw: Well, now you're just going to EXTREMES! (This is when you erupt at Abuse No. 501 after having stayed silent for the preceding 500.) But extreme?—You want to see extreme? At a San Francisco ballpark a 5-year-old girl supposedly was missing. (Looks like it was a hoax; nobody was missing at all; or maybe the police made up the whole thing as an excuse.) Anyway, because some kid was supposedly missing, they searched EVERY single car that came out of that ballpark, producing hours'-long delays as people were, essentially, held in detention. Newspaper reports of this incredible outrage, this overreaction-if-there-ever-was-one, were utterly silent about how many people were arrested when cops found marijuana or other substances during these non-probable-cause mandatory car searches. See how easily police-state stuff happens in a society that is receptive to police statism? Any little emergency!

In Sacramento, searches were becoming routine in schools. ("Well, the Constitution doesn't apply here..."—indeed, it doesn't apply anywhere, when you get right down to it.) Administrators at Central Valley high school were forcing students to turn over their book bags, purses, and jackets to drug-sniffing dogs.

(Now just ponder this last bit for a minute: What kind of system of alleged government will allow a DOG to be your accuser? A dog may be smart; it may be indifferent to an entire proceeding. But is it capable of deciding these legal issues and providing evidence? And isn't it likely that a dog will actually respond to subtle cues of its police handler? Naturally, later, in court, you cannot cross-examine the dog.)

Students in one class—which by a marvelous coincidence was a class in Criminal Justice—were ordered to vacate the classroom, leaving behind their jackets, purses and backpacks. One senior, Jacob Reed, refused. Shool officials took Reed to a closed office where under intimidation and threats he emptied his pockets. No drugs were found. Meanwhile, a dog was taken into the now-vacant classroom, and according to the school principal, the dog "alerted" authorities to a certain bag. The owner of that bag, Chris Sulamo, said it was his, but—by god, someone with some backbone!—he refused to subject himself and his possessions to a search unless witnesses were present. After the witness arrived, officials checked Sulamo's belongings, including his socks and other clothing. They found NOTHING. Dear old School Days in the Soviet Union!

Chiming in with its related nod of approval for nazism, the Supreme Court ruled that people who are stopped by police need not be told that they have the right to leave, before police can ask their "permission" to search for drugs. See, people "HAVE" the right, but they just don't have to be TOLD about it.

Searching your car is bad enough; searching your jeans is worse. And searching your GENES is worse yet. Debates are now beginning about what kind of genetic profiles the government should be allowed to keep on ALL "citizens". Of course, they can and will "debate" this sham all they like; but we can tell you right now what genetic info the government will wind up keeping: ANY and ALL such information that can possibly be gathered. More and more people will be forced to give up samples... Driving isn't a right, it's a privilege, remember? And if you want to graduate from high school...

Remember *Popular Mechanics* magazine? It used to feature articles on how to set up a shop lathe, or home electrical generators you could build.

The other day we noticed the May, 1997 issue and were simply astounded: A headline reads, *"On the Job with the L.A. SWAT Team—Life and Death With America's Most Elite Police Force."* The cover photo shows three heavily-armed, masked cops about to lob a grenade into a doorway and make a shooting, yelling Gestapo entry.

Under the "Editor's Notes" in the issue is a picture of the guy who wrote the piece featured on the cover, and he looks exactly like a cop himself, right down to the burly build, mean expression, and sunglasses.

Apparently the magazine has been doing a lot of this weird fascism-worship lately, and is metamorphosing into an extremely right-wing Drug War/Military journal. What's next; "Jack and Jill" panting over assault rifles and ski masks? Whatever the sickness is that infects this culture, it is far more infectious than most people have realized.

Here's another goody from the Supreme Court: It is now okay for any court to sentence you on the basis of crimes you DIDN'T commit!! No, this is not Anarchist rhetoric; this is precisely what the court said. If a jury convicts you of some charge, but acquits you of some other charge, the judge can sentence you based on the crimes for which you were found Not Guilty.

This is so incredible that it seems unlikely that readers will believe that this is really the case, so let's quote the language of the court in this ruling: "An acquittal does not prove that the defendant is innocent; it merely proves the existence of a reasonable doubt as to his guilt. We therefore hold that a jury's verdict of acquittal does not prevent the sentencing court from considering conduct underlying the acquitted charge, so long as that conduct has been proved by a preponderance of the evidence."

Essentially, then, you can be sentenced to any term for anything. In the well-known manner whereby any and every "crime" is lately multiplied into a dozen or more "counts", you could be charged, if you're some kind of political dissident, let's say, and they want to get you, with Conspiracy to Commit Murder, blah blah, Entering a Building with Intent to blah blah, Crossing State Lines with intent to blah blah, etc.,—and jaywalking. You're caught in the act of jaywalking, and they have photographs and sixteen witnesses that you did it. The other stuff the jury throws out because there is no evidence whatsoever. They convict on the jaywalking charge, and you go to jail for 400 years on the charges for which you have been found Not Guilty. Slick.

Jail, though, is not prison. After voters in Arizona demanded, by voting for the proposition, that some marijuana offenders not be sent to prison, an Arizona court ruled that it was still okay to send them to JAIL. See, you just can't win by playing these people's game.

Oh, yes: you may now be discriminated against, legally, too if you're a disbeliever in "god". Texas inmates are now eligible for earlier release if they have become religious while serving their sentences. If you keep insisting that there's no god, you'll serve every day.

THE CONCEPT of "public servants" has always been more than just a little bit ridiculous (as Huey Newton, we think it was, once observed: "If they're public servants, how come they won't shine my shoes?"). Now things have reached a point where the most trivial bureaucrat has such awesome power to lodge false entries in some "record", that people quake in fear at any employee of the state whomsoever. An article by the Gannet News Service recently spoke of the dire importance of going for a talk with your child's

TEACHER, and you'd think teachers were the KGB or J. Edgar Hoover: "The parent-teacher conference is more important than a job interview," the article stated. "A bad impression can take weeks to overcome. To establish rapport fast,...dress like the teacher, make eye and physical contact (a handshake), express gratitude for the teacher's interest in your child." If you don't know what the teacher "wears", "pay an incognito visit to the school to find out. Dressing like the teacher breaks down barriers." Excuse me, Mr. or Mrs. "Free Citizen": May I ask how many times you've kowtowed today?

While the smug rationale for police is that a "free society" demands this watchfulness and some control, the reality of the situation, as we noted in this column some years ago, is found in words police use to name their squads—"SWAT" being one of the best known. Clearly, they like to think of themselves as big, bad, swaggering, powerful rulers, and those they suppress are not Innocent Until Proven Guilty crime suspects, but insects, flies. So much for YOUR rights! Now, in Fresno California, so-called SWAT units are being "deployed" (note the military terminology") as roaming patrols. To put it another way, while the propaganda image is of the Officer Friendly walking his beat, it is becoming far more likely that some kind of police/citizen interaction will really involve you being surrounded, terrified, and bullied. The 30 members of Fresno SWAT patrol selected neighborhoods, stopping vehicles, and "interrogating" people. Oh, yes, while they're at it they wear gray and black urban camouflage outfits and body armor, and have at the ready ballistic shields and helmets, M17 gas masks, and rappelling gear, along with battering rams, grenades, chemical weapons, assault rifles, and the Heckler & Koch MP5, a short, highly accurate 9 mm fully automatic submachine gun.

Let's face it: in a run-in between these guys and Hitler's cops, the Nazis wouldn't have a chance.

Headline after headline reads: "Police Get Tough on Traffic Violations," "Cops Tighten Grip on Traffic Crime," "Officers Will Concentrate on Motorists." How come they're so concerned? As usual, look for the money: Thanks to new laws and court rulings, any "traffic stop" by police is the occasion for a full-scale check into nationwide computer records about the car, the driver, and the passengers. Anything at all—the

News Updates

$627,000 Vanished with O'Hair

While Madalyn Murray O'Hair has remained missing and has not turned up in the entourage of Larry Flynt, as we speculated might happen, news reports emerged that almost three-quarters of a million dollars were missing from the accounts of American Atheists, Inc. It now seems most probable that O'Hair and her son and granddaughter—persons that *The Match!* had been warning Atheists about for almost 10 years—grabbed this large chunk of money and took off for New Zealand.

Case Against Teen Anarchist Dismissed

Jason Paul Moreland, indicted for publishing a 'zine that police didn't like (the specific charge was originally "advocating the overthrow of the U.S. Government,")later saw the charges downgraded and finally dropped. Again showing unswerving, deliberately planned bias and propaganda in the news columns, the article in the Atlanta Journal about this stated: "An indictment against a young self-styled 'anarchist' who police say peddled a home-made anti-authority pamphlet... has been dismissed..." Note the identical language, months distant from the original press report: "home-made...", etc. They're still trying to make readers think of bombs in connection with anarchism.

(Thanks to Janet Heidler for this clipping.)

Charges Against Hogshire Reduced, Dropped

Jim Hogshire of Seattle, who was charged with felonies after "anarchist" writer and professional bastard Bob Black tattled to police about Hogshire's "drug laboratory", pleaded guilty to extremely reduced charges and went free. A SWAT-team had raided the apartment of Jim and Heidi Hogshire on the recommendation of Black after Black, a guest in the Hogshire home, had provoked a fight and was told to get out. Jim Hogshire's plea-bargain required him to pay $100 (the exact amount of cash seized by the police in their raid, interestingly enough), to serve 100 hours of "community service", and remain on probation for a year. The Bob Black-provoked police raid netted a number of poppie flowers from the Hogshire apartment, but the plants can be bought in many florist shops, where they are sold for dried flower arrangements. "These poppies are everywhere, but everyone who's got them is potentially a felon," said Tim Ford, Hogshire's lawyer. The arrest, in March of 1996, raised the possibility that all those poppy growers and sellers are in violation of the law, and a long article in Harper's Magazine in early 1997 indicated that as a result of the Black snitching-induced SWAT raid, federal authorities might be considering going after many other persons possessing poppies.

slightest excuse—is enough to tear a car to shreds in the search for "drugs", and take all the cash or other valuables possessed by the occupants. Everything, from the traffic citations to the seizure of property over the alleged finding of a single bit of marijuana DNA, is triumphally touted as another "Zero Tolerance" policy. But let a "citizen" charge police with a transgression, and then watch the excuses fly! Suddenly there's all kinds of reason for tolerance: Well, officers are under a lot of pressure! They're not paid enough! It's dangerous out there on the streets!

Contrast these two cases: Boston—a man who spat on cops has been charged with assault with a dangerous weapon (his saliva). Although the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention said there has never been a reported case of HIV being spread through saliva, prosecutors will try to prove that 38-year-old Rexford Kidd was trying to spread the disease. Wrong! What they're actually trying to do is retaliate against someone who exhibited a lack of the proper groveling respect for police. Then consider the case of Austin Texas police officer Juan Gonzalez. He was once actually placed on suspension for excessive use of force (and for that to happen, it must have been excessive indeed): he hit a man on the head with his flashlight. Excusing such behavior by minimizing it, another cop official said, "It was more a situation where he did not use his equipment properly." So much for zero tolerance. Now this cop has been put in charge of the Internal Affairs division.

After countless high-profile police abuse cases in Phoenix Arizona—including that of a black double amputee who died in 1994 after being choked by cops ("placed in a choke-hold")— the local police department decided to react. How? It set up a "Marketing Unit" to "balance media coverage". In other words, in the rare event that the press starts to wake up and actually publicize some of this stuff in a prominent way, the cops will respond, not by stopping their abusive behavior, but by establishing their own Ministry of Truth. This is no exaggeration: The 3,000 member department has created a "truth squad" that will actually go door-to-door in areas where some abuse has happened, and present "citizens" with the correct version, "before reporters arrive at the scene." Key officers also plan to put together a "well thought-out press release" as soon as possible after such incidents, and the spokesmen will be grilled by officers "playing at being activists or reporters in mock news conferences," so that they'll have their stories completely straight before going to the real news conferences. Finally, the police chief will address the issue on a (of course) radio talk show called "Cop Talk." "There's a lot of misinformation being given out by activists," a police department spokesman whined.

Joe Putman, a Texas police captain fired for allegedly lying and discrediting the police department, can return to the force as a captain, the Police Civil Service Commission ruled. The reinstatement allowed Putman to retire with full pension several weeks later.

Tennessee Judge David Lanier decided everything from criminal cases to minor disputes in a small county where "he had power over people from cradle to grave." For years Lanier preyed on women who came to his chambers. Some described how the tall, fat judge had pressed himself against them and grabbed their breasts or crotch. Some said he exposed himself and demanded oral sex. When Vivian Forsythe Archie went to the judge to apply for a job, he forced her into a chair and coerced her into engaging in oral sex. All of this behavior did, belatedly, result in some charges against Lanier, and he was at last indicted on 11 counts of sexual assault, including two rapes. Charges against him have now been thrown out. The U S Court of Appeals in Cincinnati held that "There is no general constitutional right to be free of sexual assault" by public officials. "The indictment in this case for a previously unknown, undeclared and undefined constitutional crime cannot be allowed to stand," wrote Judge G.S. Merritt. "We conclude that sexual assaults may not be prosecuted as violations of a constitutional right to bodily integrity." Remember this case the next time you hear of Zero Tolerance.

The California Supreme Court rejected arguments that it is unconstitutional to order suspected gang members not to associate with each other. Appellants had argued that the ban violated some persons' freedom of association, but the court brushed away constitutional objections with these airy words: Their kind of association is not protected. Now, if police-identified "gang members" —that could shortly include YOU as a reader of this Anarchist journal—are found to be associating with each other for any reason whatsoever, they can be sent to prison for contempt of court. Spokesman for a nearby town's police department applauded the decision: "It's something we're going to look into," said Sheriff Jim Cooper, of Sacramento California. It's going to basically allow law enforcement to take back some of these communities. It's a much-needed tool."

The original ruling barred 38 SUSPECTED gang members from "standing, sitting, walking, driving, gathering or appearing anywhere in public view" with each other. "Liberty unrestrained is an invitation to anarchy," Justice Janice Brown wrote for the court. The rejection of the invitation to anarchy also prevented the 38 named individuals from carrying PENS.

Law enforcement officials should retain unfettered access to patients' medical records, the Clinton administration recommended. There is full access at present to the disclosure of such records, and government/police authorities said this is necessary to "prevent and investigate fraud".

Debtors' prisons have made a resurgence in Idaho, where people who've overdrawn their checking accounts by any amount at all are routinely sent to jail. This practice stuck in the craw of even the executive director of the state Commission for Pardons and Parole, Olivia Craven, who said that many check writers are not forgery artists but simply those who've accidentally bounced a check. "We have people in prison that are never going to be able to pay the restitution," she said. They're locked up for as much as three years, and during that time, just as was the case with the debtors' prisons in England and colonial

America, they cannot earn any money.

In Utah, cops posted signs along a freeway: "Drug Dog, 1 Mile" and "Narcotics Officers Ahead." There was no expected checkpoint on the road ahead, but there were cops stationed near the signs, watching with binoculars to see if people threw things out the windows of their cars. When they did they were arrested. Mothers Against Drunk Driving, the perennial advocate of authoritarianism, supported the action.

Surveillance cameras, warned of by Orwell and reported on again and again in The Match as they have grown more numerous over the past 27 years, are now at work in stores, parking lots, government buildings and workplaces. "We're not in the business of promoting Big Brother; we want to promote public safety," said a spokesman for a corporation that sells such cameras. Yes, that's just what Big Brother says too. No authoritarian government ever admits: "We're an authoritarian regime. We oppress people. We watch and control you because it pleases us to do so." Instead, there's always a "good reason".

Indicative of the culture's swing away from any ideals of freedom, and toward reverence for tyranny, is the Hartford Connecticut Police Museum. The "museum", complete with bars and cells, "creates a very friendly atmosphere for citizens to come in; and it is especially good for kids," said Lt. Mark Pawlina. "That's an original jail cell from the old Morgan St. Detetention Center," he went on. "We brought it in piece by piece and have resurrected it here. People love to go in there and see how small it is inside. In general, that is what the museum is all about; it's here to provide a real friendly, open atmosphere for people to come in and say, 'Hey, this is pretty cool.'"

WE can only say that those who regard this as "pretty cool" may very well have the opportunity to find out HOW cool, sooner than they think. A Bureau of Justice Statistics study released in early December admitted that of all Americans aged 18 or older, 1 in 62 is on probation by state and local governments. That is 58% of the adults who are under "correctional supervision"; the other 42% of the total are, of course, actually behind bars— and they make up 1 out of 85 of the adult population.

Thus, adding up the persons who are either in prisons and jails now, and those who are out on probation, ONE in THIRTY-FIVE adult Americans is caught in the STATE and LOCAL "justice system" in some way. Now add in the numbers of those in jail and on probation in FEDERAL offenses, and the ratio may drop as low as ONE in FIFTEEN.

This is an amazing, almost flooring fact, and it is clear that a two-class society is quickly coming into reality: those who are in prison or have been there, and those who aren't or haven't. And at the present rate, in about another 15 years it will be every second or third adult in this situation (presumably those who aren't under conviction by this system will be working FOR the system as administrators, police, judges, prison guards, etc. Is this what it takes to make us "safe"?

This column is part of the Anarchist answer to unending propaganda for cops. As you ponder this mass of abuse, bear in mind that what you see here is only a TINY PORTION of the whole— 999 times out of 1000 there is no video camera aimed at the victim of a police beating, and literally millions of these cases have gone unreported.

WHO THE POLICE BEAT

In New York City, Abner Louima was arrested, beaten, and a toilet-plunger handle was jammed into his anus, as police screamed at him: "Take this, nigger!" Louima suffered serious injuries from the assault which also included police subsequently bashing him in the mouth with the soiled and bloody handle, breaking some of his teeth... Prisoners at the Brazoria County Detention Center (Texas) underwent kicking and prodding by jailers. The practice came to light when jailers accidentally released a videotape of themselves assaulting the men. Jailers also used stun guns and made dogs bite the prisoners... (Dennis Walker, security supervisor for the private prison, Capital Correctional Resources, Inc., told the AP: "I would agree that some of the things on the tape are unprofessional, but there's a great difference between unprofessionalism and brutality, as officers are being accused of." Yeah, too bad they didn't film their brutality as well...) ...Cops who happened to be in the Marine Corps shot and killed a west Texas teenager near the Mexican border; Esequiel Hernandez Jr. was tending goats at the time... Anthony Baez, of New York, was choked to death by cops after his football hit a squad car... Dwayne Johnson, in jail in Sacramento, was beaten to death by officers. One, calling Johnson a nigger, refused to administer resuscitation as the man lay dying. Mock executions are said to have occurred at the same jail... Jonny Gammage, a 31-year-old black man, was pulled over in his car; then beaten to death by police... Jose Guillen, Anthony Luna, Tony Reyes and Carlos Rodriguez were shot to death by San Antonio Texas cops, and reports of the actions were hidden for the better part of a year. The District Attorney said failure to submit reports could be a misdemeanor with a penalty of up to one year in jail and a $4000 fine... Tombstone Arizona cops pulled a handicapped man from a car and strung tight wire handcuffs around his wrists, causing him excruciating pain. When his companion intervened, she was picked up and thrown to the pavement. Both persons, Jan Standish and John Rule, were then arrested for assaulting officers... In a videotaped beating, James Wilson of Hartford Connecticut was punched and kicked as he lay on the ground beside his car. He had fled from police in a neighborhood where cops had a reputation for violent behavior, and attempted to seek refuge at another district's police station... Philadelphia police beat confessions out of two men on charges of raping and strangling a jogger. Herbert Haak and Richard Wise were finally acquitted in the killing after they testified they were beaten and tortured for six hours until they signed a "confession" that contained blank pages... An Austin Texas "peace officer" was approached by a man who couldn't find his car. The cop didn't like his looks and threw him to the ground, grabbed him by the throat, and held him. The cop, Walter Harrison, was suspended for 10 days in the assault on the unnamed victim... 56-year-old James Beasley suffered broken bones and severe injuries to his face at the hands of Mesquite Texas police who thought he was his brother, wanted in connection with a bank robbery. ...Veteran cop Stephen Bosshard of San Francisco sprayed a woman and her asthmatic baby daughter with mace. In subsequent legal actions by the victims, Lorinda Gonzales and Franchesca Medina were able to reveal that in Bosshard's years as a cop he had broken people's ribs, one man's finger, put guns to people's heads, hit a man in the eye with a flashlight and then sprayed mace in his eyes, kicked several men in the genitals, and lifted a person's skirt with a riot club... Timmie Sinclair, 27 and black, of Atlanta, was beaten by five officers as a passer-by hurriedly aimed a camera at the attack scene. The tape shows a number of blows with clubs and fists, then other cops terrorized the passer-by and stopped the filming. ...Malik Jones, 21, of New Haven Connecticut, was chased by car for a traffic violation; and when he didn't stop, the unarmed man was shot to death by officer Robert Flodquist... Israeli police may practice torture on suspects, courts in that country declared. The official ruling came after years of lawsuits and accusations by arrested persons that they had been deprived of sleep for long periods, shackled in painful positions, and shaken and beaten... Brent McCall, an accused bank robber in Bristol Massachusetts, says police not only shot him, but subsequently beat him as he lay wounded on the ground... Dwight Thomas Stiggons, 18 years old and being screamed at by a cop for jaywalking, ran. The cop opened fire. Stiggons will never cross another Los Angeles-area street... Matthew Pyers, 19, was shot and wounded in Wethersfield Connecticut after he got out of his car holding a large bottle and screaming at officers who'd chased him... Lebert Folkes, of Queens NY was dragged from a car by cops and shot in the face. Police apologized for the shooting after it turned out the car was not stolen after all... Kuanchung Kao of Rohnert Park Calif. was shot to death by cops after he allegedly brandished a stick... Cop Paolo Colecchia shot unarmed Nathaniel Levi Gaines Jr, a Navy veteran who had no criminal record, in the back and killed him as he fled down a Bronx NY subway platform. Why on earth do people run from police? What have they got to fear? Carolyn Sue Boetticher, of Charlotte NC, a black woman, was shot and killed by cops. She was unarmed. She was a passenger in a car later determined to be stolen, that passed through a police roadblock. Police fired 22 rounds in the assault on the fleeing car; cop spokesmen say it was in self-defense (!?)... In Brazil, a home video from a camera hidden near an intersection of Sao Paolo shows police systematically seizing people for no apparent reason, beating them, and in some cases even shooting them to death. The apparent senselessness puzzled many viewers, who have not yet understood that police ENJOY hurting people; it is a profession that attracts sadists and abusers, and they find a welcome refuge there, in Brazil or any other country... Nicholas P. Calvo, of the L.A. area, had his face smashed into the back window of a police cruiser while he was handcuffed. The blow was hard enough to break the window. Calvo testified that when he asked why he was being arrested, the cop's answers were to Shut up and Be quiet... "It is virtually impossible to convict a cop," said an official of Amnesty International... Sometimes there's a weird kind of justice, though: Fairfield California homeowners Hugh Kidd and his wife Jackie, following a loud argument with each other, went to the front door to answer a knock. Cops, weapons drawn and with an unleashed police dog, ordered them to come out. On the Kidds' front porch they were knocked to the ground, shocked by taser discharges, and held at gunpoint. What's just about that? Mr. and Mrs. Kidd are themselves cops... James Parkinson, Fairfield CA, died when police repeatedly doused him with pepper spray and tasered him. "Complaints of excessive force have not been sustained," said police chief Doug Milender. Tina McCormick, of the same community, has also filed formal complaints and alleges the police are "running wild"— her sons and some friends were pinned down at gunpoint by town police as the boys headed to a local park to play baseball. "They taunted us and called us niggers, and said we couldn't read," said Richard McCormick Jr., 17. His 12-year-old sister, Nickie, worries that her brothers will be beaten to death or shot whenever they go out. "The police want to run a dictatorship," she laments.

Finally: Remember Richard Jewell, the cop who was arrested and almost framed by the FBI for the Atlanta Olympics bombing? Well, while he was the target of his fellow cops in this matter, it seems that the police seized all of his mother's plastic kitchenware in an effort to "find" chemical residues or something. Months after Jewell was acquitted, Bobi Jewell's plastic dishes were returned. Only problem is, now they are all stained and ruined and marked up by the Feds' "investigation". Which really does show how low these guys are— they'll even beat Tupperware!

Thanks for help with this column, from: Steve Wagner, Richard L. Williams, Sr., Chuck Sohaskey, John Rush, Doug Holland, Michael Jackman, and Iris Lane.

A Printer Looks at Fingerprints

By Fred Woodworth

SOMEDAY, evidence could determine your fate in a court of law.

Now pause for a moment and consider that last statement: Is it true? "Well," you say, "I'm not planning on committing any crimes— not serious ones, anyway. But I suppose it's conceivable that I could be charged with something whether I did it or not, and in the current climate of 'zero tolerance' and extreme profitability to police agencies in seizing property and sending people to jail, it could happen. So the statement is true; evidence could determine my fate in a court of law."

Wrong! Evidence doesn't determine anything; PEOPLE who INTERPRET evidence call the shots. While this may seem like a nitpicking distinction, it is crucial to the understanding of how "legal" rights have gone far toward vanishing in an area you may not have thought much about.

To an increasing degree, evidence is an abstraction far removed from the normal experience of the human beings who comprise juries. Thus the jury system, like all other aspects of statism, has migrated toward even further authoritarianism— in this case toward the reliance on the unseen, the indecipherable, or the incomprehensible, as delivered as fact by "expert witnesses". Consider for an example of this, reliance on DNA "evidence", which is growing by leaps and bounds: no one can see DNA directly; the molecules are so tiny that they are smaller than the wave-forms or graininess of light itself, so they are in principle invisible. In order to "see" them, you have to bombard them with electrons or other subatomic particles, or "observe" or test them by other indirect means. Such evidence as that involving DNA is purely a matter of announcement of conclusion by laboratory workers. Recent alleged developments, however, permit the finding and analysis of DNA on all kinds of handled objects: coffee mugs, pens, keys, gloves, doorknobs, etc. Soon it may be "possible" to "detect" DNA particles adhering to air molecules as a result of those molecules' contact with a person's lungs.

This is profoundly troubling, because it involves judgments by privileged elites, that are merely sent for blind ratification to the jurors who provide a socially acceptable façade. The already grave authoritarianism of the judicial system thus becomes quietly displaced by one in which ordinary people are puppets dancing on the strings of those who profess to see unusual things hidden from all view but theirs. In short, you have to take their word for it, and in a society that is shot through with propaganda to induce reverence toward authority figures, extremely large numbers of people will indeed blindly take their word.

Even where no malicious intent is present, so-called experts are prone to errors or the subconscious slanting of their own views due to preconceptions on their part, or subtle cues emanating from others. A classic instance of error induced by experts themselves, who didn't realize they were doing it, was the case of Clever Hans, a supposedly learned horse belonging to a Mr. von Osten, in Germany around 1900. Robert Rosenthal, of Harvard University, has briefly outlined the matter this way:

"Hans gave every evidence of being able to add and subtract, multiply and divide... He was also able to read and spell, to identify musical tones, and to state the relationship of tones to one another. His preferred mode of communication... was by means of converting all answers into a number and tapping out these numbers with his foot.

"...No...signals could be observed to control Hans's tapping responses. In fact, on Sept. 12, 1904, thirteen men risked their professional reputations by certifying that Hans was receiving no intentional cues from his owner or from any other questioner.

"The investigation of Hans's abilities is a classic ... First [the investigator] established that Hans was, in fact, clever, and that his cleverness did not depend on the presence of his master. Almost anyone could put a question to Hans, and the chances were good that an accurate answer would be forthcoming. The experimental addition of blinders reduced Hans's cleverness. [And when] questioners asked questions to which they did not know the answers, ...Hans's accuracy diminished."

Eventually it was discovered that extremely slight unconscious cues given off by ordinary people were reflected in the "answers" of the horse; and an experimenter in fact learned how to "read" people in this manner himself. The case has enormous significance in light of recent use by police of "drug dogs" to locate alleged contraband— which at times consists of residues so faint that they may well be imaginary—

and many arrests appear to be based on "probable cause" that reduces down to "evidence" no different from that in the Clever Hans case.

ORDINARILY, people think of fingerprint evidence as exact, scientific, unmistakable, verifiable. Such evidence rests, supposedly, on the statistical reality that it is highly unlikely for any two individuals to have exactly the same prints. Therefore, if I am to show that fingerprint evidence is not necessarily all that it's painted as being, I have to assure you that I am not claiming that people here or there exist who have fingerprints identical to each other. (For all anyone knows, there may really be some such persons, but, again, the odds are tremendously against it.)

However, it is difficult to define what is meant by "identical". Due to the nature of the surfaces printed onto, as well as the elastic (flesh) surfaces that impart the prints, considerable variation in the print from any particular finger is to be expected. For this reason, as well as the fact that some persons' prints may actually be very *similar* to each other, the likelihood of existence of virtually indistinguishable prints shoots far past the smiling picture of statistical certitude drawn by the propagandists for fingerprint identification.

Beyond this, the unlikelihood of identicality is based on sets of ten-finger prints— and while a full set was originally required in courtroom evidence, increasingly today we find that a single print is being regarded as conclusive. This boosts the possibility of similarity even more. (Note that banks and driver's license bureaus which people are forced to deal with, are requiring but a single print— not all ten.) Single prints, usually of the right index finger or thumb, are being used currently to check the identity of persons applying for jobs, seeking certification as day-care workers, tow-truck drivers, or nursing-home staff. These send millions of prints into the identification system, and false matches are becoming common. Further downgrading the supposed exactitude of fingerprint identification is the surprising fact that some people have no fingerprints (friction ridges) at all: according to Jim Wayman, director of the National Biometric Test Center at San Jose, one out of 50 people— not one out of a billion, not one out of a million, or one out of a thousand, but one out of FIFTY— has smooth fingers with no friction ridges, or with ones that are all but absent.

In case you're still confident that most people nonetheless do have quite clear prints which are obviously distinct from one another, ponder these words from a fingerprint textbook:

"How to compare fingerprints: What factors must be present for one to declare that two prints were made by the same finger?

"The court and jury are usually not familiar with fingerprint evidence, and must of necessity rely upon the honest judgment of the witness. As a law enforcement officer, it is your obligation first to convince yourself that two prints are identical before you testify to that fact in court."

Think about this. You must "convince yourself." Let's say you were being asked to compare two numbers in a logarithmic table, say 3.91202, and 3.93183. You either see and understand, and KNOW, that they are different, or you don't; but there is no matter of "convincing yourself". Quite clearly, fingerprint identification is by no means as cut-and-dried as recognition of mathematical identity. The text goes on:

"As you know, many latent impressions are worthless smudges, while many are clear, easily identified prints. Between these two extremes will be prints whose clarity, or lack of it, makes a positive pronouncement of identity difficult. When such an impression comes up for identification, unless you are sure in your own mind beyond a reasonable doubt..., then by all means do not testify to their identity."

Right here is where the "science" of fingerprint identification seems to pass into the realm of Clever Hans subjectivity. It would be hard, if not impossible, for a fingerprint "expert" who believed totally in the identity of two prints (as a result of other factors, including bias or persuasion), to refrain from slanting his own mental picture of the prints and their alleged similarity.

"If the fingerprint technician should look at the known print before the unknown one, he is bound to be influenced, whether he realizes it or not, by the ridge formations in it. ...He may unconsciously see in the unknown print formations which were clearly visible in the inked print but which may not be clear in the latent impression. We do not mean to infer [sic] that he would do this with any dishonest intention. It is just human nature to do so, and may even occur without the technician's knowledge."

It's looking less and less scientifically exact, is it not?

"Many experts won't take a case into court with less than twelve characteristics" [print similarities] "but there are many cases on record in which convictions have been obtained with eight to ten. There have been cases in which the jury accepted as conclusive proof an expert's opinion with only six ridge characteristics showing..."

BIOMETRICS — the branch of anthropology concerned with measurement of the human body— was the forerunner of fingerprint studies, but, strangely enough, measurement is not of much use in the comparison and classification of fingerprints. Instead, the study of these patterns focuses on the particular ways in which the ridges of skin whorl or loop or arch around each other. Elastic deformation — the tendency of a pliant surface to bulge or stretch according to the amount of pressure on it — results in variant prints from any particular finger. More skin surface, or less; fewer friction ridge characteristics, or more, will result as the touch of a finger exerts varying force against the surface that will eventually exhibit the fingerprint. Excessive force of touch may reveal more of the detail toward the sides of the finger while obscuring that of the middle.

And, at this point, the mechanics of transfer of finger *prints* exhibits much in common with ordinary printing, as of ink on paper.

In the classic, original technique of book printing (known as letterpress), metal type having a relief surface was contacted by an ink-bearing surface, usually a roller. As the image portion or face of the type took on ink, paper pressed against this type subsequently was left with a printed image on it. Type, however, unlike the friction ridges and flesh of fingers, deforms very little under pressure. Nevertheless, even type — metal type — is capable of delivering a vastly differing impression under differing conditions of pressure and on hard or soft papers. A typeface that looks spindly and weak if printed on a smooth-surfaced paper, may look robust and bold when printed with much greater pressure on a spongier surface. Indeed, it might be difficult even to say with certainty whether two separate images were produced from the exact same piece of type.

AEG AEG

These two proofs (prints) from hard metal type appear quite different. However, both were printed from the same three pieces of metal— only the amount of pressure against the paper differed. What if the fingerprints of Bill Doakes and Sally Jones differ from each other only by an equivalent amount?

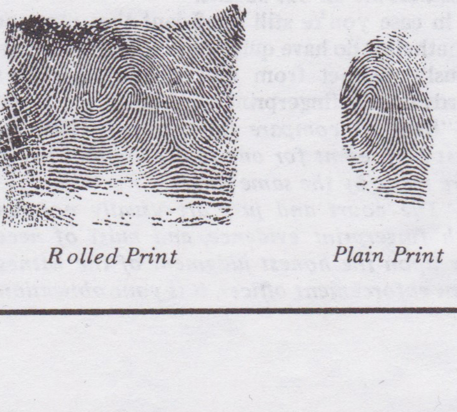
As years went by, various means of printing more rapidly and conveniently were introduced, and some of these involved the transfer of images in ink, not from metal type, but from metal, rubber, or plastic plates or surfaces. Here we begin to approximate more closely the curved and/or flexible printing surface of skin, and here too we run into the tremendously equivocal nature of the image when it is printed from a soft plate, onto a soft paper, with varying amounts of pressure. Now it becomes almost impossible even for an expert typographer to identify a typeface, or to tell the difference between two typefaces, when the printing has been done under less than ideal conditions or by unskilled or careless pressmen.

Fingerprints, you will note, are almost never set down at some crime scene under any BUT poor conditions or in any other way than extremely carelessly.

In commercial printing, even with presses explicitly designed to deliver the best possible impressions from the most carefully-made plates, fairly great quantities of wasted sheets are produced as a print-run is gotten underway. Blurry, smudgy, under-inked or over-inked copies emerge from the press for some time before all the factors settle down into the proper balance of ink film, transfer pressures, and temperature. Fingerprints, meanwhile, produced haphazardly with no equipment whatsoever and with no attention paid to exerting proper pressures, are popularly supposed to be models of clarity that detectives can photograph and compare as if they were variant texts of a book. In reality, obviously, the proportion of the "prints whose lack of clarity makes a positive pronouncement of identity difficult," must be rather great. In fact it seems likely that this would be the overwhelming majority of prints, and that far more instances of police identification of prints are really statements of probability, than anything approaching certainty. They are opinions.

A FURTHER DEPARTURE from truly scientific accuracy comes with the comparison of fundamentally dissimilar samples. Formal fingerprinting, as done to persons in custody or to those who for one reason or another voluntarily submit to the procedure, consists of taking *rolled* prints— ones in which the entire friction-ridge surface of the end joint of the finger is rolled to create a complete print. Obviously, fingerprints inadvertently left at some scene will seldom, if ever, reveal all of the same features. A serious but never discussed implication is buried in these facts; and that is that while every human being's prints may well be different from every other's, surely there are bound to be *certain sections* that are identical— and the comparing of some small portion of a print by person X with a large number of full portions in rolled prints of many other persons, may well result in a mismatch. This is reducible to a mathematical formula which can be stated in language as: *The smaller the sample that is compared to a primary object, the greater likelihood there is of a correspondence.*

An illustration of this principle can be made by supposing that some play of Shakespeare be compared against the present issue of The Match, in its totality. Obviously they will be entirely dissimilar. Now compare some isolated short sentence from this journal to every sentence in Shakespeare: there may or may not be two that are exactly the same,



Rolled Print *Plain Print*

but at least the odds will now be tremendously greater in favor of a correspondence. Finally, if you selected some *pair of words* and then hunted all through the Bard's work for them, odds would approach 85% or higher that you'd find that identical couple. At a single word the odds would rise still farther, and at individual letters of the alphabet the odds would, of course, be precisely 100%.

SO FAR, in this discussion, I've been willing to assume that persons comparing fingerprints were merely hampered in giving precise, true answers about identity, by the somewhat equivocal nature of fingerprints themselves. I've assumed that those persons, usually police, were individuals of honesty and good-will, and that any errors were only the ones that anybody might make. However, my views are considerably at variance with such a naive belief, and now it is time to ask: Can fingerprint evidence be deliberately distorted or contrived in order to show an identity where there is none— or, in other words, to produce "evidence" that will allow conviction of an innocent person?

The answer to this is an emphatic Yes. For all the reasons heretofore outlined, there is much room for latitude of interpretation in some cases about some prints. Furthermore, it is entirely possible for fingerprints to be manufactured, or left at some scene that a defendant never visited, and this is an opinion that I back up with 27 years of experience in graphic arts and printing-related study. Transference of actual prints made by real fingers, from one location to another by means of sticky tape, is one possibility, with techniques long known to law enforcement officers. However, I am here concerned with the actual *reproduction* of prints, by mechanical or photo-mechanical means.

Can a fingerprint be reproduced? Of course it can— at left, below, you see such a reproduction, a print, in ink, on paper. A printing plate, carefully enough made, can easily contain far more detail than necessary to duplicate the print from a human finger. Compared to the amount of detail in a halftone plate for printing a photograph, for instance, where the plate must hold information on about 40,000 dots per square inch, the reproduction of a fingerprint is a relatively trivial matter.

Nor does it involve carrying a printing press to some crime scene and printing someone's print on a window-ledge there in order to implicate him or her. Instead, it could be done by a contrivance like a tiny rubber stamp.

The possession by anyone of your fingerprints opens the door to such a possibility. How many times this may have been done in the past is something we will never know, but there are certainly evidences of it. Clifford Skeete, formerly a criminologist with the Inglewood California police department, became a fugitive in 1990 when a report concluded that he had manufactured evidence against a suspect by superimposing a fingerprint onto a murder weapon. What method he used has not been revealed, but in this instance the deception was discovered before trial, and officials were reluctantly re-examining all other cases he had handled.

R. Austin Freeman, a chief surgeon in the throat and ear department of Middlesex Hospital, London around the 1890's, later became the Deputy Medical Officer of Hollaway Prison in London— and later, when his health broke down, he turned to writing. His first novel appeared in 1907 and used a plot device that he'd obviously been turning over and over in his mind through his medical experience in the hospital and prison: the forging of a fingerprint. Unfortunately I've been unable to locate this novel, so do not know what method he had decided was workable; but I cite this instance to show that some minds have been pondering such possibilities for a long time.

Modern plastic materials probably provide the widest array of possible substitutes for authentic fingers and friction-ridges, that ever existed. Photo-rubber plates for printing use, for example, now may be obtained in a variety of hardnesses (or softnesses), some of which are practically indistinguishable from that of flesh. Anyone with access to a set of black-and-white fingerprints of some person could without much trouble arrange to have negatives made, from which photographic rubber copies would be exposed and developed. Pressing such copies against an inked flat surface and then "touching" some object with them, would result in an inky fingerprint on that object. If instead of ink one used skin oils or any of the other substances that commonly appear in real fingerprints, such as blood, paint, motor oil, etc., the resulting print would be indistinguishable from that left by the original human hand.

WHETHER or not you believe that fingerprint evidence may be as fallible as I've suggested, I hope that this brief criticism has at least introduced a doubt about ANY statements that must be taken on faith. The journey of ten thousand miles does indeed begin with a single step; and the effort to build a free world in some far distant future begins here and now with the first brick: mistrust of, and skepticism toward, every tenet, principle, action, procedure, policy, or justification of coercive authority.

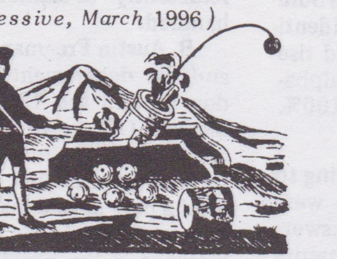
Government Considered Shooting Americans

Word "belatedly" emerging about the policy decisions of the federal government during the early 1960's indicates that officials seriously explored the idea of shooting people on U.S. city streets, or sinking boatloads of them in the ocean. Castro would have been blamed in order to justify going to war against Cuba. Other plans considered involved blowing up a ship and making it look like the Cubans did it, and planting fake evidence of Cuban sabotage in case a NASA mission failed.

WHAT IS ANARCHISM?

“Right now I’d like to strengthen the federal government.”

(Statement by the alleged anarchist, Noam Chomsky in *The Progressive, March 1996*)



A most incredible confusion exists as to what exactly anarchism IS. Some of this is due to the media images of chaos, terrorism and mad bombers. A pseudo-anarchism also grew up out of the remains of the New Left, a subject that I have dealt with elsewhere. Of late, we have Chomsky’s seeming betrayal of anarchism and the bizarre spectacle of anarchists marching in defense of the Welfare State. The word “anarchist” practically screams for clarification.

Anarchism is the ideal of a society ***without coercion,*** a society where membership in all organizations is ***voluntary.*** Such an ideal society ***may never come into existence,*** yet the anarchist considers it something worth working toward. While we most certainly don’t need ***ideologies,*** we still need ***ideals*** to push us forward. When robbed of ideals we can easily descend into the vulgar materialism of consumerism or false ideals like Communism and Nationalism. Admittedly, ideals are not for everyone, and neither is anarchism, especially in its demanding the maximum of responsibility and self-reliance.

Not-quite anarchos, but . . .

What about the people who go part way — those who accept most, but not all of the message? What are they? I suggest that people who generally want less coercion in society, yet do not accept the “final goal”, should be called ***libertarians*** and not anarchists. Those who accept only a portion of the anarchist message, say, mutualism, federalism or decentralism, should be called ***mutualists, federalists*** and ***decentralists,*** not anarchists. Generally, such people lump themselves in (or get lumped in) with anarchists and this is a cause for a great deal of confusion.

What I am talking about is the problem of the difference between the “final goal” and the actual process of movement. This is a problem which haunted the authoritarian and revolutionary radicalisms, but does not ***have*** to be a problem for anarchism. Anarchism is the ***goal*** and libertarianism, decentralism, etc. is the ***process.***

No shame nor sectarianism need be implied in not being considered an anarchist. There is nothing wrong with being “merely” a libertarian or decentralist. I just want to clear up a problem of definition and minimize confusion, for if “anarchism” means any old thing, then we have lost an important idea — the anarchist ideal.

One outcome of this attempt at definition is the realization that most, if not all, supposed anarchist movements were not really anarchist, but at best, libertarian. How else to describe a movement like syndicalism, led by anarchists, but made up overwhelmingly of workers who accepted only part of the anarchist program? Does it not then make sense that members hived-off into Communism, Fascism or Social Democracy when the syndicalist movement fell on hard times?

(Another problem is people, like Chomsky, who claim to be anarchists, yet, when push comes to shove, ***are not even good decentralists.***)

FOR the past thirty years I have been making an error one might awkwardly describe as ***movementism.*** I have been searching for practical ways to build an anarchist movement, not realizing that my search was futile — a kind of modern-day quest for El Dorado. An anarchist movement is most unlikely ever to occur, and what I’ve always described under the heading of “practical anarchism” would be more correctly termed “practical ***libertarianism***”.

Anarchism was not born as a mass movement. Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, the first person to call himself an anarchist, was not the leader of an anarchist movement, but of a broad-based workers’ movement called Mutualism. Neither was Bakunin in a specifically ***anarchist*** movement, but was a militant within the First International, and his group was known as Collectivists. Only after 1876 do we find a large group categorized “anarchist”, and then only pejoratively by Marx and his friends to attack the libertarian movement.

In the 1890s during the “classical” French Anarchist movement, contrary to what one might think, there were few anarchists. The two largest anarchist publications, LA REVOLTE and PERE PEINARD — combined — had only 1500 subscribers. Two decades later, at a time when the anarcho-syndicalist CGT had hundreds of thousands of members, the two largest anarchist papers had the same small number of subscribers. From 1890 to 1940, at any one time, there were probably no more than 3000 active anarchists out of a population of 40 million. (Jean Maitron, *Le Mouvement Anarchiste en France.*) However, several million people supported at least ***some*** anarchist goals — i.e., in mass movements such as the syndicats, mutual aid societies and regionalist-decentralist organizations.

The future of anarchism, if there is one, will at best involve a few thousand people, as individuals or small groups, in larger libertarian-decentralist organizations. (Some will choose to work alone, spreading the anarchist message through writings and publications.) It is imperative that such people, so few in number, yet with potential influence, should know what they are talking and writing about. Anarchism has already been distorted and dragged through the mud enough times in its history. Please, let’s try to get it right this time! One cannot emphasize enough: though few in number, anarchists do not form a “vanguard” or an elite of know-it-alls to lead these movements. We are people who choose anarchism as our ideal and act upon it.

(This statement is from “Any Time Now”, anarchist newsletter; $1 per issue from Affinity Place, Argenta, BC, V0G 1B0, Canada.)

By LARRY GAMBONE

The Fetishism of Class

Another source of confusion is ***class-reductionism.*** Older forms of Anarchism had a populist concept of class (the People vs. the Elite), but modern anarchists borrowed marxist class analysis. Thus, we have an emphasis upon the “working class” and the supposed need for “Class Struggle Anarchism”. This creates a situation where rationalization of support for the State can easily occur. For example, the welfare system is considered a “victory” of 1930s class struggle. Cutbacks are supposedly the result of the “capitalists”, who want to “beat back the working class”. Ergo, “anarchists” support the welfare State— a clear perversion of anarchism.

This scenario is the product of an archaic and Manichean world view which ignores the fact that the welfare system was a co-option of the workers' movement by the corporate elite, and that most contemporary workers ***support*** the cuts, as they are sick of paying high taxes. Class reductionism does not take into account today's economic realities, at least in the developed world, where workers are no longer the poverty-stricken, beaten-down wretches of the past, but are consumers, taxpayers and investors.

An Anarchist Statement of Principles

A clear and unambiguous statement of anarchist principles is needed to separate the muddled authoritarian sheep from the anti-statist goats. Such as the statement below:

* Anarchism is not terrorism or violence, and anarchists do not support, aid, or sympathize with terrorists and so-called national liberation movements.
* Anarchism does not mean irresponsibility, parasitism, criminality, nihilism or immoralism, but entails the ***highest level*** of ethics and personal responsibility.
* Anarchism does not mean hostility toward organization. Anarchists only desire that all organizations be ***voluntary*** and declare that a peaceful social order will exist only when this is true.
* Anarchists are ***resolute anti-statists*** and do not defend either “limited states” or welfare states.
* Anarchists are opposed to ***all*** coercion. Poverty, bigotry, sexism and environmental degradation cannot be successfully overcome through the State. Anarchists are therefore ***opposed*** to taxation, censorship, so-called affirmative action and governmental regulation in general.
* Anarchists do not need ***scapegoats***. Poverty and environmental destruction are not ***ultimately*** caused by transnationals, the IMF, the USA, the “developed world”, “imperialism”, technology, or any other devil figure, but are rooted in ***the power to coerce***. Only the abolition of coercion will overcome these problems.
* Anarchism does not posit ***any particular economic system,*** but only desires a non-coercive economy composed of voluntary organizations.
* Anarchists are not utopians or sectarians, but are sympathetic to ***any effort*** to decrease statism and coercion and to replace authoritarian relations with voluntary ones.

ANARCHISM— It's not a form of statism. Anarchists don't want to impose their value-system on anyone else. It's not terrorism. The agent of the government—the cop who wears a gun to scare you into obeying him—is the terrorist. Governments threaten to punish any man or woman who defies state power, and therefore the State really amounts to an institution of terror. Anarchism never relies on fear to accomplish anything because a person who is afraid is not free. Anarchists believe that:

GOVERNMENT IS AN UNNECESSARY EVIL. Human beings, when accustomed to taking responsibility for their own behavior, can cooperate on a basis of mutual trust and helpfulness.

NO TRUE REFORM IS POSSIBLE THAT LEAVES GOVERNMENT INTACT. Appeals to a government for a redress of grievances, even when acted upon, only increase the supposed legitimacy of the government's acts, and add therefore to its amassed power.

GOVERNMENT WILL BE ABOLISHED WHEN ITS SUBJECTS CEASE TO GRANT IT LEGITIMACY. Government cannot exist without at least the tacit consent of the populace. This consent is maintained by keeping people in ignorance of their real power. Voting is not an expression of power, but an admission of powerlessness, since it cannot do otherwise than reaffirm the government's supposed legitimacy.

EVERY PERSON MUST HAVE THE RIGHT TO MAKE ALL DECISIONS ABOUT HIS OR HER OWN LIFE. All moralistic meddling in the private affairs of freely-acting persons is unjustified. Behavior which does not affect uninvolved persons is nobody's business but the participants'.

WE ARE NOT BOUND BY CONSTITUTIONS OR AGREEMENTS MADE BY OUR ANCESTORS. Any constitution, contract, or agreement that purports to bind unborn generations or in fact anyone other than the actual parties to it, is a despicable lie and a presumptuous fraud. We are free agents liable only for such as we undertake.

All governments survive on theft and extortion, called taxation.

All governments force their decrees on the people, and command obedience under threats.

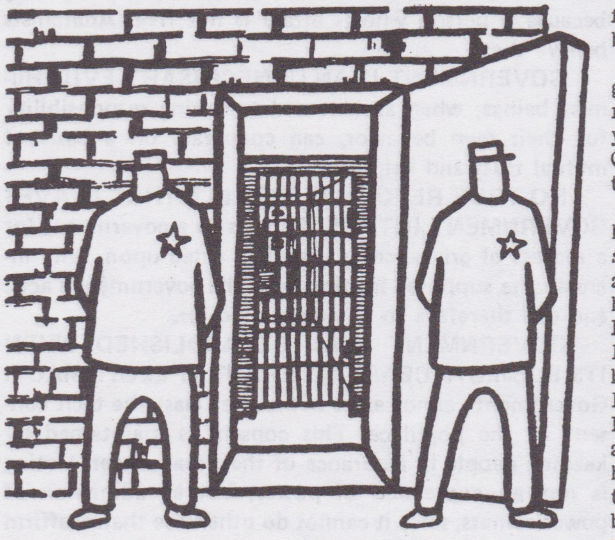
The principal outrages of history have been committed by governments, while every advancement of thought, every betterment in the human condition, has come about through the practices of voluntary cooperation and individual initiative. The principle of government, which is force, is opposed to the free exercise of our ability to think, act and cooperate.

Whenever government is established, it causes more harm than it forestalls.

All governments enlarge upon and extend their powers. Under government, the rights of individuals constantly diminish. —FW, 1976.

Complete in this issue—
The life of an anarchist, including successes, failures, and hideous mistakes.
Abridged from "The Book of Ammon":

HALF A CENTURY AT HARD LABO



Lowell Naeve

By AMMON HENNACY

I WAS BORN at Valley Farm in Negley Ohio in the midst of the 1893 depression. What follows is the story of a rebel who travels both in body and spirit as he meets and faces a changing world.

I hardly got born at all, for I was a three and a half pounds, seven months baby, put to bed in a cigar box; and when in a regular bed my mother could hardly find me among the covers. A mudhole just over a bridge on a dirt road was my nesting place once when I bounced off the pillow in my mother's arms—for I was so small that I couldn't be held in arms like a regular baby. That first year I hardly made it, what with pneumonia, colic, and other troubles. But after that I was not sick and grew to my five feet nine and a half inches.

John Brown and Johnny Appleseed were names familiar in our household, and the Coppac brothers who died at Harpers Ferry with John Brown had lived on a farm which was pointed out to me with pride, for here were stations of the Underground by means of which the escaped slaves were helped to Canada and freedom. A bewhiskered picture of John Brown hung in the parlor and I was ten years old before I knew the difference between God, Moses, and John Brown.

I was just as ignorant of my own origin. Half a mile down the maple-lined road were three stumps. I was told that the doctor had found me in the first stump. My sister Julia was discovered in the second stump, and my brother Frank in the third. We would often say, "I'll race you to my stump." As there were no more stumps there, the fiction for the other babies was that the doctor brought them in his satchel.

My first memory is that of my Quaker great-grandmother in her bonnet sitting in the east room by her Franklin stove and telling my three-year-old sister Julia and me of how the peaceful Quakers loved the Indians and were not hurt by them.

On rainy days we children climbed to the top hayloft and munched apples and salt and bran. A side door showed us Camp Bouquet, a mile away across the lower meadow where it rose several hundred feet high in the V where two creeks met. Indians had camped there for centuries, and in the French and Indian War a certain General Bouquet had given his name to the place. Methodists and Baptists had camp meetings there but it was a long way around by road to get there, and I never attended, although we could see the lights and hear the Hallelujahs as they shouted at nights in the late summer. Indians must have stood on this bluff and shot arrows at the game in our meadow years before, for we found many arrowheads.

As the oldest grandchild I went each summer after the age of ten to help my grandmother in her garden. As I grew older I cultivated corn the length of a mile-long hillside field. I shoved back hay in the sheep barn amid wasps and sweat. At daylight I walked the mile to the night pasture and warmed my bare feet where the cows had been lying. It seems impossible that a boy could have eaten a dozen or more buckwheat cakes for breakfast—but those were the days!

"Go to sister Randolph's; she's a good woman," was the direction given for miles around to tramps who asked for food. The stories which these "ambassadors" brought of the outside world, and the kindness which my grandmother had toward everyone, seem to me now that I think of it, as the first appearance of that "Celestial Bulldozer" which has prepared the way for my unorthodox life.

In the summer I met my family Wednesday nights at the local Baptist church, which was only a quarter of a mile from my grandmother's—also on Sundays. I sat through long Baptist theological sermons. Finally, at the age of 12, after cringing at the terrible threats of damnation from the pulpit during a six-weeks revival meeting at our church, I was baptized in the creek and gazed upon by a curious crowd—the only sucker caught in the theological net. This was in the swimming hole which I knew but the preacher did not, so he stumbled on a rock and nearly choked me. During the winter and several summers I did all of the janitor work of the church: filling the huge hanging oil lamps and cleaning the chimneys, carrying coal and emptying ashes from the big round stoves—but then I got to ring the bell and that

Ammon, circa 1970

was something. I did all this free of charge and gave $15 a year to the church which was much more in proportion than rich farmers gave. I felt that I should be a missionary.

My father made friends in this Republican community so that in time he was elected township clerk, though he was a Democrat. He was also secretary of the Masonic lodge in a town several miles to the west. One of his best friends was a man named Clark who was a Russelite (or as they called them in those days, a "Millennial Dawn"). Pastor Russell lived in nearby Pittsburg and said that there was no hell. This was terrible for we all knew that everyone but the Baptists were going there, so to believe there was no hell upset all the countryside theology. Clark had the local sawmill and cider mill, and when he got this new religion he ceased chewing tobacco, substituting instead chocolate drops, of which he always had his pockets full. Mr. Clark refused to do any war work connected with munitions during World War One, and made a meager living sharpening knives and lawnmowers.

Now in 1906, the farm was sold and we moved about 20 miles northwest to the county seat, Lisbon. Here my father was in the real estate and insurance business, and a lonesome Democrat. There was no Baptist church in this town so I attended the Presbyterian church. I was an usher and helped take up the collection. But two of the Elders who gave out communion were disreputable and unchristian in their daily lives. This caused me to doubt. When I asked the minister about this and about the bloodthirstiness of the Old Testament, his only reply was for me to pray. This I did, but the questions kept coming up. Finally he told me to go to Youngstown and hear Billy Sunday, the revivalist who had thousands pouring down the "sawdust trail" of his tent saying they had been "saved". Then my doubts would all be resolved. I went one rainy night. The blasphemy of this bigot was so powerful that it opened my eyes to the fact that my supposed conversion at a revival meeting was no more real religion than was this wholesale devil worship of Billy Sunday.

I went home and asked more questions. I prayed and read the Bible but the God of Love was never mentioned to me. Around Christmas I got up in the Achor Baptist Church where I had been baptized and said that I was an atheist and did not believe in God or the Bible. My father had wanted me to leave the church quietly as it would hurt his business and political ambitions, but I told him that I had splashed in and I was going to splash out.

But I was still a Democrat. I spent the next summer going over the county getting subscriptions for Bryan's paper, THE COMMONER. While at my grandmother's, the minister who had baptized me subscribed for The Commoner, saying, "Ammon, there is one paper I never want you to read: THE APPEAL TO REASON." I said I had never heard of it but was in no mood to have anyone tell me what to do. Accordingly when I saw a bricklayer going to work past the house one Monday morning I asked him to take the fifty cents I had made on the Commoner and subscribe for this new radical paper. (I had been told that this bricklayer was a Socialist.) My second cousin Isaac McCready was there that summer also; he was a radical who did not believe in God, and all of the relatives who were church-goers were anxiously looking for the judgment of God to kill him. He had a "tobacco heart" but outlived most of them.

BY the fall of 1910 I had exchanged my lost Baptist heaven for the new Socialist heaven on earth. Here in Lisbon the local Socialists were proud to elect the son of the Democratic mayor as secretary of their local. The first Socialist I met was "Curly", a vegetarian. I thought this was a part of the rebellion so the butcher joined the capitalist in the list of my enemies. Then I read Upton Sinclair's JUNGLE and had even more reason both for being a vegetarian and a Socialist. My father scolded me for my radicalism and especially for spending my Sunday mornings in distributing THE APPEAL TO REASON on doorsteps rather than attending the Presbyterian church. But my father was a good-natured man whose bark was worse than his bite, and in later years he told me he wanted to see if I really was a good rebel, and that he was secretly glad that I kept on with my Socialism. I introduced Fred Strickland and Cornelius Lehane— the latter a big Irishman who wore a gold cross on his vest and was beaten up by the police and died soon afterward in Connecticut during World War One. Fred and Cornelius stayed at our house and my father talked radicalism intelligently with them. My father allowed me to put up a sign on the public square by the Civil War cannon giving definitions of Socialism— it stood there for years. During a winter vacation I worked in the local pottery and joined the Industrial Workers of the World (as Section 6, Article 2 of the Socialist Party constitution had not yet barred "wobblies", as IWW's were called, from also belonging to the Party).

In August of 1912 my grandfather broke his leg, and this being an easy time to make promises for the winter, I offered to live with him that winter and walk or ride the five and a half miles to the high school in East Palestine, where I would be a junior. Here I met a man about ten years my senior who was a Socialist, Ed Firth. He was also a Sunday School teacher and an expert pottery worker. I treasured his friendship, as we had much in common, but he died in prison during World War One. He was indicted with the Communist Labor Party group.

That winter I milked eight cows, morning and night, and worked all day Saturday. I sat behind a huge wood stove nights and studied, taking five subjects. Apples, and cider from the barrel in the dark cellar, form the pleasant memories of that winter. Sometimes when the snow was very deep I walked to school; at other times I went horseback or with horse and buggy. Mother Bloor came to East Palestine, and I drove her, with horse and buggy, to organize the first Socialist local among the miners in my home town of Negley. She was a wonderful woman and an inspiration. It seemed that the more I had to do, the more I did.

But this winter was enough of the farm for me. I determined to seek my fortune in the city for the summer.

IN Cleveland I sold cornflakes, house to house. The first day I made eight dollars, got lost, and ended up knocking at a door across the hall from where I should have knocked, and being abashed by meeting a roomful of girls. By the next summer I had a crew of my own in Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. I sold to retailers and wholesalers.

Meanwhile I entered Hiram, Ohio college as a freshman and started a Socialist club there. We had speakers such as J. G. Phelps Stokes and C. E. Ruthenberg, later to be the founder of the Communist Party. Vachel Lindsay had attended this college and here I first became acquainted with his troubadour poetry. Away from home now I smoked cigarettes, got drunk, played penny-ante until daylight, and stole canned fruit from the cellar of the Dean's house (for which I was sent home in disgrace for two weeks.) This was all of my Baptist "don'ts" coming out.

In Portage, Wisconsin the next summer, I sold a package of cornflakes to a young lady who seemed very nearly to glide down the bannister to answer the door. She appeared holding a copy of Jack London's IRON HEEL. I was reading the same book from the town library. This was the beautiful Zona Gale, author of LULU BETT; she persuaded me that the University of Wisconsin was the place for me, so I went to Madison in the fall.

Here I took journalism, but especially liked my class in geology, and if I had not thought a revolution more important I might have been a geologist. I remember seminars of an unofficial sort at the home of the radical Horace M. Kallen. I washed pots and pans at a frat house for my meals, and carried a paper route. At times I would spend a quarter for tickets and popcorn, and take dark, cold, and beautiful Miriam Gaylord, daughter of the Socialist state senator, to a cheap movie. Randolph Bourne lectured here, though I did not catch much of his message then, but in later years I was to remember his opposition to war and his aphorism: "War is the health of the state." He was the only New Republic liberal who did not fall for the war.

Emma Goldman, the fiery anarchist who spoke about "free love" and birth control at a time when these words were only whispered by "decent" people, came to Madison. The one anarchist I knew was working toward a degree, and he asked me to introduce her. I cannot remember what she said, except that she was adept at repartee when people tried to tangle her up in conversation. As for my own public speaking, I'd taken a class in it in high school and again at Hiram college, but I was the very worst in each one. I did get up once at a Socialist meeting and give a talk on the IWW; an old-time Socialist trade unionist who knew much more than I did criticized me until I was in tears, but I needed it. I asked him how I could be a good speaker, and he told me to be sure of my facts and not do as I had just done: talk about something that I didn't know anything about. Then he said to go to some town where I knew no one, get up on a soapbox, and commence.

One day I met a friend from Madison who invited me to a lawn party of young Socialists. They all knew each other and I was the only stranger. I took a liking to a certain girl, and four days later I had a date with my new girlfriend, Selma Melms, daughter of the Socialist sheriff of Milwaukee. On the excuse that I had to go back to Ohio I had a date every night for ten nights, and we became engaged. Selma was the broadfaced peasant type that always appealed to me. Love is blind, and how much the fact that I was a happy Irishman, much more radical than the staid Germans of Milwaukee, and that Selma was the first radical girl I had ever met (other than Miriam, who cared nothing for any of us fellows) had to do with our engagement is difficult to determine. I went back to Ohio very happy.

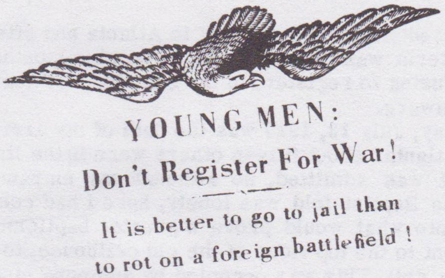
That term at Ohio State was one of the best years of my life as a student. I was head of the Intercollegiate Socialist Club and secretary of the Socialist local downtown. In my classes in philosophy and sociology there was much room for my radical agitation. With my radicalism, and love of Selma, I felt that I could conquer the world.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr. was my very good friend at the University. I started the first cooperative secondhand store for resale of books on the campus, and the next summer again sold cornflakes in various states. In 1916 I was a delegate to the state convention of the party, and spoke on soapboxes, scores of times, for the Socialist presidential candidate. A little later I read Alexander Berkman's PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST, little knowing that the next year I was to be in Atlanta prison with him.

One clear memory I have of Columbus is that of the Rev. Washington Gladden, a Congregational minister of the old liberal style, bewhiskered and benign. So many people came to hear him that he had to have his services in a theatre. He achieved distinction for refusing money from Rockefeller, saying that it was tainted. These days hardly a voice is raised against the great Foundations who seek to buy respectability by subsidizing individuals and organizations.

ABOUT this time we had a huge anti-war meeting addressed by the Rev. Edward Ellis Carr, a portly editor of a magazine. He told of the hundreds of Socialists in Cleveland who would refuse to register for the draft. He told of his disappointment with European Socialists who had turned pro-war, and said that this was all the more reason why we of the U.S. should hold true to our ideals. A local Socialist lawyer, who was of the more conservative group, got up and opposed this view, saying that the prospect of political victory for the party should not be damaged by our traitorous conduct, although he admitted that this war was a fraud the same as all others. Rev. Carr countered this disruption boldly by stating that he would die before he would support war in any way, and he ended by calling upon all young men to refuse to register for the draft. As chairman I asked those of draft age to meet with me later, and the group was thus formed which actively put out anti-war and anti-draft propaganda.

I wrote up material for a leaflet and stickers to put on store fronts:



YOUNG MEN:

Don't Register For War!

It is better to go to jail than to rot on a foreign battlefield!

While the leaflet itself did not definitely say that young men should refuse to register, the sticker did, and one version of our declaration read: "support of all mass movements in opposition to conscription." Despite the fact that our presidential candidate and many other leaders — including the revolutionary Rev. Carr — were to turn pro-war, we youngsters did know that many upheld our views.

Everyone knew that the war was coming on soon. James Cannon, a Socialist speaker from New York, had been listed to speak in St. Louis, and I was to introduce him. By 8:30 there were thousands of people at the meeting, and I stepped up and addressed the crowd. Cannon had not yet arrived; he never did. The police told me there were too many people there and I would have to come down. (I expect there were 10,000 present by that time.) I argued that I had a permit, but they reached for me. I ran across the street to the State House steps and continued to speak for half an hour. Here the local police had no authority; but finally the state police arrived and arrested me and an old man, a dishwasher who was a member of the Socialist Labor Party who disobeyed his party line and got into trouble. We both spent the night in jail for disturbing the peace and were released on bail with a hearing scheduled about six weeks later.

The state office of the Party routed me to distribute my own and other leaflets wholesale over the state, and a notice was put in the weekly Socialist paper to that effect. My method was to go to a town and look up a comrade whose name I was given or whom I already knew. But often the comrade had already turned pro-war and I had to leave in a hurry before he turned me in. My first town was Cleveland and then I had to jump across the state line into Pennsylvania to escape turncoat comrades.

I took leaflets to my old comrade Ed Firth in Huntington, West Virginia, and some time later went to the end of the spur railroad in Cabin Creek. But at the latter place, the man whose name I had been given had moved away. His house was empty. I walked down the tracks carrying two suitcases full of leaflets.

That night I noticed a light in a house and knocked at the door. A middle-aged Negro came to the door and I explained the situation, asking him if I could sleep there that night. He said that there were no white folks within six miles and if I did not mind sleeping in the home of a colored person and would say nothing about it to white people the next day I could stay. The next day on the train, police entered and said they were hunting for a score of radicals who were putting out seditious literature. Incredibly, though they opened my grips all they saw was some books on top of the leaflets. One muttered something about my being a student, and went on.

I arrived back in Columbus the night before I was to have my trial. Deciding to distribute some more leaflets, I went downtown, placing leaflets and stickers for a few blocks and then skipping a few more blocks and backtracking and zigzagging. There were no squad cars and radio in those days, so a person could get away with it if he was lucky, but finally, about 2:30 a.m., I was caught and taken to jail— put in solitary.

I asked to see a lawyer but was told I could not. Detective Wilson then said that unless I registered for the draft by June 5th, which was registration day, I was to be shot, on orders from Washington. I was shown a copy of the local paper, and the headline read: **EXTREME PENALTY FOR TRAITORS.** I only saw it through the bars and was not allowed to read the article beneath. It was not until my release from prison in 1919 that I did read this paper and discovered that there was nothing definite in the follow-up about the death penalty. It was just a scare headline. However, if men take you out to a cliff on a dark night, lower you at the end of a rope and tell you it is a hundred feet and when you get tired to drop— then when you drop it is only two feet — it might as well have been a hundred feet, for you thought it was.

Detective Wilson said that other young leafleters arrested at the same time had all given in and registered. (Later I found out that he had told them that I had given in and registered.) I decided, though, that if indeed they had given in, then someone had to stick, and I was that one. While I was in solitary a statement was given out that the patriotic prisoners had threatened to lynch me, so the sheriff was forced to keep me in solitary. Spike Moore, an IWW, sneaked me a note and a clipping from the paper in which a reporter had asked my mother if she was not frightened because I was to be shot soon. Her reply was that the only thing she was afraid of was that they might scare me to give in. This gave me added courage. My mother never weighed more than 87 pounds and looked like a timid mouse, yet she is one of the few women I have known who have that greatest of virtues: courage.

DURING the next six weeks as I awaited trial I was not allowed to be shaved, the excuse being that the barber might cut my throat. I finally got an outside barber to come in so I was presentable in court. June 5th passed and no move was made to shoot me. But at every step in the corridor I expected to be called. Now I was taken out of the dark hole. Detective Wilson said that the government had postponed my execution thinking that I would give the names of others who had distributed leaflets.

None of the Socialist lawyers would defend me. An old Quaker, an ex-judge by the name of Earnhardt, came and defended me free of charge. He was 83 years of age and spoke slowly for it was an effort for him to speak at all. I pled not guilty to the charge of "Conspiracy to Defraud the Government of Enforcement of the Draft Act" because I did not want to get Harry Townsley, the comrade who did the printing, into prison. Technically he wasn't guilty anyway, for he had not printed any of my leaflets **AFTER** the draft law had been passed. He'd printed a batch before, then after the law was passed I had written him to ask if he'd print some more, and told him to destroy the letter. He got scared and refused to print any more of the leaflets, but he kept the letter, and the government raided his place and got it. No one would believe he hadn't printed again. I pled guilty for my refusal to register.

The District Attorney, Stuart Bolin, gave the summing up to the jury on July 3, 1917— a real Fourth of July speech:

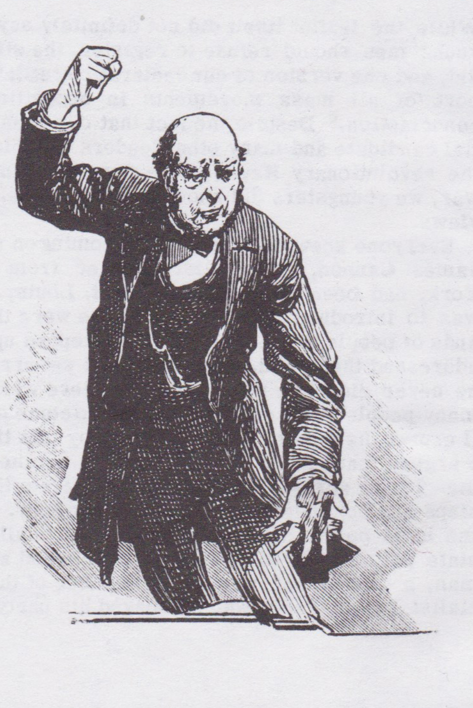
"One hundred and forty-one years ago tomorrow the immortal words were written which were to fire our forefathers until they were free from the English tyrant. Today a greater tyrant threatens us. George the III did not cut off the hands of little children and bayonet the enemy alive to barn doors as the Beast of Berlin has done. In 1776 such men as Hennacy would be defending King George and in 1861 it was men like him who would have allowed the slaves to remain slaves. Defense counsel Earnhardt would have you believe that this despicable coward, Hennacy, is a hero. He calls him by the resounding name of 'conscientious objector'. I tell you this man does not have a conscience. The money of our State has been spent to educate him in our university. He would bite the hand that feeds him and would repay the state by knifing her in the back.

"If his ideals which are so glibly spoken of are true why has he not convinced others; why have the responsible Socialists of this city repudiated him and his disloyal actions? Why should he be praised for facing death when millions of men better than he are facing it in the trenches every day for their country? You have the evidence before you where he has ordered his co-defendant to print the treasonable leaflets calling this a Wall Street war and advising young men to refuse to register for the draft. I am only sorry that two years is the limit which can be given; he has said that he would go to jail rather than rot on a foreign battlefield; then give him the jail which he desires.

"As I look over the faces of the jury: faces toil-worn with efforts to make this, our great country, the home of freedom, I know that every one of you would not now be here if you were of military age; and you would enlist; you would not need to be drafted." (Several jurors were asleep during this speech.) "You have doubtless celebrated many a Fourth of July with fireworks and oratory. I say to you that you cannot celebrate this national holiday in a manner more patriotic than by giving the limit of the law to this traitor. The blood of those who have died for America rises up in protest and calls upon you to do your patriotic duty: convict this traitor!"

I was sentenced to two years in Atlanta and after this term was served I was to do nine months, for refusing to register, in the county jail at nearby Delaware.

Friday, July 13, 1917 was the date of my arrival in Atlanta. About fifteen others were in the line when I was admitted, so although my entrance into the Baptist fold was lonely, here I had company into what would prove a greater baptism. I was sent to the top floor of the old cellhouse, to a certain cell. This was occupied by someone else, it seemed. It was eight feet long, eight feet high,



and four feet wide and was made of steel. In half an hour a large, burly but good-natured man of about forty-five came in.

"Hello, kid; my name's Brockman, Peter Brockman from Buffalo, doin' a six bit for writing my name on little pieces of paper. Got one to go yet. How do you like our little home? What's your name?"

I gave him my name and shyly shook hands with him. Soon we went down the corridors to the mess hall. Several prisoners spoke to Peter and nudged him and winked at me. I was hungry and the beans, coffee, plenty of bread and rice pudding proved a welcome meal. While Peter was reading the evening paper in our cell I picked up a book of prison rules. He saw me reading them and threw the book in the corner, saying: "Don't waste your time on that crap. There's just three rules in this joint: (1) Don't get caught; (2) If you do get caught have a good alibi ready; (3) If this fails, have a guard who will fix it up for you, either because you pay him, or because you have more on him than he has on you." I wondered what the harm could be in reading the rules and Peter said as he sidled over to me and stroked my hair: "You have lots to learn about prison life that's not in the rules, kid!"

Just then a gong rang and Peter explained that in ten minutes the lights would be out. He said I was to have the lower bunk which was not so hot and easier to get into. We undressed and Peter came over and sat on the edge of my bunk. I edged away but could not get far. "Don't be afraid; I'm your friend," he said. "I've been here for years, kid, and I sure get lonesome. Several skirts write to me off and on but the one I planted my jack with has forgotten me long ago. The hell with women anyway! You can't trust 'em and a fellow is a fool to marry one."

"I'm tired, Peter. I want to go to sleep," I said jerkily as he commenced to caress me.

"No one goes to sleep so early in this hot jail; the bedbugs are worst this time of year. This is a man's joint and you'll have to learn what that means, kid. Anyway, when I did my first bit in Elmira I had a pal; I was soft and homesick then, and many a night Jimmy consoled me. Jimmy was more beautiful than any girl I ever met. Quiet! I hear the screw!" Peter had finished this last word and climbed into the bunk when a guard stopped before the cell and said: "No more talking there! What's this, your new punk?" he said, pointing to me and winking at Brockman. I asked Peter what a punk was and he laughed and said he supposed it wasn't defined in Webster but I would learn soon enough about it.

The next morning after breakfast, Blackie, the runner in the block, brought me a note, saying that he knew the prisoner who had written the note, and had done time with him in Allegheny prison years ago. I read:

> "Blackie, who gave you this note, is o.k. See me in the yard this afternoon if it does not rain; otherwise come to Catholic mass tomorrow and I will talk to you there. Your cell mate has paid $5 worth of tobacco to the screw in your cell block to get the first young prisoner coming in to be his cell mate. You are the 'lucky' one. Watch him, for he is one of the worst perverts in the prison. There is no use in making a fuss for you may 'accidentally' fall down four tiers. Get $5 worth of tobacco from the store and give it to Blackie and he will give it to the guard and pull strings to have you transferred out of the cell. This will take weeks; meantime get along the best you can. Good luck.
>
> Yours for the revolution. —A.B."

A note from Alexander Berkman, the great Anarchist! I read it over and over again.

For the first time in my life when I had read a book I had sat down at once and written to the author. This was in Warren, Ohio, in 1916 when I had Berkman's **MEMOIRS**. I did not get an answer, and now I was to meet him personally. Hundreds of workers had been killed by the police at Homestead, Pennsylvania by the order of Frick, manager of Carnegie Steel. Berkman, then a young Anarchist, had stabbed and shot Frick, and had done 14 years and ten months in the terrible Allegheny prison, three and a half years of this in a dark hole. He had been in prison before I was born and here he was again with a fighting spirit that jails could not kill. I had read his paper, **THE BLAST**.

I had but a faint idea of the word pervert; and I wondered how and why I could talk to Berkman in a Catholic chapel. I remembered in 1915 at Ohio State University when an intelligent sociology professor had assigned me to debate in class **AGAINST** Socialism, and asked the daughter of conservative parents to speak **FOR** Socialism, I had surprised myself and the class by giving the argument that the trouble with Socialism was that it was not radical enough, and I gave anarchism as the ideal. As an illustration I gave the story of the wind, which sought to compel by force to blow the coat from the back of the traveler. The sun, however, shone gentle rays which made the traveler voluntarily doff the garment. Anarchism was thus the gentle way. However, I said that I was not an anarchist because they stood no chance of winning, and it would not be long until the Socialists had gained the Revolution. Now I was to meet the only living anarchist, other than Emma Goldman, Malatesta and Kropotkin, whom I wished to know.

The sun shone brightly that afternoon on the packed ground of the prison yard. In the shadow along one prison wall Blackie had pointed out Berkman to me. I hastened to greet him. His kindly smile made me feel that I had a friend. He told me of a means of getting out letters, covertly, and explained how to talk in your throat without moving your lips. He said that we could meet and talk in the Catholic chapel, as the chaplain was an ex-prizefighter who was sympathetic to workers and did not mind those who came to visit each other. He gave me four things to remember: (1) Don't tell a lie; (2) Don't tell on another prisoner— it's the job of the screws to find out what is going on, not yours; (3) Draw your line as to what you will do and not do, and don't budge, for if you begin to weaken they will beat you. (4) Don't curse the guards; they will try to get you to strike them and then they will have the excuse to beat you up—

and if one can't, two can; and if two can't, ten can. They are no good or they wouldn't take such a job. Just smile. Obey them in unimportant details but never budge an inch on principle. Don't be seen talking to me very often, he said, for the guards are watching and will make trouble. Write to me by way of Blackie and I will do the same.

'They are no good or they wouldn't take such a job.'

—Alexander Berkman

My cellmate became more aggressive, and for about six weeks I slept but a few hours each night. But at last I was transferred to another cell. In the meantime my goodnatured passive resistance did persuade Peter that he had better leave me alone. I even got him interested in English lessons in the prison school. When I left his cell, he said he would pass the word around that I was nobody's punk.

In the new cell house there were four to a cell. Boston Dave and John were counterfeiters and Johnny Spanish had done ten years in Sing Sing with Gyp the Blood, and was doing five years in Atlanta. A red-headed kid who had a radio without a license was doing time as a spy. He was not a radical or subversive, only interested in radio and did not know he had to get a license. One noon he slipped me a saw made from a knife, as we were in line going to dinner. It seems that he had cut several bars of a window in the basement which faced outside and was preparing to escape. Some dumb guard had leaned against them and they gave, so the whole cell block was being searched for a saw. The kid had enough sense not to be caught with it, but why he gave it to me I do not know. Anyway, now I had it. I stopped and tied my shoestring and secured the saw up my sleeve; and thus got out of my regular place in line and at the table. Here I stuck the saw underneath the table, and it may be there yet for all I know. As we left the mess hall, all of the guards in the prison lined us up and searched for that saw. If they had searched us coming in I would have been found with it... but of course would not have told on the kid.

John, in my cell, was boss of the paint gang and was from Columbus, Ohio. He had not known me there, but all prisoners like someone who has put up a good fight and faced death and has not weakened. So he had me transferred to his gang, and when he left in about six months I was made the boss of the gang. I had a pass to go anywhere I wanted inside the walls.

The editor of the prison paper, GOOD WORDS, asked me to give him something to print. I told him that was what I got in for: printing things in papers; and that my ideas were too radical for him. But he insisted, so I gave him this quote which, believe it or not, appeared in a box underneath the editorial caption of the Department of Justice on April 1, 1918:

> "A prison is the only house in a slave state where a free man can abide with honor."
>
> —Thoreau.

This had the okay of the warden and was not sneaked in. The ignorant official thought it praised prisons.

The conscientious objectors were scattered in different gangs and cell houses over the prison. The warden told me that the orders from Washington were to put us all in one place, but he knew better and scattered us out, for if we were in one place we would "plot". This reminded me of the farmer who caught the groundmole and said, "Hanging's too good for you; burning's too good. I'll bury you alive." So we were scattered around where we could spread our views instead of being segregated where we would only argue among ourselves. John Dunn and I were good friends. His number was 7979 and he got 20 years; when I was sentenced, the Espionage Law had not yet been passed. Paul was a young, Russian-born Socialist. Morris was a quiet, very short Russian Jewish anarchist, whom I met often at the vegetarian diet table. (You could get all the good toast and milk you could devour if you signed up for any length of time at the diet table, but you were not then allowed to eat anything from the regular table.) Louis was just the opposite: an erratic, boisterous Nietzschean who felt that everything you had was his and what he had was his own. Morris was deported at the same time as Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman a couple of years later; Louis later became religious. Tony was a Russian who did not speak English, but his quiet manner marked him as some kind of a religious sectarian. Walter was a college man who came from an old anarchist family; he had reviled his father's ideas until the crisis of war brought him to prison. His partner was John, a seaman who belonged to the IWW maritime branch; he had been banished from Australia as a radical and had refused to register for the draft.

Al and Fred were older men who had been sent to prison essentially for nothing: they were in official positions in the Socialist Party, but not resisters; the extreme conservatism of their communities had made them martyrs. Nicolas, a Mexican, was dying of tuberculosis; I only saw him from a distance as he lived by himself in a tent the year around. He had been a revolutionist in Mexico. Two Negro objectors who belonged to some Holiness sect in the Carolinas would not mix with us. I sent them some things but they did not respond— we were not religious and I suppose we shocked them. One special friend of mine was William McCoy, of the McCoy-Hatfield feudists in Kentucky. He claimed to have killed six Hatfields. He could not write, so I wrote his letters home for him. He had started out with a friend to shoot up the government when he heard that a war was on. The warden was afraid of him, he thought.

Oklahoma Red had been in Atlanta doing five years and was wanted for a murder rap that he believed he couldn't beat. In a few months he would be released and turned over to the authorities for trial for murder. One day he saw an old-fashioned flat coal car come in full of coal. It was made of wood and in the place where modern cars had a steel brace this wooden car had a nice little hiding place for a skinny fellow. He said the next time that car came in he was going out with it. Oklahoma Red had outgoing shoes, hat, suit, etc., that had been made in different prison departments, and he'd hidden this precious bundle in the rafters of the cement shed. Several weeks later that car came in again. Red found out from the fellows at the powerhouse that it would be switched out at 11:15 that morning. Some of us watched the toilet so no guard or stool-pigeon could see Red changing his clothes; others kept the guard busy in conversation with head turned the other way. A preacher, in for violation of the Mann Act (transporting a woman across state lines for immoral purposes) was watchman at the gate. As it happened this trusty was reading his Bible and did not peer closely as the car went out with Red in the hiding place. About a quarter to twelve, guards started scurrying around making another count to see if there was a mistake, or if a man was missing and who he might be. Eventually whistles blew and the search was made in every corner. As far as I know they never got Red.

A white man and a Negro had been killed by guards and I was incensed about it. But my cellmates laughed and said I should worry about the living, for the dead were dead and no one could do anything about it. They said that if I needed something to do I should raise a fuss about the poor-quality fish served on Fridays by the new mess guard, DeMoss, who had been heard to say that he would make his rakeoff by charging for good food and giving us junk. I got cardboard and painted signs that I put up in all of the toilets around the place urging the prisoners to work on Fridays but stay in their cells and refuse to go to dinner when the rotten fish was served. The guards and stool-pigeons tore these signs down, but I made others. The first Friday twenty of us stayed in our cells. Guards came around and asked us if we were sick. Yes, we said, we were sick of that damn fish. The next Friday 200 stayed in their cells and the next Friday 600. That was too many people thinking alike, sc on the following Thursday the warden came to the second mess and said that those who did not come to dinner the next day would be put in the hole. Some kid squeaked out in a shrill voice: "You can't do it, warden; there's only 40 solitary cells and there's a thousand of us." The next day 900 out of the 1100 who ate on this shift stayed in their cells.

The Monday after, I was called to the office. I was told I had been seen plotting to blow up the prison with dynamite, and promptly was sent to the dark hole.

This was June 21, 1918. I was left in my underwear, lying in the tiny, three-cornered, very dark "hole". I got a slice of cornbread and a cup of water each day. I kept a count of the days, as I heard the men marching to work, and at the end of ten days I was moved to the light hole. Now I got white bread, which now tasted like cake. This cell was on the ground floor, back of the deputy's office. It was about 18 feet long, 15 feet high, and 6 feet wide. A small, dirty window near the top to the east faced a tall building, which kept sunlight from coming in. A bunk was attached to the wall to the right; a plain chair and a small table, with a spoon, plate and cup on it. There was a toilet and a washbasin attached to the wall. A small 20-watt light was screwed into the high ceiling and was turned off and on from the outside. There was a door of bars and an extra wooden door with a funnel-shaped peephole through which the guards could watch me at any time. I walked around examining my new home. The walls were dirty and initials and home-made calendars with days crossed off had been left by former inmates.

AFTER the dark hole this cell was a relief. A Negro lifer brought in meals, three times a day, and ladled grits, beans, raisins, etc. out of a large bucket onto my plate, while Johnson, the fat guard, stood at the door. The Negro found out that I did not eat meat and he always took my portion; perhaps this helped him in his favorable attitude toward me, for he gave me notes from Berkman and Dunn, and took mine in return.

When I had first come to prison I had met the Protestant Chaplain. My cousin Georgia, who was his daughter-in-law, had told him about me. He had wanted to know what church I belonged to, and when I told him I was an atheist he would have nothing to do with me, even when I was in solitary. Catholics were taken care of by the priest and the Protestant had all the rest, so I sent him a note asking for a Bible to read (in solitary I wouldn't be permitted anything else). I also asked to send or receive mail. After a few weeks I was given a Bible with extremely small print— difficult to read from a 20-watt bulb 15 feet overhead. The colored trusty later spoke, without moving his lips in the manner we all learned, and told me that anything was done that could make it more difficult for those in solitary. I don't think the chaplain had anything to do with this; probably the deputy or the guard took this means of teasing one of their caged animals.

Outsiders, such as reporters and prison reformers, sometimes get themselves locked in solitary to get the feeling. But they know they will be out in a day or two. This would then be a vacation at best, and a temporary misery at worst. When, however, you hear groans of fellow prisoners, when you do not know how many months you may remain in this confinement, you have a weight hanging over you that precludes any joyfulness of spirit.

I hear the six o'clock gong ring for the early mess. I know at 7:20 I will get my mush. I am not sleepy, but I stretch out and relax. In a while I wash and pull on my few articles of clothing. I pick up my chair and swing it thirty times— up, right, left, down; up, right, left, down. Then I walk 100 steps back and forth with arms up, out, clenched. This I repeat several times. At last I hear the clanging of the door and know that breakfast is on the way. I hear the doors open and shut and the jangling of the keys and rattling of utensils. I sit and watch the door like a cat watching a mouse. The shadows of the guard and the Negro trusty lengthen under my door; the key turns in the lock; the wooden door opens and Johnson, the fat guard, stands back after he has opened the iron barred door. The Negro steps in and ladles out my oatmeal, hands me a couple of slices of bread, and pours out a cup of coffee. Today he has no note for me; tomorrow he may have one. He smiles to me as he turns his back to Johnson and I smile in return. I look up at Johnson, who scowls. They leave and the doors are locked. I am not hungry, but I prolong the breakfast as much as possible to take up time. At last the food is gone. I wash the dishes and dry them. Perhaps I spin my plate a dozen times, and see how long I can count before it falls to the floor off the table. I lean back in my chair and think of Selma and of my folks at home. I am in a jail within a jail. I walk back and forth for five or ten minutes and then throw myself on my bunk.

In a few minutes I am restless and turn on my side. I hear the men marching to work, and stand near the outer wall hoping to hear a word or two but I hear only mumbled voices and shouts of the guards. A train whistles in the distance. I kneel by the door and strain to see someone in the tailor shop on the second floor next door, but everything is a blur. I walk around the walls reading the inscriptions I and others have engraved. I try to figure out what the history of this or that initial may be, but soon give it up. I hear the voice of the deputy in the hall greeting the guard in charge. It is now 9:00 a.m. and according to my schedule, time to read the Bible. I lie on my bunk for half an hour reading the chapter for that morning. Then I sit on the toilet and take my pencil which I found the first day hidden in a small crack in the plaster, back of the toilet. A pencil is precious. You either have one or you don't. The toilet is near the door and is the only place in the cell where a full view of the occupant cannot be gained through the peephole. I do not want to be caught with my precious pencil. I place the toilet paper on which I have written my notes in the Bible and sit on my chair and study what I have written. Then I return to the toilet seat and write some conclusions. Then I lie on my bunk and think over what I have read.

Restless, I walk back and forth for a mile and a half. I spin my plate again. I look up to the dirty window many times but can see nothing. For fifteen minutes I look steadily, after once noticing a bird flying near. I hope it may return. But why should a bird stop by my dirty window? It is now 11:15 and the guards are outside watching the men enter for the first mess. I feel that this is the opportune time to write a few words, which I have not finished, on the wall. I sharpen my spoon on the floor and stealthily carve two letters when I hear a step in the hall and cease my carving. I walk aimlessly around for fifteen minutes... Later I read for an hour as the afternoon passes slowly. I hear the train at 2:00. I am tired of thinking and tired of exercising. I walk aimlessly some more, examining the walls. I take some toilet paper, wet it, and wash a section of the wall to see if there is any message written underneath the grime. I try to figure out a calendar six months ahead to discover on what day of the week Selma's birthday will fall.

I think again of those on the outside and of the radical movement. Another hour passes.

I hear Popoff rattle his chains and groan in the next cell. He is a Bulgarian, a counterfeiter. He does not speak English and could not explain his illness to the doctor, so he was put into solitary for faking. He sassed the guards and was beaten. Then he thought that if he knocked the deputy warden down, someone would come from Washington. He struck harder than he thought and the deputy died. Popoff got life imprisonment. What the court that sentenced him never knew was that he was now spending that entire life imprisonment hanging by his wrists, chained to the bars. The guards strung him up.

...Supper comes and is soon over. I walk aimlessly around my cell. The guards change for the night shift. ...Now it is dark and the night guard turns on the light. Again I read the Bible for an hour and take notes on what I have read. Finally it is 8:30 p.m. and my light is turned out. I go to bed. I lie on my back; then on one side; then on the other. Sometimes I cry; sometimes I curse. Sometimes I pray to whatever kind of God listens to those in solitary. The door opens and the night guard flashes the light on to see if I am in my cell and shouts to the other guard: "Okay; all in at 10:00 p.m." I toss about, am nearly asleep when the bedbugs commence. I pass a night of fitful sleeping and dreaming. Again it is 6:00 a.m., and I cross off another day on my calendar.

ONCE when I was going to the barber I saw Popoff entering his cell with his head bandaged. This must have been the result of the blows which I had heard the day before. He was mistreated for a year or more until he went insane. Selma and I visited him in 1921 at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C. At first he didn't even recognize me. I sent notes to my sister Lola for the newspapers about the treatment of Popoff. Whenever I heard the chains fall which bound him to the bars, and then the thump of his body to the floor, I would curse the damned capitalist system and the guards and everyone connected with the government and the prison.

Now and then I would crouch by the door of my cell, on bright sunny mornings, and see the top of Berkman's bald head as he worked at his regular table by the west window of the tailor shop on the second floor of the next building. I thought that if he had done three and a half years in solitary, in Allegheny, in a cell with slimy walls, I could do the balance of my time in this comparatively clean, dry cell.

It was now nearly three months that I had been in solitary. Fred Zerbst, the warden, came in and asked me to sign a paper. It was registration for the second war-draft. I told him I had not changed my mind about the war. He said I wouldn't get anything around here acting that way. I told him that I wasn't asking for anything around here: I was just doing time. He said I would get another year back in the hole for this second refusal to register. I told him that was okay.

It was September 21, 1918. The warden came in again and said this was all the longer they kept prisoners in solitary and that he would let me out the next day; that I must not plot to blow up any more prisons.

"You know I didn't do that," I said.

"I know you didn't," he replied. "But what do you suppose I am warden for? If I had told the prisoners that you were put in solitary for leading in that food sitdown, all of them would be your friends. When you are accused of planning to blow up the prison they are all afraid to know you. Why didn't you come and tell me about the food?"

"Why didn't you come into the kitchen and find out; no one but stoolies go to your office," I answered. He left hurriedly.

In about five minutes he returned, saying: "I forgot to ask you something, Hennacy. I'll let you out tomorrow just the same."

"What is on your mind?" I asked.

"Have you been sneaking any letters out of this prison?" he asked in an angry tone.

"Sure," I replied, smiling.

"Who is doing it for you?" he demanded.

"A friend of mine," I answered.

"What is his name?" was the query.

"That is for your and your guards and stool-pigeons to find out. I won't tell you, for I want to get some more letters out concerning the evil things that go on," I replied good-naturedly.

He stormed around my cell, somewhat taken aback by the fact that I had not lied or given in.

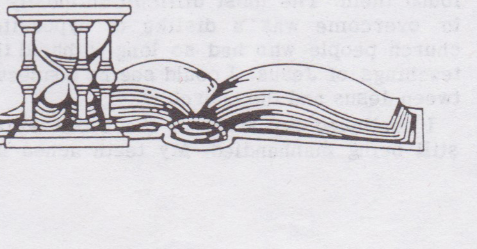
"You'll stay in here all your good time and get another year, you stubborn fool," he said as he left.

It was not for many years that I knew I had used the method of moral jiu jitsu as advised by Ghandi. If you don't give your enemy a hold he can't throw you. Never be on the defensive; always answer quickly and keep the enemy on the run. He is used to trickery and is put off his guard by an honest and courageous opponent whom he cannot scare or bribe.

I picked up the Bible and threw it in a corner, pacing back and forth, thinking and mumbling to myself: the liars, the double-crossers, tempting me with freedom and then telling me the only way to obtain it was by being a rat. This was bad enough, but then to talk the Golden Rule and religion, as they did whenever outsiders came around: love your enemies, turn the other cheek. Fine stuff, after they frame you and admit it!

The world needs a Samson to pull down their whole structure of lies...

That night I was nervous and tore off the buttons from my clothing in order to have something to do to sew them on again. I paced my eight and a half steps back and forth for hours and finally flung myself on the bunk. It must have been the middle of the night when I awoke. I had not had a note from anyone for a month. Were my friends forgetting me? I felt weak, lonesome, alone in the world. I had boasted to the warden how I would bravely do my time; now I wondered. Perhaps by this time Selma might be married to someone else with a real future ahead of him instead of being lost in a jail. The last letter I had received from her was rather formal. Would she understand why I did not write; and could I be sure that some of the letters I had sent her had been received? How could one end it all? The sharp spoon with which I had carved poems and my calendar on the wall could cut my wrist and I could bleed to death before a guard arrived. But that would be such a messy death...



The next day the deputy came to my cell and said that I was looking very pale; that number 7440, a man just two numbers from me who had come in the same day with me, had just died of the flu, and that thirty others had been buried that week. If I did not get out and breathe the fresh air it was likely that I would die sooner than the others, he said. Why should I not tell what I knew and get out? In reply I asked the deputy to talk about the weather, as I was not interested in achieving the reputation of a rat. He asked me if it was a prisoner or a guard who had sent out my letters. I walked up to him closely and in a confidential tone said, "It was a prisoner or a guard."

I did not know the nature of the flu but thought this might be a good way to die if I could only get it. Fate seemed to seal me up in a place where I could not get any germs, however. (In those days I believed in germs and doctors and out in the prison I might have absorbed their fears and succumbed. I was saved until I could emancipate my mind from medical as well as all other kinds of slavery.) Late that afternoon I was called across the hall to take a bath. The guard accidentally left my wooden door open when he was called to answer a telephone. I could not see anywhere except across the hall to the solid door of another cell, but I could hear Popoff in the next cell groaning and calling for water. He was still hanging from his hands for the eight hours a day as he had been for months. As the guard came down the hall he opened Popoff's door, dipped his tin cup in the toilet, and threw the dirty water in Popoff's face. Then he came and slammed my door shut and locked it. How soon would I be strung to the bars? How long could a fellow stand such treatment?

As soon as it was dark I sharpened my spoon again and tried it gently on my wrist. The skin seemed to be quite tough, but then I could press harder. If I cut my wrist at midnight I could be dead by morning. I thought I ought to write a note to Selma and to my mother and I couldn't see to do it until morning. Well, I had waited that long; I could wait a day longer. That night my dreams were a mixture of Victor Hugo's stories of men hiding in the sewers of Paris; IWW songs; blood flowing from the pigs that had been butchered on the farm when I was a boy; and the groans of Popoff.

Sunlight diffused brightly in my cell the next morning for the first time in weeks. I crouched again by the door and saw Berkman's bald head. Tears came into my eyes and I felt ashamed of myself for my cowardly idea of suicide just because I had a few reverses. Here was Berkman who had passed through much more than I would ever have to endure if I stayed two more years in solitary. How was the world to know more about the continued torture of Popoff and others if I gave up? The last two verses of the IWW prison song now had a real meaning to me as I sang them again. I was through with despair. I wanted to live to make the world better. Just because most prisoners, and for all that, most people on the outside, did not understand and know what solitary meant was all the more reason why I should be strong. I sang cheerfully:

By all the graves of Labor's dead,
By Labor's deathless flag of red,
We make a solemn vow to you,
We'll keep the faith, we will be true
For freedom laughs at prison bars,
Her voice re-echoes from the stars,
Proclaiming with the tempest's breath
A cause beyond the reach of death.

Two months later the whistles blew and shouts resounded through the prison. The war was over.

It was not until then that I was informed in a note from Berkman that November 11 was also an anarchist anniversary: the date of the hanging of the Chicago anarchists of the Haymarket in 1887. I had ceased by this time my nervous running back and forth like a squirrel in my cell and was now taking steady walks in my cell each day, and also hours of physical exercise. I was going to build myself up, not get sick and die. I would show my persecutors that I would be a credit to my ideals.

I had done some work in the Catholic chapel prior to my stay in solitary, and the priest had appreciated my good work. He knew I was an Irishman who was not a Catholic, but he never tried to convert me. Now, as I studied the Bible, I was not thinking of any church but only of what might be worthwhile in it. I had now read it through four times and had read some sections scores of times. I had memorized certain chapters that I liked. As I read of Isaiah, Ezekial, Micah and other prophets and Jesus, I could see that they had opposed tyranny. I spent many days reviewing all of the historical knowledge that I could remember and in trying to think through a philosophy of life. I had passed through the idea of killing myself, and the remainder of my two years in solitary must result in a clear-cut plan whereby I could go forth and be a force in the world. I could not take any halfway measures.

If assassination, violence and revolution was the better way, then military tactics must be studied and a group of fearless rebels organized. I remembered again what Slim, the sort of Robin Hood wobbly who was in on some larceny charge, had told me once: that one could not be a good rebel unless he became angry and véngeful. Then I heard Popoff curse the guards and I heard them beat him. I remembered the Negro who had sworn at the guard in the tailor shop and was killed. I had read of riots in prison over food and I remembered the peaceful victory which we had in our strike against the spoiled fish. I also remembered what Berkman had said about being firm, but quiet. I read of the wars and hatred in the Old Testament; I also read of the courage of those who would not worship the golden image; of those who chose to obey God rather than the properly constituted authorities; and of the victory of these men by courage and peaceful methods.

I had called loudly for the sword and mentally listed those whom I desired to kill when I was free. Was this really the universal method which should be used? I had been frightened, as a child, by hell-fire into proclaiming a change of life. Now I spent months making a decision; there was no sudden change. I had all the time in the world and no one could talk to me or influence me. I was deciding this idea for myself. Gradually I came to gain a glimpse of Jesus' message. In my heart now after six months I could love everybody in the world but the warden, but if I did not love him then the Sermon on the Mount meant nothing at all. One day I was walking back and forth in my cell and the thought came to me: "Here I am locked up in a cell. The warden was never locked up in any cell and he never had a chance to know what Jesus meant. So I must not blame him; I must love him." Now the whole thing was clear. The warden had said that he did not understand political prisoners. He and the deputy did not know any better; they had put on the face of sternness and tyranny because this was the only method they knew. It was my job to teach them another method: that of goodwill overcoming their evil intentions, or rather habits. In prison and out of it, hate piled on hate had brought hate and revenge. It was plain that this system did not work.

I fancied what my radical friends would say when I spoke of the teachings of Jesus. I knew I would have to hear their displeasure, just as I had borne the hysteria of the patriots and the silence of my friends when I was sent to prison. This did not mean that I was going to "squeal" and give in to the officials, but in my heart I would try to see the good in them and not hate them. I saw that if I held this philosophy for myself I could not engage in violence for a revolution— a good war, as some might call it —but would have to renounce violence even in my thought. Would I be ready to go the whole way? At that time I had not heard of Tolstoy and his application of Christ's teachings to society. Berkman had just mentioned his name along with other anarchists and he might have told me more if I had had a lengthy conversation with him; but I never saw him again. I could see the warden's honesty in admitting that he had framed me. I could even see that the deputy had only been used to violence in his years of supervising the chain gang. I did not know much about the outside world and it was up to me now day by day to solve this problem of repressed hatred, and when I was finally released to see in what manner I could apply my new ideals to conditions as I found them. The most difficult animosity for me to overcome was a dislike of hypocrites and church people who had so long withheld the real teachings of Jesus. I could see no connection between Jesus and the church.

I continued my study of the Bible. Popoff was still being manhandled. My teeth ached much of

the time in solitary, and I asked the deputy to let me see the dentist. The prison doctor gave me a pint of the dreadful-tasting salts always prescribed for whatever ailed a prisoner; but the dentist could give me nothing for my toothache, and could not bring his dental chair to solitary. The deputy remarked that I knew how I could get my teeth fixed: that was to tell what I knew; otherwise I could ache for all he cared. So loving my enemies was not altogether a theoretical matter.

It was now early in February of 1919 and I had been in solitary for seven and a half months. Mr. Duehay, Superintendent of Federal Prisons from Washington, and his secretary and warden Zerbst came to my cell. Duehay wanted to know why I was being held so long here. I told him I was telling the world of evil conditions in the prison and would not divulge the source of my outlet for contraband mail. He felt that I was an intelligent and educated man who was foolish to endanger my health in solitary by trying to better the conditions for a lot of bums in prison who would sell me for a dime. I told him I was learning to take it.

Then Duehay changed his tactics and began to swing his arms and berate me as a fool and a coward. I did not lose my temper or fight back, but only smiled and held my ground. Suddenly Duehay turned to the warden, saying "Let's make out parole papers for this stubborn fellow. Half of the time I can't trust my own men. Hennacy is honest and can't be bribed. I will give him a job in the Secret Service."

As the warden nodded and smiled at this, I shook my head. I said I wanted no such job. The secretary to Duehay was taking this all down in shorthand; finally they left.

The next morning a runner came down from the office to measure me for an outgoing suit. "The warden told us 'that damn Hennacy' wouldn't tell anything in seven and a half months; so he won't tell anything in seven and a half years. Get him the hell out of here; give him back his good time and let him go to his other jails. He is too much of a nuisance."

The next month went very quickly. It was now March 19, 1919, and I was to be released the next day. That night the deputy came in and said, "Going out tomorrow, Hennacy?"

"That's what they say; sure a fine feeling," I replied.

"We give; we take. You tell who is getting out your contraband mail or you'll stay here another five and a half months and lose your good time and then another year for refusing to register. You don't think we will allow anyone to get by with bucking us, do you?"

Tears came to my eyes as I chokingly replied: "I can do it. Go away and don't bother me anymore." After he left I wept, but I was at the stage where I did feel strong enough to take it.

The next morning after breakfast I wrote on the wall that I was beginning to do the "good time" I had lost. Suddenly the door opened and old Johnson smiled for once, saying, "Going out of this jail, Hennacy." I didn't believe him. Even while the barber was shaving me I thought it was some further trick. I was given my outgoing suit and an overcoat. It is customary for the warden to shake hands with those who leave and to admonish them to live a good life out in the world. A guard gave me $10 outgoing money and a bundle of letters that had come for me while I was in solitary, but the warden never appeared. I walked out of prison.

As soon as I emerged a plainclothes man met me saying I was under arrest for refusing to register in August 1918. I'd be taken to the County Tower to await trial. We took a streetcar there, at the end of South Pryor street, and walked a few blocks downtown before we got to the Tower. A second-hand clothing merchant recognized my prison clothes and asked if I wanted to sell my overcoat. I was not handcuffed but I guess my white face from the months of solitary was sign enough to anyone.

I was ushered into a cell where Joe Webb, a mountain boy, also slept. He had been found guilty of murder and was to be executed, though he later got a new trial and was sentenced to life on the chain gang instead.

I was now able to read and write as I pleased. Selma had received some of my contraband letters from my sister. She was cordial and not married to anyone else, so there was still hope. There was not the restriction on correspondents then that came later, so I had letters from many people over the country. I found out that my red-headed cousin Georgia had gone to the warden's office when I was in solitary and raised hell because she was not allowed to see me. I now read Tolstoy and felt he had written especially for me, for here was the answer already written out to all the questions that I had tried to figure out for myself in solitary. To change the world by bullets OR by ballots was a useless procedure. If the workers ever did get a majority of either, they would have the envy and greed in their hearts and would be chained by these just as much as they had been by the chains of the master class. And the State that they would like to call a cooperative commonwealth would be based on power; the State would not wither away, but would grow. The only revolution worthwhile was the one-man revolution within the heart. Each person could make this by himself and need not wait on a majority. I had already started this revolution in solitary by becoming a

Christian. Now I had completed it by becoming an Anarchist.

The deputy sheriff said that "the Federals" had asked him to watch my mail to see if I would divulge the name of the person who had sent my contraband letters out of prison, but he wasn't paid to stool-pigeon for them, and I could write what I liked for all he cared.

Eugene V. Debs had entered prison to start his twenty-year sentence. He could not be allowed to receive letters from another convict, so I wrote to his brother expressing my admiration for one who in his old age was still a rebel. Sam Castleton, who was to be Debs' lawyer in Atlanta, was also my lawyer. My case came up for trial after seven weeks. Castleton told me that if I was not too radical he might get me off with six months.

When I got to court a Holiness preacher was being tried first. He had refused to register, he said, because the Bible said not to kill, and putting your name down on the list of killers was the first thing the government wanted you to. The first thing for a Christian to do, he said, was to write his name in the Book of Life instead of the Book of Death, and refuse to register. He had announced this far and wide, but on the night before the draft God came to him in a dream and said that "the powers that be are ordained of God" and he should not disobey them. So he made up his mind to register the next day. But then he took sick and couldn't. It was obvious that he was squeaking, and that if God was talking to him He might as well have kept him well so he could go and register. His wife and children asked the judge for clemency and the judge gave him 24 hours in jail.

My case came next. I was asked if I had really refused to register for the first and second drafts and if I had not changed my mind like the minister and would be ready to register for the third draft if and when it came along. I replied that I had entered an atheist and not a pacifist, and now had become an anarchist.

"What's an anarchist?" asked the judge. I could see my lawyer wince and put his finger to his lips.

"An anarchist is someone who doesn't need a cop to make him behave. Anarchism is voluntary cooperation with the right of secession. The individual or the family or the small group as a unit instead of the State. Jefferson said 'that government is best which governs least, as with the Indians.'" I continued for about ten minutes to explain my new ideas. The District Attorney, Hooper Alexander, an old-fashioned looking southerner, came up to the judge and whispered and the judge said "Case dismissed."

I looked around to see whose case it was and it was mine. My lawyer seemed bewildered and so was I. Mr. Alexander beckoned for me to come to his office and asked me how the hell I got that way. I explained some of my history to him. He had read letters that came to me and said he understood. The reason he had dismissed my case was the contrast between the preacher before me, who was bellyaching out of it, and I who was willing to take more punishment. He liked a good fighter, he said. He was not a pacifist nor in sympathy with anarchism, but he realized something was wrong with the world and those who supported the status quo surely did not have the answer.

He wanted to know if I had enough money to pay my way to the Delaware, Ohio jail to do my nine months for refusing to register the first time. I told him I had because the Socialists of Columbus had sent me $2 a month to buy candy and I could not use it while in solitary.

I was nervous and in no position to hold down a job. Two scholarships to a Socialist school in New York City were open and they were given to Selma and me. While Selma was not a Christian or an anarchist, she was radical and understood enough about my feelings to be in accord with my opposition to the church and the State when it came to marriage. Accordingly, on December 24, 1919 we kissed each other and made the mutual pledge that we would live together as long as we loved each other. We lived together in Hell's Kitchen and other places. Later I worked with my friend Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union as secretary of the League for Mutual Aid. Selma worked in the office of the WORLD TOMORROW, a pacifist magazine.

Every two weeks we met with other pacifists under the name of World War Objectors. We published a large leaflet with a picture of the Perfect Soldier, Bob Minor's huge man with a bayonet but no head, and issued it under the heading 'Stop the Next War Now.' We went to Margaret Sanger's office and helped distribute her illegal birth control pamphlet and other literature. I remember talking to bewhiskered Edwin Markham, author of the epic, The Man with the Hoe.

Finally in the spring of 1921 Selma and I read Thoreau and Walt Whitman and decided on hiking over the country. By then I was working as a soda jerk at Penn Station. We quit our jobs and with $100 set forth. What happened during the next four years I have written in a manuscript entitled High Roads and Hot Roads. Suffice it to say that we never thumbed a ride but waited for people to ask us, and we hiked over Staten Island, Norfolk, Boston, Providence; climbed Mt. Washington, visited in Milwaukee and Chicago, then went down toward Georgia and Tennessee.

Very early one morning as we were hiking on a dirt road in Arkansas we chatted for a minute with a farmer going to market with a wagon load of tomatoes. We bought some, Selma liking to eat them like apples, with salt. Haldeman-Julius had given us a score of his Little Blue Books, so, as we finished them we gave them away. Giving one to the tomato merchant-farmer, he looked at us closely and said: "Be you all Socialists?"

"Something like that."

"Let me shake your paw," said the farmer, wiping tears from his eyes. "I haven't seen a Socialist for years. Not since I used to give medicine snake shows over Texas and then end up with a Socialist speech. You must stop at my house and visit tonight."

We did so and met another native, six feet six inches tall with a voice that boomed for a quarter of a mile in regular conversation. He had been a member of the IWW, and along with others had refused to register for the draft. When taken into court and asked by the judge why he didn't go to war he said: "Why don't you go yourself, you old s.o.b.?" He was threatened with Contempt of Court and told them that that was just what he had for the court. He ended up getting 20 years in Leavenworth and proceeded to act the same way there. Eventually he was called to the "head-doctor," as he called the psychiatrist, and asked why he didn't learn to behave in jail. His reply was that it would "spoil me for the outside." He wound up getting catalogued as a "natural-born anarchist" and discharged.

We had read of the School of Organic Education at the Single Tax settlement of Fairhope, Alabama; and passing through there we were persuaded to stay because the history teacher in the high school had suddenly got married and left and they wanted me to teach history. I demurred that I was not a college graduate, was a jailbird and an anarchist, and that my wife and I were married common law. But they needed a teacher badly, so I stayed. We lived a mile north of town in a cement block house where huge pine cones and knots of pine made a cheery warmth in the fireplace.

In the Junior class I told the students the story of the three blind men and the elephant: how one felt the tail and said it was a rope; another the trunk and said it was a tree; another touched the body and said it was a house. I said it was the same way with history: the history books of one country said that country was right and the others wrong. The history books of a dominant religion or exploiting class said they were right and their opponents were wrong. What was history 10,000 years ago was fable, and even at 1,000 years we did a lot of guessing about it. And less than 300 years ago we had fables such as George Washington and the cherry tree. What then was the truth? On the Civil War I had learned only the side of the North and the folks here knew only the side of the South. Everyone was biased. So was I, but I admitted it, while the others generally said they were teaching "the truth". As we did not know for sure about yesterday, let us try and find out about today, for this would be the history of tomorrow soon. I said we would have discussions with absolute freedom of speech.

A Disciple Church minister who was head of the Boy Scouts and the Ku Klux Klan in Fairhope one Sunday said openly from the pulpit that I should be tarred and feathered and drowned in Mobile Bay, for there was no room in that town for a person who was a traitor, a jailbird, a man who did not attend church, and wasn't legally married. They burned a cross by our house. Some folks wanted me to have a guard when I went the lonely mile home at night, but I felt my Celestial Bulldozer made way for me. Next week I went to see that minister and invited him to come to my Friday class and give a talk on the KKK. He promised to come. But he didn't; and three weeks later he was "called" to preach in another town. If I had started to run from such cowards I would be running yet.

In late May we went westward again across Texas and then on to Colorado. We traveled to Utah and Washington, then down into California, where in Berkeley I hurried into a job of selling Fuller brushes while taking a course in soils and beekeeping at the University.

Since 1922 I had been a nominal member of the Workers Party (communist) because of my admiration for Ruthenberg, who understood that I was an anarchist but that I wanted to be doing something and all the anarchists I knew of were a sleepy crowd. Accordingly I taught classes in American History each Sunday morning to the Finnish comrades in Berkeley, down by the waterfront. Each Thursday night I had a class of young Communists in Oakland and each Friday in San Francisco. By the time winter was over I understood that they didn't want to learn about American history; all they wanted was to hear the word 'revolution' over and over again. I could see no point in continuing my membership.

We left Berkeley and zig-zagged here and there to cover some portion of every state. Although we were in many perilous escapades we were never injured in the 22,000 miles we covered (about 2,200 of this on foot).

On my birthday in 1925 (July 24) we arrived in Milwaukee with $105, and bought ten acres of woods with $100 down, built one room in a cozy section of the woods and rested after our long hike. Here in 1927 I helped the doctor when our daughter Carmen was born, and likewise in 1929 (on the very day of the stock-market crash) when Sharon was born. We were pretty happy with our life—our cow and calf, sheep and lamb, dogs, and our place in the woods. With the help of Selma's brother we built four more rooms. I had dug a cellar and carried beautiful rocks of all colors and had a huge fireplace built. Here by the blazing wood, on the Navajo rug near Fritz our dog, with mother and child, and with the wind whistling outside and our other animals securely nestled in the small barn, we had a feeling hardly to be improved on.

In 1931 I led a strike in a dairy in Waukesha. We won the strike, but I was discharged and after that I could find no work and could not keep up the payments to the bank. The farmer from whom we had bought the land for $1500 bought the place from the bank for $2000 and paid off the $700 we still owed. We had $1300 for our six years of work and we were allowed to live there in the summer for a few years so the girls had the benefit of country life when they were young.

FRIENDS had persuaded me to take an examination for social worker in Milwaukee. I told the authorities about my radicalism and that I would refuse to support any war in the future. A headline in the Milwaukee Journal of Dec. 18, 1930 was a surprise to me:

> **Felony Term Ruled No Bar to Civil Rights**
>
> ...The Attorney General sustained the opinion of Mr. O'Boyle that Hennacy did not lose his civil rights because of his convictions. It was pointed out that courts held that the only felonies that can be considered in raising the question of civil rights are those that existed at the time the nation's constitution was adopted, and that new enactments, such as the draft act or the dry law, cannot be considered felonies in that sense. He failed to register and also was convicted of conspiring with others to violate the draft act.

One time in my office, my boss, who was a leader of the American Legion, asked me to testify in court about an abusive man who had assaulted me. I refused, saying that he had been imprisoned twice for such tactics and had only learned to do the same thing again. I felt that my way therefore should be used, and I explained my ideas and experiences.

"You ought to get acquainted with those radical Catholics in New York," he said. He also was a Catholic. I got a copy of the current issue of the Catholic Worker and at once subscribed.

I was given the job of trouble-shooter among the social workers for several years and found that evil was always overcome by goodwill, though this did not mean being wishy-washy. Of course an anarchist had no business working for a government, even a county government. I admitted this to all and sundry and I suppose compensated in my mind for this dereliction by speaking in hundreds of Protestant churches on Christian anarchism. I spent Saturdays selling the Catholic Worker and the Conscientious Objector in front of the library, putting even the Jehovah's Witnesses to shame by my fidelity to my post.

During these years in Milwaukee I never contributed to the Community Fund because many of the contributions came by force from employees in dime stores and other establishments where the pay was low and where there was no union. After a time I was able to get our union to delegate another fellow and myself to protest to the Community Fund on this matter, and that year the headline was 'Fund Motto Is: No Compulsion'.

By 1938 anyone who had studied history could tell that a war was coming on soon. My wife suggested that she take the girls to New York City while I still had a good job and before I got into jail. I did not know at the time that she intended to stay there and leave me to my radicalism. We had seen the City and the girls were now old enough to appreciate some of the advantages which they might have there, so in July of 1938 we drove there and I came back to Milwaukee alone. I sent them four-fifths of what I made.

Emma Goldman spoke in Milwaukee in the late thirties. I had not met her for years. Later when I wrote to her in Toronto she replied: "I appreciate the good wishes of the young Catholics and I ask you to kindly give them my thanks and my greetings."

In 1937 Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker spoke at the Social Action Congress in Milwaukee. I met her after the meeting and was of course pleased with her words of praise for IWWs to the great crowd of Catholics who would not otherwise know much about radicalism. Another time, her co-founder Peter Maurin spoke. After a while I said, "Peter, you talk like an anarchist."

"Sure, I am an anarchist; all thinking people are anarchists, but I prefer the name 'personalist'."

The radical who is sympathetic to anarchism but who must vote for a "good man" in order to keep the bad men from running the country received an object lesson when Bob LaFollette voted for World War II. He was a "good" man and he knew better but the soft living in Washington must have deprived him of his moral strength. Around this time one of the chief men on a local capitalist paper whom I knew met me and asked if I was going to refuse to register for the draft when my time came. I replied that of course I wouldn't register.

My one staunch comrade from 1937 to 1942 in Milwaukee was Bill Ryan. He had been a Communist organizer and had gone to Spain and fought with the Loyalists. After seventeen months he discovered that there was not enough difference between the Communists and the Fascists to fight about. He expressed these feelings, and was on the way to be executed by the Commies when he escaped. Coming home he was one of the few to tell the truth about how the Communists had sabotaged the Loyalist cause and engineered its defeat through their bureaucratic tactics. Bill was now an anarchist and also an atheist, although he felt that the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount were a true moral guide. Bill, of course, refused to register for the draft when his time came, and around the time he was in jail four local Communists who had fought in Spain wrote a letter to the Milwaukee JOURNAL in which they said that Bill had never been a Communist, nor had he ever been in Spain. The Party Line had changed and now they were patriotic.

Meanwhile, my turn had come. I was supposed to register on April 27th and prepared a statement of my reasons for refusing. I would also resign my job with the county. Of us old timers who had been in jail in World War One and who would again endanger our families and jobs and property, there were many. We all felt that we would get five years and were prepared to take it. My statement as printed in the May, 1942 CW, as addressed to the U.S. District Attorney, said: "...I wish to frankly admit my inconsistency in having worked for a branch of the government— social welfare — while being an Anarchist. However, I did so openly. Now I refuse to register and will cheerfully accept the sentence of the court, desiring no probation or parole, but willing to sacrifice for what I think is right. ...In refusing to register, I want to make it clear that the great majority of the people who have supported the economic evils that make for war are acting logically in an all-out effort for war. As an anarchist, I have taken no part in politics and am not bound to accept the will of a majority whose political battle I did not enter. I honor those who are sincere, sacrificing, war-like patriots; but I am a peace patriot. I accept whatever punishment is due to this generation because of the mistakes of our forefathers. We lied to and cheated the Indians, and broke nearly every treaty we made with them. We formed our great Southwest by stealing it from Mexico; we fought an unnecessary Civil War to free the Negro and we have refused to give him his real freedom. We grabbed ... we stole ... we invaded to protect foreign loans and investments. We sold war materials to Japan until recently and helped build up her imperialism in the Far East; we excluded an energetic and noble people from our shores... We do not come before the bar of history with clean hands.

"More recently the President has duped the country inch by inch until we are in this war. His slogans tell the story of trickery: 'The draft is just a census— your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars;' 'All aid short of war;'

'Lend and lease;' 'Patrols, not convoys.'

"I predict that we will not conquer Fascism, although we may defeat Hitler. We will have a fascist dictatorship upon us under the name of Democracy. I predict that Germany and Russia will make a separate peace and that England, as always, will fight only for herself and we will be left to fight the world.

"By my action in refusing to register for the draft, I speak and act only for myself...

"But I speak for a just peace and for that better world whose spark has been kept alive by those who are not afraid to face the misunderstanding and scorn of the multitude..."

(Ammon Hennacy, Dec. 19, 1941.)

WHILE in New York City my wife had joined one of the esoteric cults that had sprung up in the unhealthy atmosphere of Los Angeles. Their belief in vegetarianism and reincarnation coincided with my own, but their super-patriotism and condemnation of radicalism and unions seemed a big jump from that Socialism which Selma had believed in all her life. I went to scores of meetings of this cult trying to see if I could believe in it. I heard the leaders and felt that it was a racket. They spoke words of love and brotherhood but called down fire from heaven to destroy those whom they did not like.

Selma and the girls then moved to Los Angeles. I visited them there in 1940 and '41, but the cult did not allow the aura of the husband in the house if he did not belong. When Selma heard that I was refusing to register, she wrote me that when I went to prison my name would be as if I was dead, as far as she and the girls were concerned. I kept writing to them cordially, and sent them nearly all the money I made. But the policy of the cult was not to allow correspondence between 100% followers and unbelievers. I had faith in my daughters and knew when they were old enough to understand they would do what was right.

By 1938 anyone who had studied history could tell that a war was coming on...

I took my non-registrant statement to the District Attorney. He had heard Emma Goldman during his college days and thought the present war was about 50-50 as to guilt. After a few weeks I was called down and put behind the bars. An officer then conducted me to the draft board in my district. Here the man in charge stood poised: "What is your name?"

I replied, "You know my name."

Again: "Where do you live?"

Answer: "You know where I live." (These were the very registration questions.)

Question: "Where do you work?"

Answer: "You know where I work."

"Here is your draft card," he said.

"It is not mine; it is yours. I didn't tell you anything," I replied quickly, handing him back the card.

The D.A. did not tell me definitely what was to be done in my case, but told me to wait and see. It seemed that instructions had been sent from Washington not to imprison those over 45. I was now 48. Later my sister-in-law, with whom I was staying, signed for a special delivery letter. It contained my draft card. So I returned it personally to the D.A., putting it in his wastebasket. It was sent to me again! I now tore it up and mailed the bits to Washington, telling the authorities I would never carry it. I heard nothing more from them. With all the lies printed by authorities as to the action of radicals, I had written to the CW saying that if anyone heard I had registered, not to believe it, because all that any ONE of us could do was to refuse to give in no matter if we were the only ones left.

My wife and the girls left Los Angeles and followed the cult to Santa Fe, New Mexico. But housing was hard to find there, so she then moved to Denver. Now that I was not tied down to a job, I visited them there, and on my birthday we all went to the top of the mountain near Golden and visited Buffalo Bill's grave. Here and there along ravines were shanties where squatters still eked out a living panning gold.

Soon I was selling CWs and COs in front of the public library downtown. A cop came up and asked what I was selling. I handed him copies. He said I could not sell without a permit. On the way to the police station he asked for my draft card; I told him it was a disgrace to carry one; that I had a trial in Milwaukee about it and did not need to carry one. The night captain asked me many questions and said he would keep me in jail all summer until I got a draft card. I was refused permission to phone my employer or get a lawyer or communicate with anyone. During the next four days I was exhibited before the screen in the line-up, again and again. Maybe they thought I looked like someone they were after, for I was asked the same questions again and again. They must have had some doubts; otherwise they would have beaten me until I confessed to whatever they wanted, or was unable to say anything. This happened to another man in the same cell with me.

After the third day an FBI man came and said I could be released. I asked the night captain if I could sell papers on the street. He told me to see the Chief of Police. I went up there and left copies with his clerk and heard him say in another office that it was all right for me to sell them.

The next Saturday afternoon I again sold papers in front of the library. Another cop came up and wanted to know what I was doing. I told him that I had permission to sell papers from the chief. He said: "To hell with the Chief. I am a Legionnaire and no one is selling papers like that when I am around." Whereupon he jerked me into the squad car and took me down to the same police station. The same dumb night captain began to ask the same questions again. I told him to look in his record and save time. He sent me in to the chief of the Military police. This officer was quite gruff, but after questioning me he said it was not in his sphere and took me back to the night captain. I was ushered into a room full of police, each of them fatter and dumber looking than the other. They swore at me and menaced me with their fists, but I just laughed at them.

At last the night captain told me that if I went out again to sell papers I would be beaten up. "Is that the law talking?" I asked. "That's the law talking," he replied. After a while I talked to the Chief of Police who, upon looking at The Conscientious Objector, said: "You can't sell that in my town."

"You talk like Hitler."

"What!"

"You talk like Hitler," I repeated.

He grunted and picked up the Catholic Worker, saying, "What is this? You had better see Father Mac at the Cathedral; if he says it is all right it is all right; if he says it isn't, then it isn't." So I called Father Mac, who had presided at an America First meeting before the war. He said, "Why should I stick my neck out?"

I corresponded with Roger Baldwin of the ACLU who said they would carry the case to the Supreme Court whenever their lawyer in Denver wanted to take the case. I talked to the lawyer, whom I had known for years, as it turned out, but he did not have time then to attend to the matter, but would do so later.

My wife did not want to be in the same city where I was being arrested, although the papers were saying nothing about it. I shed an aura which was too radical. Accordingly she moved back to Santa Fe. I helped them pack.

CHRISTMAS of 1942 I went to Santa Fe to see them, and although I was not welcome I did get to see the girls for a couple of hours. I could not get a job there so went to Albuquerque, where I obtained work on a dairy farm at $70 a month and keep, 12 hours a day work.

I wanted to get my ideas clear on Christian Anarchism so wrote a book of 150,000 words on the subject, much of which was quotations from all the different brands of anarchists whom I had read. I sent it to several publishers but did not really care if it was printed or not. It is bound and on file with my other writings in the Labadie Collection at the University Library at Ann Arbor, Michigan. A group in New York City had asked me to write something from Tolstoy against war, so I read all twenty-two volumes of the Scribner edition and took hundreds of pages of notes. The first manuscript was published in a small, green-covered booklet and distributed free. The others were much longer booklets and have not been published.

During this time I was aware that a withholding tax would be taken from my pay if I worked on any other place than a farm, and that at the end of the year I would have to pay taxes or refuse to pay them. My study of Tolstoy and the emphasis of Dorothy Day in the CW that payment of taxes was un-christian inasmuch as most of the taxes went for war, helped me to make up my mind to openly refuse to pay taxes.

When I refused to pay taxes for 1943 on March 14, 1944, my employer fired me, saying: "You will be arrested tomorrow and I will be disgraced for having harbored you in my employ."

I got a job at a dairy and orchard south of town after working a few weeks for a bee man bottling honey. The tax office did nothing about my report.

In June of 1945 the CW printed an article of mine on 'The Simple Life', in which I explained the principle of voluntary poverty and non-payment of taxes as I had learned them from Tolstoy and the CW. When I was working a man asked me: "Why does a fellow like you, with an education, who has been all over the country, end up in this out-of-the-way place working for very little on a farm?" I explained that all people who had good jobs had a withholding tax for war taken from their pay. I said that I refused to pay taxes. He was a returned soldier and said he did not like war either, but what could a fellow do about it?

I replied that we each did what we really wanted to. I lived in an old adobe house, did manual work, and sent all of my pay but 10 dollars each month to my wife and girls. My own expenses were for whole wheat flour, vegetable shortening, cornmeal, margarine, rice, raisins, syrup, yeast, salt, sugar, postage stamps, and a bundle of CO's and CWs. I also had a few pinto beans (seconds) from the previous year, a few jars of apple butter which I put up. I got a quart of milk free from the farm daily, and asparagus, wild lettuce, and later fruit and vegetables. A cup of flour, a teaspoon of salt, and the same of baking powder and shortening, with enough milk or water added so the dough will not be sticky, will make three tortillas. Roll the dough out rather thin and place on top of the wood stove. Do not have the fire too hot...

At work I was allowed the eggs I would gather from a certain nest, and planned for an omelette one noon. As we came in from work we noticed a beautiful bull snake about six feet long stretched out across the road with three lumps rising in his middle. "There is your omelette," said my boss. In my reading of the Hopi I had learned that a snake is not by nature mean if handled carefully. I picked the snake up gently, wet my fingers, stroked him so as not to irritate his scales, and placed him over in the field where he could digest my three eggs in his own good time.

Another time when I entered my adobe house I noticed my coat which was hanging on a chair, moving. There was no wind, and looking closely I saw a large bull snake wound around the inside of my coat collar and in my inside pocket. I stroked him and took him outside. But ever afterward I looked in my sleeping bag when I went to bed.

On trips with my employer I went up the beautiful Jemez River and saw the Jemez Indians. I had corresponded for years with Hopi conscientious objectors and decided to find work in Arizona to be nearer them.

I met Chester Mote, one of my Hopi friends, in Winslow on the third of July, 1947. I looked for work on farms but could not get any, and had just enough money left to get to a suburb of Phoenix, Glendale, with a penny left in my pocket. Chester had 400 sheep and the government ordered him to reduce the flock to 40. He would not do so and was put in jail in Keams Canyon for three months. They killed all of his sheep and gave him a check in payment but he refused to accept it. Later when the Hopi were drafted for the war, it came after they'd been told that if they registered they would be deferred as COs. The Hopi hadn't believed the white men but decided to try them out. Chester did register, but all who were radicals decided to refuse to register. They all got the same time in prison.

After a while I got a job working in a field for a big produce company. I needed some place to stay, but shacks were only for Mexicans. I walked down the road and met a man who said he had a shack I could live in, free of charge. I was soon sleeping on an old spring mattress. I got an old stove and fixed the place up. I worked for sixty cents an hour, weeding in the fields; and one Saturday a man across the road asked me to cut wood at seventy-five cents an hour. Later I picked cotton, renting the sacks we put the cotton into from the boss for a quarter. One day I proceeded home with $3.93 for my time working in the fields.

In 1948 the tax office called me in. I was told I should pay something down on my bill. I replied that I did not intend to pay anything, as per my notice to them. The tax man was a Catholic veteran who thought I was a Communist. He said that I would have to go to jail if I did not pay. I told him that I had been there before and was willing to go again.

"Do you think you are right and everyone else is wrong?" he asked.

"Just about!" was my quick reply.

"How could that be?" he queried.

"I already have figured it out; it is up to you to figure it out," I answered.

"What kind of a country would we have if everyone thought like you?" he asked.

"We would have a fine country; no government, no war, no tax man, no police; everyone living according to the Sermon on the Mount!" was my answer.

He became angry. "If you don't like this country why don't you go back to Russia?"

"I like this country; it is my country. I want to stay here and fight you fellows who are trying to spoil it," I said.

The tax man said he would garnishee $10 of my wages each week to pay for my taxes due. I told him that I had quit my job. He wanted to know when, and I told him: "Just now," in order that he couldn't garnishee my wages. He wanted to know where I would work tomorrow and I told him I didn't know yet.

The Old Pioneer, Lin Orme, one of my employers, said to me one day as I was on my knees in the hot Arizona sun sawing a tree which had fallen in his driveway: "Hennacy, fellows like you remind me of Arnold Winkelreid 600 years ago when,

'In arms the Austrian phalanx stood;
a living wall, a human wood...
He ran with arms extended wide,
as if a dearest friend to embrace,'

...and by his brave death made an opening for his followers to rout the tyrants who sought to enslave the Swiss. The only difference today is that your sacrifice is almost useless for you have no followers, while Winkelreid had enough to break the Austrian line."

Orme knew that I had quit a good job for this 'Life at Hard Labor' that I had sentenced myself to when I chose to work at day jobs. I replied that my work was not that of an organizer but of a sower, sowing the seeds. If people preferred death and payment of taxes for their own destruction that was their lookout.

Mr. Orme had been a member of the Rotary Club in Phoenix when the IWW s were driven out of Bisbee back in 1916. He resigned from the club in protest over their approval of this outrage, saying, "If they can drive IWWs out of Bisbee they can drive Ormes out of Phoenix." I had worked for him off and on and now he invited me to live in a three-room cottage to the left of his house. It was back from the road and quiet. Only an oil lamp, but there was running water. I got the rent free in order that I would give him first chance on my employment, such as mowing his lawn, chopping wood, cutting weeds, etc.

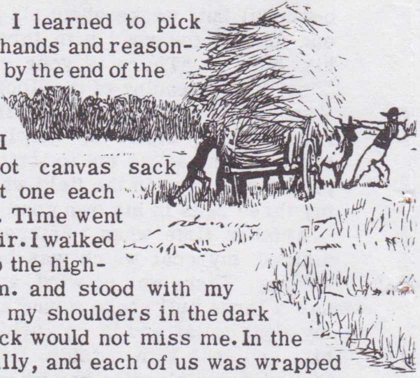
Early one spring morning, having no work in the date grove or for the Old Pioneer, I walked toward the carrot field of the big company I had worked for before the tax man caused me to quit. This carrot work was piece-work and workers were paid as the crates of carrots were filled, so I would have no trouble with Caesar today. Soon my Basque friend picked me up in his truck; but even then I was late, for scores of Mexican families were singing, laughing and working. Around the holidays and later when I worked for this same company cutting lettuce and broccoli at Deer Valley in the sandy ground on the edge of the desert, I had passed the Navajo village and noticed the brightly colored velvet of the Indians as they tied carrots. A friend who had been in the nearby store at noon noticed that the grocer charged a Navajo more for the same article. I had noticed this practice among grocers in the deep south 25 years before when Negroes purchased anything.

By noon I had five crates full, which netted me $1.04, after paying for my wire, which was used to tie 4 to 8 carrots in a bunch. Then, because the heat was so bad, we had three hours off for lunch and came back and worked until dark. The Mexican parents bought soda pop and ice cream for their children and the children played a lot but did work, and when they worked they worked fast and got much done. Several families of Anglos were working in the field and there was a continual harangue on the part of the parents to get the children to work. They made more commotion than the whole field of Mexicans and were the only ones who cursed their children.

In three and a half days I made $8.48 and did not go back to get my last 96 cents, as I had work the next day at the date grove and on my way home saw that the carrot crew had disbanded. Every Monday morning I walked four miles to hoe for a farmer. I noticed the same men in the same cars passing me on their way to town, but they never offered to give me a lift. I never met anyone else walking.

In September in the midst of date picking I was called to interview my third revenue officer at the Post Office. This man, unlike the other two who had been courteous, was a go-getter. He wanted to know if I really meant that I would not pay my income tax; that this was a very serious matter. I agreed with him that was a serious matter to help pay for the war and the bomb. He said that I did not do my share in helping the government; that I got all the gravy.

I told him that as a Christian Anarchist I had no share in the government, for I did not vote, accept subsidies, pensions, social security or ration benefits from the government, nor call upon the police. He asked for the names of my employers, saying that as long as I lived in his district he would get the tax money. I suggested that he follow me around in my daily hunt for a job and see just how much 'gravy' I was getting. He jumped up and said it made him angry to talk to a fellow like me. The next day I mailed this tax man a letter explaining in detail my ideas; over two months later I had not heard from him; but the red tape of bureaucracy moves slowly.

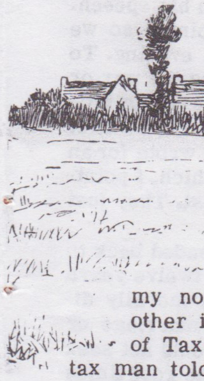


In a few days I learned to pick cotton with both hands and reasonably fast so that by the end of the week I was picking 200 pounds and making $6. I bought a 12-foot canvas sack rather than rent one each day for 25 cents. Time went fast in the open air. I walked the two miles to the highway by 6:00 a.m. and stood with my cotton sack over my shoulders in the dark so the cotton truck would not miss me. In the truck it was chilly, and each of us was wrapped like a mummy in his sack and wobbled like a pin in a bowling alley when the truck swerved around corners or hit bumps. In the center of the truck was a dish pan with sticks of wood burning and smoking. If we ever were upset we would all burn before we could get untangled. By 10:00 a.m. I would have taken off my coat and shirt and tied them around my waist in the fashion of the fields...

...I have tramped in all of these United States. As I write I look on the fields, the huge cottonwoods, and the jutted stretch of seemingly cardboard mountains at whose feet live the Pima and Maricopa Indians. In and out of prison I have refused to honor the jingoistic Star-Spangled Banner. Truly America the Beautiful means much to me. I refuse to desert this country to those who would bring it to atomic ruin. It is my country as much as it is theirs. Despite Bilbo I think of Jefferson. Despite Edgar Guest, Bruce Barton and Dale Carnegie, I think of Walt Whitman, Vachel Lindsay and Edwin Markham. Despite the two warmongering Roosevelts and Wilson, I think of Altgeld and Debs. Despite the Klan and Legion vigilantes I think of the old-time Wobblies, of Sacco and Vanzetti, and of Berkman and Emma Goldman. Despite the warmongering churches I think of the old-time Quakers who paid no taxes for war and who hid escaped slaves. Despite the Lowells and Cabots, I think of William Lloyd Garrison and Henry David Thoreau.

"You can't cheat an honest man," the late W. C. Fields said; and one of my employers who had himself played many tricks — and lost his fortune in a bank failure — told me that the dishonest man was indeed the easiest to cheat, only you had to be one step ahead of him. An honest man was not looking for easy money.

I have had one honest employer. He is not an active church member. This is the Old Pioneer; he told me of the custom in the old days in Arizona, when in order to secure a homestead the rancher had to produce five witnesses who would swear that he had occupied his claim continuously for the required time. Most homesteaders were away working on the railroad and had no immediate neighbors who ever saw them, so a group of men who were loafers and hangers-on around the court would swear for all and sundry who approached — for a monetary consideration. These got to be known as 'Affidavit Men.' In later years to call someone an Affidavit Man was a terrible insult. One of the wealthiest men of the Phoenix valley made his fortune by staking any roustabout to a claim and then gathering in the claim for a few more bottles of liquor when it had been legally acquired by this fraudulent homesteader.



MARCH, 1949: I have sent in my tax report. I filled out the report accurately, not wishing to have my non-payment of taxes confused by any other issue. In the space listed as "Amount of Tax Due:" I wrote "Not interested." The tax man told me six weeks ago he would have me arrested for continual non-payment of taxes, but would wait until the last minute as he disliked to cause trouble. Now with Truman calling for universal conscription and the U.S. winking at Dutch imperialism in Indonesia there is less reason than ever for paying an income tax. On March 14th I carried signs saying that 75% of the income tax goes for war and that I have refused to pay taxes for seven years. Right away a squad car came up and I was taken to the police station to see Captain Curry.

"Do you know there is an ordinance saying you can't picket?" he asked.

"Do you know there is a Supreme Court that says that it is okay to picket?" I replied.

"You're a smart guy, eh?"

"Sure. It takes a smart guy to deal with the cops," I answered.

"Smart fellows like you we take upstairs and give you 30 days for not registering as an ex-convict," he said.

"Okay, take me up. You got me," was my reply.

Not being used to this moral jiu jitsu he said he would have to go upstairs and see the mayor for further instructions. He came back and in a confidential tone said: "I fixed it up for you. Just go home and don't picket anymore and we won't give you 30 days."

"I don't feel like resting. I feel like picketing. Go ahead and give me 30 days upstairs or arrest me for picketing, whichever you like," was my reply.

"I have to confer with the authorities some more," he said as he left me. Coming back he said rather glumly: "All right, smart guy. You know the law; go ahead and picket. But remember that if you get in trouble we will pinch you for disturbing the peace."

"I'm not disturbing the peace; I'm disturbing the war," was my rejoinder.

"You will be on your own," the Captain said.

"I've been on my own all my life; I don't need cops to protect me," I answered.

"If you get knocked down we pinch you for getting knocked down!"

After an hour of picketing, the same cop who arrested me earlier came along and said, "You here again!"

"Captain Curry said I could picket," I said.

He advanced on me roughly and said that unless I got a written permit from the City Manager he would put me in solitary. So I went with my signs to the City Hall. The Mormon Mayor, Udall, had offices to the right and was not on good terms with the City Manager Deppe, whose offices were to the left. I sat in the waiting room for an hour while their secretaries sent notes or phoned back and forth as to the procedure in my case. Between them this Pilate and Herod finally came forth with the wisdom that I was to write a letter to the City Manager asking permission to picket and in three days I would get an answer. I wrote the letter, but said that in three days tax day would be over with and picketing would be of no use: that I was going out at once and deliberately break their law and they could do as they liked. I did so and was not bothered. Soon the papers had a picture of me and sign and were joshing the police for arresting me twice and letting me go. Several months later I had a letter from a Manilil Gandhi of Phoenix, SOUTH AFRICA praising my publicizing of my non-payment of taxes in Phoenix, ARIZONA.

"Hennacy, do you think you can change the world?" inquired Bert Fireman, a columnist on the Phoenix Gazette.

"No, but I am damn sure it can't change me," was my reply. He put this retort in his column the next day.

Many people called me "Commie" as I picketed. A man asked me who was paying me. I told him no one. He wanted to know what organization I belonged to and I replied "None."

In late August I took a bus to Leupp's Corners, on the way to the Hopi Snake Dance. I'd been invited by two Hopi friends. No bus runs there, so I started hiking the 70 miles.

Chester was working a few miles away in his cornfield, but another Hopi conscientious objector welcomed me. He had gone to college and on coming home was given the best-paid job an Indian could get in the office of the agent at nearby Keams Canyon. It took him several years to see that the inefficiency, graft, and favoritism to Indians who would blindly follow the whims of the officials was undermining the old Hopi responsibility and character. When the war came he did not register, and was fired. After several visits by the FBI and other officials he finally got a year in a Tucson road camp, and later a three-year sentence for his second refusal to register. The Constitution says that a person cannot be twice put in jeopardy of life and limb for the same offense, but the Constitution means nothing to warmongers.

I had not seen my daughters since that few minutes around Christmas of 1945. They were now mature enough to understand that conversation with their father was not a sin, so they asked me to meet them around the first of September in San Francisco. I left on the bus and met them. They were beautiful and somewhat bashful. They had been attending a meeting of their cult at Mount Shasta and were going back to Northwestern University to continue their musical education. They knew that I considered the cult simply a scheme for its founders to get easy money out of the uneasy consciences of the rich, by their super-denunciations of radicals and labor leaders. This cult, like the Jehovah's Witnesses, claims to use the blazing sword of God to destroy mortal enemies on earth whenever the time comes. My girls figured that my own anti-tax and anti-war activity was good enough but hardly in the class of the super-prayers that went forth from the cult. However, they were sincere, and the materialism of the cult had not made them mean-minded and hateful. We had a picture taken on Delaware St., in front of the house where Selma and I had lived in 1924-'25.

While in San Francisco I went to an IWW outdoor meeting where Tom Masterson, a vituperative atheist held forth. Tom introduced me and I presented the CW ideas for nearly an hour. I spoke over the pacifistic radio station in Berkeley about my anti-tax ideas and my Christian Anarchist ideals. I also attended an anarchist meeting and met some readers of the CW. Paul Goodman spoke at this meeting and typified the traditional anarchist excuse for doing nothing in his speech. Some of those present asked my opinion so we had it back and forth most of the evening. To hide away instead of openly opposing the war or the government seemed to be the prevailing attitude. I pointed out that this was not the habit of Berkman or Goldman. Paul Goodman wrote for an anarchist paper called Resistance which, I pointed out, did everything else but resist. They just talked about it.

IN THIS BOOK my message has been repeated many times. It is worthwhile repeating and studying. In New York City in 1952 I met a graduate of Columbia University who held prospects of a fine job; he was now doing his graduate work. He praised my anti-tax articles. In conversation a few minutes later he said: "Why, everybody pays taxes; they are withheld. You pay taxes; Dorothy pays taxes." He had read my non-taxpaying articles for years and did not know that I REALLY paid no taxes. So if I repeat myself time after time please remember that I think it is necessary. I HAVE NEVER PAID A FEDERAL INCOME TAX.

There are indirect taxes that everyone pays. As the saying goes, I live in this man's world and if I am going to travel and do propaganda I have to pay tax on the bus. I do not use tobacco or liquor so pay no taxes. I buy Indian articles from the Indians rather than from stores and thus need not pay a tax. To not pay taxes is not my whole message but it is a part of the life of a rebel which I choose to act upon.

For despite all talk you either pay taxes or you don't.

Ammon Hennacy

After the San Francisco visit I headed back to Phoenix. I reflected that now, after twelve years of separation, my wife and I were morally divorced. I do not believe in either marriage or divorce by the state, so naturally would not seek any formal divorce. I remembered the good times we had when hiking those four years, and of the early days in the woods where the girls were born in Wisconsin. If she was happy with this patriotic and materialistic religion I had no right and, I felt now, no purpose in bothering her. So from then on I wrote to the girls each week but not to her. With my life at hard labor, vegetarian diet, and mind on the One-Man Revolution, I did not have to have physical contact with any woman: I had work to do, and despaired of finding any woman who could stand the pace.

This did not mean that emotionally and in a platonic manner I had no attachment in my mind toward a certain woman. I had not seen her for nine years and had written often but received a reply only a few times a year. In a few days of conversation we had been able to understand that we had a common devotion to both pacifism and anarchism; and, sad necessity or undue ascetisism as it might appear to others, a common practice of a celibate life. She had helped me to formulate my ideas on tax refusal more clearly and, almost alone, had publicized them. She had never once mentioned the subject of joining the Catholic Church to me, simply saying that she always prayed for me along with many others. So when Dorothy Day said she would be in Phoenix on December 29th, I was overjoyed.

The leading anarchist of this country happened to be in Phoenix just then,* so I asked him if he and his atheistic Italian anarchist friends would like to meet Dorothy. Accordingly we met one evening in an anarchist home. The atheistic an-

---

*EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a curiously cryptic reference, considering that it is Hennacy's habit to provide the names of literally hundreds of people he runs into throughout the rest of this memoir. I'm pretty sure that he is referring here to a man named Marcus Graham; and his reticence and hinted-at annoyance (especially usage of the uncharacteristic and unusual term "leading anarchist") are worth a few words of explanation here.

Marcus Graham—whose real name I believe to have been Samuel or Shmuel Marcus—was born in Rumania in 1893. He was an interesting character and in the teens, twenties, and thirties of this century he associated with many well-recognized names in the anarchist movement: Hippolyte Havel, Emma Goldman, and others. In 1933 Marcus began the publication of a more or less monthly paper called "Man", an anarchist journal, which continued until 1940.

Unfortunately, despite his adherence to the theory of anarchism, there were a number of extremely nasty, mean tendencies in Marcus that got worse and worse as the years went by. An imagined slight, a wrong word, and you turned into dirt beneath his feet. He really had —in his later years at least—very little of the personal kindness and tolerance that it seems to me ought to go along with adherence to an allegedly anti-authoritarian philosophy. Extremely bitter, furious denunciations of other anarchists over amazingly faint or illusory transgressions became his hallmark. Intensifying this tendency was the fact that his youthful bilingualism in Rumanian and Yiddish had left him to learn English at a relatively late age, and he never did get idiomatic in it; English was always a foreign language to him. For this reason he got into rages over tiny points that seemed based more on sheer misunderstanding of what people were saying, than real disagreements. Actual editing work on his paper, an elderly anarchist once told me, had in reality been done by a woman whose name my informant could no longer remember! A couple of the articles or book reviews that Marcus sent me to print back in 1971 and '72 were so terribly unidiomatic and unreadable that I myself had to do a lot of the same sort of rewriting just to make them comprehensible. Later, when I refused to print one of his articles—an amazing denunciation of Freedom Weekly as a "fascist paper", and kindly suggested that Marcus should send his disagreements directly to that paper—he blew up and for this astonishingly petulant reason started howling that I was a "traitor" and "imposter". At one point he even convened a sort of Anarchist Grand Jury among a few elderly Italians who understood English even worse than he did, and imperiously issued to me a Summons to "appear and defend myself". For years after that until his death in 1985 he repeatedly snarled whenever he had a chance, that THE MATCH was a "non-anarchist" publication. One that had a disagreement with him, yes; but non-anarchist? The reader will have to be the judge of that.

During the few short months that I was on good terms with Marcus, I once made a trip out to visit him at his home in Los Gatos, California. There, at 121 Olive Avenue, he had a little bungalow which had been arranged for him by the kindly old Italians, particularly Marcus's friend Lino Molin. Lino had even managed to divert Social Security checks to Marcus, and the latter had adopted the alias of "L. Molin" in order to receive mail and cash the checks. Marcus claimed that all of this rigmarole was needed because he was under a long-standing deportation order by the U.S. government. He had indeed been jailed a couple of times in bygone years, and the only reason he hadn't been deported then was that the government couldn't figure out which country was his one of origination. They thought he was from Canada, but Canada had no record of him, and neither did anyplace else, including Rumania (as he was going by a name other than the one given him there).

While I suppose there really was a deportation order against Marcus back in the 1940s, it's hard to believe now that by the 1970s anybody in the government really cared anymore about enforcing it. Nevertheless he was definitely fearful of arrest, and everyone who got to know him was more or less sworn to secrecy. But even after I printed a couple of Marcus's articles in The Match back in 1971 and '72, no FBI agent or anybody ever contacted me demanding to know where he was.

This background may also clarify a remark or two of Ammon Hennacy's a little farther on in the present memoir, such as his observation about *"Anarchists who like to hide in alleys..., or get Social Security checks which are not due them and think they have done something."*

Hennacy continues...

archists led off by saying that anarchism negates all authority: that of the State and that of God. Therefore for Christian and especially Catholic anarchists to use the name anarchism is unethical. Furthermore it hurts the feelings of Italian anarchists who have felt the lash of the Catholic hierarchy.

Dorothy listened carefully to this reiterated statement and replied that this argument had not been brought to her attention before and deserved careful consideration.* The atheistic anarchists said it was entirely illogical to use the anarchist conception of freedom to accept the authority of a God which denies that freedom. Dorothy said that the authority of God only made her a better rebel and gave her courage to oppose those who sought to carry over the concept of authority from the supernatural to the natural field where it did not belong. The atheistic anarchist advanced the regular argument that religion was opium for the people and that the Catholic Church always stood for the rich against the poor and that the CW was as bad as the history of the church. He thought that if the CW was only called the ANARCHIST WORKER instead of the CW it would be a good paper; it was the word Catholic that spoiled it. These atheistic anarchists believed that if I had not hid behind the CW, I would have been imprisoned long ago for my tax refusal. Tolstoy, they went on, had denounced the regular anarchists of his time and therefore should not be considered as one.

Dorothy mentioned the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross, original sin, etc., emphasizing the fact that rebels who sacrifice for a cause need some supernatural help to remain true. The anarchists either misunderstood this idea or else were physically unable to accept the importance of sacrifice, saying that what they wanted was not pie in the sky; and that religion made people slaves.

I said that this was the trouble with the present atheistic anarchists: that they were not willing to sacrifice enough.**

The anarchist still felt that religious people had no right to use the word anarchist, although we knew that he as an anarchist could not go to law and prevent it. I said that the atheistic anarchists should be glad that someone was fighting authority in one sphere—and the most difficult sphere at that—where the atheistic anarchist stood no chance of being heard.

As two of those present were vegetarians, our Italian hosts gave us all that diet. Despite the excitability of the Italian temperament there was good humor and goodwill present at all times.

---

*A sickening, disingenuous statement of Day's, and a typical underhanded Catholic remark. How could she not have heard this incredibly obvious objection to her religionism in years of alleged involvement with, and presumably study of, anarchism? Dorothy Day's ghastly influence on Ammon Hennacy occasionally rises, in my view, to the level of outright evil; and this is one of those times. You can see the adroit, politician-like way in which she sidesteps this utterly irrefutable argument. —FW

**Whenever Hennacy says anything at all about religion or atheism, his brain gives out completely and can gener-

THEN there was the time we picketed the White House. The group of pacifists I was with thought my sign saying I had paid no taxes for seven years was too radical, so I carried a sign saying that 75% of the income tax went for war. We gave out leaflets and were not bothered. I wanted to picket the IRS, but the group voted not to allow me to jeopardize them by putting out any of their basic leaflets when I did; so one Friday morning I went along with just young Edgar Bell, a Negro tax refuser from Washington DC. It was quite windy but not very cold. We did not picket the U.S. Treasury, where they keep the stolen money, but the Department of the Collector of Internal Revenue, where they do the stealing.

A cop came out at once and told me I could not picket government property. I told him that I had already picketed the Post Office, which was government property, and had gotten away with it.

"But this is REAL government property," he replied.

"There is a REAL Supreme Court around here someplace that says this is a free country and no permit is needed," I said.

He replied that I would have to go up to 19th Street and get a permit to picket or he would arrest me. I told him that was a long distance to walk, and if I went there and did not get a permit I would picket anyway, so he ought to call his boss and see what the law was, and then act accordingly. He smiled and said he would check up; there was no further trouble.

While I was picketing the tax man, the group had a discussion about tactics at the Pentagon Building. The nice old ladies would not take part if there would be any arrests or trouble. And Wally Nelson, a courageous Negro from Cincinnati who picketed Ashland Prison one time, would not take part if pipsqueak tactics were used. I was not present, but I understand that A.J. Muste weakened and allowed the old ladies to have their way. They had left for the Pentagon by the time I got back from my own picketing. They'd stood against a wall in a corridor for a while until an official invited them to hold their prayer meeting in a certain room (out of sight) nearby. They did evade this, but then went outside and sat on the steps until nearly dark. Later most of us agreed that the whole thing was a farce; they should either have defied the cops and had a protest with civil disobedience, or never have gone in the first place. Moral: too many old ladies.

In June of 1950 I was working at day labor for a farmer down the road from where I was living in Phoenix. Mr. Schumacher of the Internal Revenue office called and asked the farmer how much I had coming in wages, and as I had started late that morning I had five dollars coming. The agent requested this to be paid on my taxes and wanted to know if I'd be working there again the next day. The farmer didn't know. The tax sleuth then wanted him to phone so he could come out get my wages. Meanwhile, the Old Pioneer was in the hospital and the tax man also called on him, desiring to know if I had any money coming. I had $12 coming, not knowing the tax man was headed that way. From then on I notified my employers that if they paid the tax man any of my wages I would not work for them.

Mr. Schumacher went to each of my employers trying to sell them the idea that if they cooperated with me they were not patriotic and were as bad as I was. But they had been reading my literature long enough to know what it was all about, and besides, nobody likes a tax collector. So I was either paid in advance, or at night when I finished, or else I trusted to luck that the tax man did not know where I was working on any certain day. Generally I myself did not know where I'd be working on any particular day until I found out which farmer wanted me. I told Schumacher that I would not lie to him but it was his business to find out where I was working. I wasn't hiding, but the idea was that I simply would not pay any income tax.

I told the tax man I was going to picket his office on August 6th, the anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima in 1945. Some friends and I made up a leaflet that said, in part: "Are you a producer or a parasite? Why not cease voting for all politicians? Why not refuse to make munitions or to go to war? Why pay income taxes for your own destruction?"

I had three signs expressing similar sentiments, hinged so I could carry them on a bus. I had picketed here before, so the ground was familiar. Shouts of 'Go back to Russia, you Commie,' were frequent.

Those who fast, do not stop to eat, so I kept on during the noon hour. A few now and then greeted me kindly, but most were fearful to be seen speaking to me. Many shouted insults. About 3:00 p.m., a news reporter and photographer stopped me for an interview. A crowd gathered. One man was especially noisy, poking his finger in my face and shouting: "Russia!" "The boys in Korea!" etc. As the crowd melted away after the interview, two men kept insulting me as I passed back and forth with my signs, but they could find no one to back them up.

Around 4:00 p.m., Mr. Schumacher the tax man came up and handed me a card. It read:

> Seized for the account of the United States
> on 8 - 7 - 50 by virtue of warrant for distraint
> issued by the collector of internal revenue,
> district of Arizona, Deputy Collector.
> POSTERS.

---

ate only broken logic. Here he says that atheist anarchists aren't willing to sacrifice enough— yet he himself supposedly believes in life after death, so how much of a "sacrifice" would it be for someone with his beliefs to give up his very life? Many atheist anarchists have risked or even lost their lives, with NO expectation of being granted more lifetime later. It strikes me that if you share Hennacy's religious faith, then no sacrifice really amounts to much at all, since you believe that there's an infinity more where that came from. It's the same broken logic that allows Christians to think that Christ's "death" was some big sacrifice. Aside, from the pain, which a supernatural being ought to be able to tune out anyway, as it only affects the body, an alleged "god" who gives up his life in the full expectation of getting it back again a couple of days later, doesn't seem to be tossing away anything of very great value. A homeless tramp's sharing of his last can of beans is a bigger "sacrifice" than that of Jesus. The problem with Christians is, they can't think. —FW

I handed my posters over, saying that I would get some new ones made and picket the next day. I continued handing out leaflets and CWs without my signs until 5:30 p.m.

My friend Rik made new signs that night and marked them: 'This sign is the personal property of Joseph Craigmyle', and now the tax man did not try to take them.

The following morning was cloudy, but hot, and I drank about a gallon of water. In the afternoon the tax man came along and said good naturedly that he had a bid of $5 on my signs from someone who wanted them as a sourvenir. Now he was friendly and asked about my life, my daughters, my ideas, and said that he understood my opposition to the status quo. Like the tax man before him he was a Catholic. He felt, as I did, that there was nothing personal; he had his duty to do. He had tried to garnishee my wages, and had taken away my signs so he could report some activity on his part. He said I had a right to peacefully picket, and departed in a friendly spirit.* We met several times later as I picketed. He did not like my reference to himself as a servant of Caesar; I told him this was perhaps a poetic way of saying it, but I meant it.

The last day of that picketing was the hottest of all. To tell the truth I became a clock-watcher and drank more water than ever. I met a few surly people now and then, but more and more took my leaflet. One man whose employment kept him near to my picketing had muttered patriotic obscenities all the times I had picketed. But today he was pleasant and wondered how I got by with not paying taxes. Another person refused my leaflet, saying: "You gave me one Monday. I took it home and read it and burned it. I wouldn't have such trash in my home." Her face seemed familiar; then I remembered: it was my defender, of the first day of my picketing, who when a man had told me to go back to Russia, had said: "Go back to Russia yourself!"

IN the latter part of October, TIME magazine stated that the appeal of the Hopi against the draft was Communist-inspired. It quoted as authority Ramon Hubbell, old-time trader among the Indians. I at once sent TIME a letter telling them that the Hopi had been pacifists for centuries—long before Karl Marx was ever heard of. After a while I received the following note from TIME: 'Referring to your letter of Dec. 7, TIME made no error in its October 23 report on the Hopi Indians. We correctly stated what Mr. Hubbell told us.'

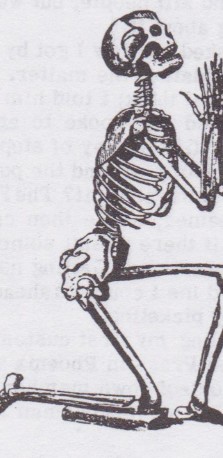
I answered: "Received your alibi on printing the misinformation of trader Hubbell libeling the peaceful Hopi as Communist-inspired. He has absolutely no authority for this false assertion. In choosing your sources of information you show your plain intent to slander those whom you stand no chance of corrupting. To correctly print a lie is not telling the truth." For several years I had sent Mr. Hubbell copies of what I had written in the Catholic Worker about the Hopi, but he had not replied. It was not until later that the uneasy conscience of that trader had multiplied the visit of myself and friends into Communists being there to influence the Hopi.

I approached my tenth stretch of picketing the tax man with absolutely no fear. Heretofore when I would think any time during the year about my picketing, my knees would feel weak, and there'd be a strange feeling in my stomach. In my mind I was very brave but my body had not caught up. But this year they were both sturdily in unison.

The week before I planned to picket I wrote to the chief of police asking for a permit to picket and saying that if I did not get it I would picket anyway. I also suggested that what I was doing was clearly subversive, but not more so than formerly, and he might check up with the FBI and the Revenue department to see what they wanted to do about my picketing. I also wrote to the tax office and FBI and told them the same thing. Orthodox anarchists who like to hide in alleys, whisper in saloons about the great damage they will do to the capitalist, or get Social Security checks which are not due them and think they have done something, do not like my Gandhian frankness in dealing with officialdom. The idea is I am not 'asking' the officials anything; I am TELLING them what I am going to do.

There were not so many people on the Phoenix streets in this 105-degree heat as there were in March, but very few refused to take my leaflet. Only two people mildly asked if I was a Commie. I replied that I was a Christian Anarchist.

In the afternoon a friend gave me a copy of a United Press release of 325 words which had just been sent over the country telling of my picketing and fasting. The account was very fair although



---

*Oh, GROAN! Ammon, you fool, *Don't talk to cops!* Sure, he was asking all about you-- what he wanted was to find out if you had any assets someplace that he could confiscate.

Readers, don't ever make this kind of mistake. With officials like this, there are no innocent conversations. Suppose Ammon had said: "Oh, yes, my wife and daughters are getting along fine. They live in a nice little house that we bought once..." Half an hour later that tax man would be on the phone, calling up the County Recorder in Wherever It Was to find out whose name the property was in. If in that of Ammon X. Hennacy, attachment proceedings would be under way before this political innocent ever knew what hit him. Once again we see how the magic identifier-word, "Catholic", causes this fellow to sit up and bark. He was simply wowed by anything and everything with this disgusting C-word attached to it.--fw it did not mention my emphasis on the Hopi. I found out later that the London Evening Star had 13 lines about my picketing but the anarchist paper **FREEDOM** in London to whom I had sent an advance air mail copy of my leaflets never mentioned my activity; neither did the leading pacifist journal, **FELLOWSHIP**, in this country.

On the second day of my picketing a well-dressed man said kindly to me: "That leaflet of yours is a masterpiece, but one thing spoils it: It is not dignified to picket like this."

"Stop and think a minute," I replied. "How would you ever have read the leaflet if I had not handed it to you here on the picket line? And how would the United Press have sent it over the country if I had left it home in my desk and never picketed?"

After a while my fingers were getting numb from holding the signs. As the wife of a CO who was visiting in Arizona was reading a copy of the UP release I had just given her, a cop inquired why I was stopping people and giving them literature. I told him this was only to friends who were asking for it. He suggested that I go to the police station with him. I told him I had been arrested many times before for the same thing and released without charge, but he insisted. So with all my paraphernalia I got into the squad car.

Every time I get a new police captain to educate. This time it was Captain Farley. He wanted to know what I was trying to do. I told him I had advised the chief of police all about it a week ago. He thought that anarchists were bomb-throwers and killers; I told him that the biggest bomb-thrower was the government. He professed to be worried how the world would get along without cops when the anarchists overturned the world; I advised him that nothing was going to happen very suddenly.

He asked me what I did with my money if I didn't pay taxes. I told him I gave my money to my daughters for an education rather than to Chiang Kai-Chek and Francisco Franco. He speculated on what my daughters would think of such an unorthodox fellow as I seemed to be. I replied that they had bought no war stamps during the war and were coming to see me in a few weeks. That when they were asked this question by the War Resisters' League when they were quite small they answered: "We are very proud of our Daddy because he did not go to war and kill people, but we get tired of hearing him brag about it."

The Captain asked me how I got by without paying taxes and I explained the matter. He wondered what the FBI might think; I told him to call them up and see. He did and spoke to agent Murphy. He said he could find no way of stopping this anarchist from parading around the post office and what did the FBI think about it? The FBI gave him little help, it seemed, so he then called the tax office and asked if there wasn't some rule whereby they could arrest me. Getting no satisfaction from them he told me I could go ahead and picket. I went back to my picketing.

The next morning my first customer was head of the Associated Press in Phoenix who had been requested by an out-of-town member to report on my activities. This newspaperman had been told that the policy of the Phoenix papers (owned by one man in Indianapolis) was not to "dignify" my activities by mentioning them. Now a favorable release was sent by AP over the state, featuring my sign and telling of my non-payment of taxes.

Another cop stopped and questioned me. Many of the same people came and went. As before, Negroes, Mexicans and Indians nearly always took my leaflets. A post office official greeted me and asked for my propaganda, but the two-penny clerks, having for the most part a 'loyalty oath' consciousness, were afraid to be seen casting a glance toward me, much less taking a leaflet.

The next day around noon a friend from Tucson who had visited me four years earlier when I picketed, came with Ed Morgan, a labor lawyer who was his friend.* He had read in a Tucson paper that I had been arrested and so drove up to see if there was anything he could do.

A woman shouted from a passing car: "Did you just get nuts or have you always been that way?"

"Lady, we all live in a crazy world!"

Driving homeward that night with Rik I was very thirsty. Near the town of Tempe we stopped in a drugstore to get some icewater. As he parked the car we saw next to us a big car with license plates that read: Number 1. It was that of the governor. So I went inside the drugstore and introduced myself to Governor Howard Pyle and told him of my activities and gave him my literature. He said he felt he would gain some information from what I had given him, but of course he has a reputation of being all things to all men.

Weighing myself on the same scales that I had used when I began my picket and fast, I found I had lost 17 pounds. The previous year I had lost only 11. I called up the United Press and told them I'd finished. They said the New York office had requested a feature story about my activity and it would be broadcast soon on a Sunday.

Breaking my fast I drank some orange juice, tomato juice, and ate some grapes and peaches. The next Monday I worked ten hours and in a couple of days had gained back all I had lost in weight. I felt fine.

ABOUT two weeks later, Rik and family and I drove by way of the beautiful Salt River Canyon and Holbrook to the Hopi Snake Dance. This year it was at Second Mesa. We visited the different villages, and Ginny was entranced with the Hopi way of life. She went to the store to get something and told me that Ramon Hubbell, the trader who had slandered the Hopi, was there. There are Hubbell stores in many places. So I went over and introduced myself. Hubbell was a fat, burly, elderly man who remembered the letters I had written to him and the literature I had sent him. He patted his belly and shouted that I was a failure like all radicals, that all I wanted was money. Why didn't I get a job and do some hard work for a change. His wife must have been used to his blustering for she tried to quiet him a little in order that I might have an opportunity to explain myself. He thought some Communists had been hiding behind his store during World War One and seemed to think they were there yet. I told him we were anarchistic, which was the furthest removed from Communism that an idea could be, and that if he had been told we were Communists and were subverting the Hopi he was much mistaken. I tried to tell him something about Hopi history but he did not want to hear it.

---

*Ed Morgan, with Barbara Elfbrandt, years later also did considerable work assisting draft resisters— including this editor. —FW

Rik and his family went back to Phoenix and I went with some Hopi to Winslow and then to Flagstaff. But soon it would be picketing time again in Phoenix.

As my one-man revolt against taxes entered its ninth year, a radio demagogue who specialized in calling people Communist who were a little left of center, received a phone call on his "We the People" program. This caller asked if it would not be a good thing to tar and feather radicals so people would know who they were. The commentator said this was rather drastic, but on the other hand it might be worth considering. Soon after my picketing and after the tar-and-feather exhortations on the radio, three young men, two of them Mexicans, knocked at the Old Pioneer's door and asked for "Yancy". I happened to be there, so I told them I did not know of anyone by the name of Yancy, but my name was Hennacy.

"You are the guy then. You put those leaflets about not paying taxes in our car." I told them I never left leaflets in any car; that I gave them to people who took them. I invited them in and asked them to be seated, but they stood around nervously.

I was sent out by the Commies, they asserted. I replied, "Who told you such stories as that? I've been selling the paper here for five years and I never would have lasted that long if I was a Commie." I added, "Who sent you here, and what are your names?"

They wouldn't give their names. They said they went all over after "such fellows as you". "Come outside. There on the concrete. We'll rub your head in the cement."

"What's the rush? What's the rush?" I said good-naturedly.

"You are a Communist. We don't like that paper you sell," said the leader.

"You don't have to like it. Lots of people don't like it."

They muttered some more about my being a Commie, and how I should come out and take my beating.

"You can beat me up right here, and it doesn't take three of you; let the smallest one start right now. I won't hit you back. Go ahead," I said smilingly. They looked at each other and didn't make a move, muttering something about me stabbing the boys in Korea in the back by not paying taxes for their guns. I told them that they oughtn't to get excited about dying in Korea, for the Americans had taken all of this country except the Gadsden purchase from their own forefathers in the Mexican War.

"Well, if we hadn't taken it from them they would have taken it from us," was the not too intelligent reply. They listened to some of my pacifist explanations for an hour and did not attack me. They asked where I would be selling papers next Sunday and I told them. The leader marked down the location on an envelope. I shook hands with him as they were leaving. Right then Rik and Ginny came in; they told me that they saw a gunny sack tied over the license plates of the vigilante car. These men did not need to fear, for I would not report them.

The next Sunday three very husky young men came up to me and in a surly manner each bought a paper. One was Mexican and the other two were Anglos. They pointed to me and at the paper and discussed the matter among themselves but took no action as there were too many people coming or going. I had told those who were going to beat me up a few nights earlier that they could find me on the highway or in the fields working, and that they could beat me up there if they thought they could solve anything by doing it.

Several times downtown I met two different fellows who looked enough like the leader of the group to have been his brother. Whenever I hear of someone swearing in court that a certain person committed a crime, I am very doubtful. I looked at this man for an hour and we were not more than two feet apart, yet I could not be sure of his identity. It is now nearly a year since this happened that I am writing and I have heard nothing more from the vigilantes. They were not especially vicious but had been told lies, so they were not to blame for their action.

...It is a good thing that I like to do manual farm labor. A life of not paying taxes and of voluntary poverty requires work as a basis. To talk about the dignity of labor, of life on the land, of a vegetarian in his own garden, of refusing to pay taxes, and then to mooch for a living gives the lie to all conversation. The best feeling that I have had during the last year was to look at the two rows of potatoes which I had laboriously hilled just right and planted before a storm broke over the mountains and the driving rain made me seek the refuge of my cabin. It happens that I also like to write about my life and my ideas, but the pleasure in writing is outdistanced by my work in the garden and the fields. Working for a wage without enjoying the work that you do puts you in the class of the rich man whom someone has said is just a poor man who has money; you are a poor man who makes money.

During the past ten years I have had nothing to do with those props of capitalism: Rent, interest and profit.

Digging ditches for a neighbor recently I heard bottles smash on the highway. Two teenagers had found them along the side of the road and were smashing them in the middle of the highway. "That's not a damn bit smart," I shouted at them. They could not see me, and they hastened onward. This lack of responsibility belongs not only to youth; for while irrigating one night in the fields I saw a big car stop on the highway and a man take out sacks of bottles and junk and throw them along the side of the road. This was not a slum dweller who had no place to put his garbage, but a big-city bourgeois who seemed to want to save the expense of paying someone to haul his refuse away. A lady wrote a letter to the local paper about a dead cat on the street and bemoaned the fact that no one came to remove it. The city replied that this street was just over the city limits, and that it was up to the county. The county said their contract was lapsed with the SPCA and action would depend upon a future board meeting. In an anarchist society each one would be responsible and would not be writing letters to papers or calling cops to have something done. They would do it themselves. Coming home from helping my friend Joe Craigmyle pick oranges and grapefruit the other night I mentioned this lady and the cat, and said that the Sunday before I had seen a dead cat on the lateral on my way to the bus, but being late I did not stop to remove it. On my way back in the afternoon, after hundreds of cars had passed and all kinds of people going to the bus, the cat was still there, and I stopped and threw it off the road.

As Joe and I were talking we noticed a two by four with spikes in it sticking up on the highway. We swerved around it and were going on down the highway when Joe said, in response to my remark that this could cause somebody some trouble: "I'll back up and you can throw it in the ditch." In my mind, then, Joe, who had not been much of a man of action, rose from a one-cylinder to a two-cylinder anarchist.

...Today, May 15th, I received a notice that I owe $2.15 interest and penalty on my $192 tax bill for 1951 and unless paid within ten days my property and wages will be attached. This is an old run-around and I am not worrying. Today I ate the first Irish potatoes this year from the garden, which is more important in the life of a man than paying taxes.

1952 being an election year I thought it well to summarize the anarchist argument against voting. In my leaflet given out during my seven days' fast and picketing, August 6 to 12, I said:

> You, as a citizen of the United States and a registered voter, are asked to vote for politicians representing certain political parties. Have you ever stopped to think what this voting really means?
>
> You are told that if you do not vote, you are irresponsible. If you do vote, then you are indeed irresponsible, for the very act of voting is dodging your responsibility by passing the buck to others. You have no recourse if your elected representative does not live up to his promises. You are told that unless you vote, you have no right to beef about the way things turn out. The answer to that one is very simple: When you vote you have no way of knowing that your candidate will win; if he loses, the issues he has endorsed will have failed, and if he wins, there is nothing to prevent him from turning his back on these same policies or conveniently forgetting about them. In either case, win or lose, you will have consented, by having voted, to accept the winning candidate's judgment...

Rik's Varityper had broken down, so we had to work all night to get the leaflets ready for distribution on the first day of my picketing.

"What do you have there?" said a well-dressed man to me when I was picketing again.

"Oh, some good anarchist literature," I answered smartly.

"That's just what I want. I heard Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman when I went to Yale, and haven't met a real anarchist since. Tell me, what are you doing?"

I explained my anti-tax program in detail. He was a mining engineer from New York, who had properties in Arizona.

I had no trouble at all with the general public or the police.

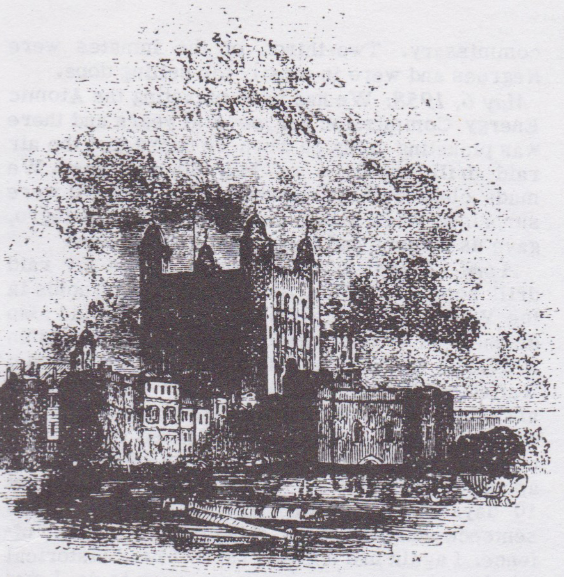
Following my picketing and fasting that year, I headed east.

IN New York the only place I was bothered was at 43rd and Lexington where I was told I had to have a license. The cop took me to the police station and then to the magistrate's court on Second Avenue, where the judge released me on my own word for a few weeks. The next Friday another policeman tried to stop me but I talked him out of it. The Friday after that the cop of the first encounter grabbed me and took me in again. After I was arrested, Dorothy stood at my usual place and sold the paper the rest of the afternoon, saying, "Ammon Hennacy, one of our editors, was just jailed for selling the CW; buy the Catholic Worker." And along comes the atheist anarchist Jackson MacLow and helps with the sales.

The ACLU wanted me to be the guinea pig to prove free speech for the Democrats, Republicans, Socialists and Communists who moved on when a cop told them to. So I deferred my anarchistic principles for them and allowed a friendly Wall Street lawyer to appear in court with me and plead not guilty for me. The judge would not listen to any argument for free speech and told my lawyer to appeal the case if he wanted to, giving me a ten-dollar fine or five days in jail. Someone wondered why I did not just pay the fine, for I could get it back again, but could never get the five days back. I explained that I would never voluntarily give the government any money.

We jostled in the prison wagon up to the Tombs, near City Hall. After a time I was lodged in Lower D12 with Dan, in for drunkenness. One aged Jew got ten days for selling pretzels on Wall Street without a license — and the city won't give you a license. He had not yet learned to pay off the cops. We were fed on trays which were pushed into our cells. There was a runway where in the daytime we could walk back and forth. In the morning my name was called to go to Rikers Island, part of the men's prison. As we lined up in the outside corridor a screw with a cigar in his mouth yelled out our names, but few could understand what he was saying, beyond: "Get in the fucking line, you fucking bums."

Again we were packed in the wagon and jostled to 134th Street where we were not permitted to leave our smoke-filled vehicle while on the ferry.



Then about 150 of us sat on benches in the big receiving room at Rikers Island and were counted and fingerprinted. We all stood naked and all body openings were examined, supposedly for dope that we might smuggle in. The wine sores on the old men, the stooped and broken bodies of many, presented a sorry spectacle compared to the beautiful shiny black bodies of the Negroes among us.

Marching from Dorm 8 at the far side of the workhouse with about 150 inmates we came at 5:30 a.m. to the main building where there are eight or more three-story cellblocks where those live who are doing from one to three years in maximum custody. We marched two by two and when I saw through the glass door the dining room of convicts hunched over their aluminum plates eating their meagre fare in assembly-line speed, tears of rage and pity choked me. This was the first time I had been in prison for 35 years. Was this all that our boasted civilization meant? I remembered what Tolstoy had said when he had first gone to Paris and saw an execution by guillotine: "There is no such thing as progress in the world."

"Don't go away mad. Just go away." This is the sign as you enter and leave this House of Correction. By the most visionary use of the word no one would suggest that anyone is ever "corrected" there. From the time you enter until your fingerprint is taken the second time as you leave, there is nothing but the assembly line of the "count" and the changing of the guards. It took us from 8:00 until 10:00 to get checked and rechecked to leave, and about 75 went out on the ferry Tuesday morning with the usual seven-lettered word thrown at us by the screw. Murray Kempton of the New York Post welcomed us back and wrote in his column the next day that "The forces against Ammon Hennacy... are all arms of all states from the traffic cop up to Georgei Malenkov."

On a Sunday morning I was selling papers across the street from St. Patrick's Cathedral again when a cop came along and said that his brother was a priest and I had no right to sell my Communist paper. I told him it was not a Communist paper and even if it was, I had a right to sell it here, showing him a newspaper clipping of the court decision.

"I don't care anything about the law. If I don't want you here I'll arrest you and you won't be here. You will be in jail. And if the judge lets you out and you come back I'll pinch you again; and if he lets you out and you come back I'll pinch you again; I'll wear you out."

"What if I wear you out?"

He laughed and went away. If you are not ready to die you are not ready to live.

IN the spring of 1955 I saw in the paper that there would be an air raid drill on June 15 and all were supposed to take part or suffer a penalty of up to a year in jail and a $500 fine, this being a state law. I said we must get ready to disobey this foolish law. I contacted the War Resisters League and others, and so when the time came we had a whole group in City Hall Park ready to disobey when the whistles blew. The television men were there, and I told them that if a bomb dropped there would be no police left to arrest us and that the whole thing was a farce.

We were ordered to take shelter and we refused to do so. So we were packed into vans and when we were waiting to be booked we noticed an elderly man with a badge on his cap whom we thought might be an attendant. I gave him one of our leaflets and it was not until later when our indictment was read in court that we discovered that he was Rocco Parelli, a bootblack, who had been sitting in the park knowing nothing about the air raid drill, and he happened to be the first one arrested. Our indictment thus read: "Rocco Parelli and 28 others wilfully refused to take shelter." It was entirely fitting that this common man, not a scholar, intellectual or radical, should symbolically lead the list. Around 11 p.m. we appeared before Judge Louis Kaplan. As our names were read off, the Irish clerk it seemed did not wish to admit that an Irishman by the name of Hennacy could possibly be among these radicals so he persisted in pronouncing my name as "Hennacky". Some people laughed lightly at this and the judge pounded his gavel and wanted to know what was the matter. Judith Beck, the actress, who was arrested with us, was asked to step up and she did quickly. He ordered her then to stand back and shouted angrily, asking her name, where she had been born, and who paid her rent. She answered without the customary "your honor" with which these dignitaries inflate their ego. This enraged him all the more and he wanted to know if she had ever been in a mental institution. "NO. HAVE YOU?" was her classic answer which will reverberate through these musty halls until the time when courts and prisons will cease to exist. The audience laughed and the judge shouted: "Take her for observation to Bellevue psychiatric ward." Judith screamed dramatically and her husband Julian who was in the courtroom stood up and shouted "You can't do this!" The place was in an uproar. The judge ordered the courtroom cleared by the riot squad and we were all put back in our cells. Later he had us brought in and he read off a statement saying: "Theoretically, three million people have been killed in this air raid and you are the murderers." He set our bail at the unheard-of sum of $1500 each.

After our arrest the diocesian paper, The Catholic News (of New York City) commented that we were presumptuous in our "private interpretation", when the Church always upheld obedience to duly constituted authority. On the other hand the Commonweal in a long editorial praised our stand. The Nation and the Progressive, the Pittsburg Post Gazette, and of course Murray Kempton in the NY Post praised us, as did the Chicago Tribune and Harpers Magazine. However, the St. Louis Catholic Register devoted pages to prove from a legal and theological viewpoint that we should have obeyed the law.

The case dragged on and on, and finally on December 22 we were all found guilty and sentence suspended.

July 20, 1956: This year, the night before the air raid drill we distributed leaflets, and chose Washington Square for our protest. On the day of the drill there were more reporters and television men there than there were of us. We gave our message to all of the city. Again we were arrested, and our case was postponed from time to time until October 31 when we appeared before Judge Kaplan again who told us we were no different from other criminals and he would give us the works. He told us to come back on January 15 for sentencing. We were all prepared to get six months, but the night before sentencing there was an item in a late paper that Judge Kaplan had been promoted to the Court of Special Sessions at an increase in salary of $3500 a year. We wondered if he would hold our case over or if we would get a worse judge. We were relieved when a kindly Irishman, Judge Comerford, appeared and listened patiently to us about our ideas. He sentenced us to fines of $25 and five days in jail, although the D.A. wanted to hold me on a charge of conspiracy. We heard the judge had been sympathetic to the I.R.A. in the old days.

One of my fellow prisoners was arrested for panhandling down by the river; he had on an overcoat but no shirt. There were about 80 prisoners in a dorm, two-thirds of them Negroes and very few gray-headed men. The light went out at 9:30 and we were up at 5:30. For the first time in two years I had a good rest. We were not hurried at meals as we had been on Rikers Island and the guards were not so ill-tempered and profane.

July 12, 1957: This time the protest was practically a CW one and it took place in the small park opposite the CW on Chrystie Street. TV and newspapers gave us good coverage. Many of the same people were arrested. The judge this time was a tough Catholic by the name of Walter Bayer. He told us to read the Bible and said that we were a "heartless bunch of individuals who breathe contempt" of the law. He didn't give us a chance to explain that most of us were anarchists who took no part in making laws so we did not consider any judge as our servant to enforce them. He gave us 30 days.

I was now over 60 and was put with the old men in Dorm 12, spending most of my time pulling weeds in a small garden. Later I worked in the commissary. Two-thirds of the inmates were Negroes and were in mostly for selling dope.

May 6, 1958: We had been picketing the Atomic Energy Commission for several years and there was picketing going on when we heard that the air raid drill would be on May 6th this year. We made clear radical statements in court and were surprised when Judge Kenneth Phipps, a Negro, gave us 30 days and suspended the sentence.

April 17, 1959: The night before the air raid drill some Socialists led by Dave McReynolds in the Village met with us and said they would also disobey the order to participate, and Dave had an article in the Village Voice about it. We issued a leaflet stating our position. About 20 of us were arrested, and five of us refused bail. After four days in jail we five were released on our own name and had a day of freedom before we all appeared before kindly-looking Judge Roe. We got 10 days in jail or $25 fine, and the others had sentence suspended as this was their first offence. I again had a good rest and read historical novels, as there was not much work to do. I met several prisoners who were in for "jostling", which is an ineffectual attempt to pick pockets in a crowd.

May 3, 1960: I came by plane from Spokane in the midst of a speaking tour in the west to be present for the air raid refusal. I had thought if we could have 50 this time it would be a great victory. When the sirens blew, there were 500 in the City Hall Park and another 500 on the sidewalks who laughed when ordered by the police to take shelter. Norman Mailer and Dwight MacDonald were there; the police called upon us to move and no one moved. They wanted to know if we were not Americans and most people laughed. They arrested a few here and there, 25 in all. Later in court I told Officer O'Hearn, who arrested us every year, that next year there would be even more and he had better get police. When the sirens had stopped blowing, Dave McReynolds got up on a bench and shouted, 'This law is dead!" We all cheered.

April 28, 1961: I came from Salt Lake City to be in time for the air raid refusal and held a sign saying that for the 7th time I had openly refused to take part in the drill. There were about 2,000 people refusing this time. About 40 were arrested and got varying sentences.

VICTORY: In 1962 the farce of the air raid was so obvious that there was no more compulsory drill.

(During all these years Hennacy kept up with his tax- and war protests, picketing in New York, Las Vegas, and Cape Canaveral. He often combined protesting with fasting; and the following paragraph is probably the most significant discussion of this practice in his book, as he seems to treat the human body as something not subject to physical laws. His already pronounced religious and mystical strain was building to its sad denouement: his conversion to formal Roman Catholicism.)

To those who have never fasted and who are so fearful or so medically minded that the loss of a pound or of a meal is a major disaster, the announcement that I would fast for 40 days as a penance for our atomic sins brought letters of protest that I was committing suicide. On the 17th day of my fast a man who works in the Atomic Energy Commission building quietly told me that he had fasted 62 days with McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, who had fasted 78 days for the freedom of Ireland and died in 1920. He greeted me kindly several times later. Nine of McSwiney's followers had fasted 94 days in prison and had lived. Many of the early Christians fasted 60 days in the hot desert. Pythagoras fasted 40 days before he took his exams and he would take no one as a student at the University of Alexandria who had not fasted for 40 days. Mrs. A. G. Walker, a noted Rhodesian singer, in Capetown South Africa in 1931 fasted for 101 days to lose 63 pounds, as she was much overweight. In a supervised fast a man named Succi ran up the steps of the Eiffel Tower on the 40th day of his fast. Harry Wills, the Negro prizefighter, fasted 30 days each year when he commenced training for a fight. Freddy Welsh, onetime lightweight champion of the world, always started his training for important fights with a week's fast. The most spectacular achievement was that of Gilman Low, artist and athleté, who in December of 1903, at Madison Square Garden before 16,000 people, at the end of an eight-day supervised fast, broke nine world records in weight lifting, such as raising 950 pounds three times in four seconds, and raising 2,200 pounds 29 times in 20 seconds. Bob Hoyt of the Knight newspapers who wrote three articles about my fast had asked a leading nutritionist at the university here if I could fast for 40 days without injury. He replied that if I had a strong will it would not hurt me.

Pacifists at Omaha Nebraska, a main missile site, had a project there for several months, so the day after my tax picketing was over I left for Omaha. Out at Mead Air Base, friends told me that for several days the radio had announced that I was coming from New York for civil disobedience. At the main gate of the place a U.S. Marshal handed me a typed notice from the head of the air base ordering me to keep off the premises, and I immediately stepped over the small fence and was officially arrested.

The D.A. wanted to make sure that I knew enough to plead guilty and he finally understood that I did not want a lawyer, so my plea of guilty was accepted. Judge Robinson wanted to know if I had anything to say before sentence was pronounced. I asked him if he had read my letter and he said that he had. I told him that I had nothing more to add. He gave me six months with $500 fine and costs, but as I found out later this fine was not "committed," which meant that I would always owe it but did not have to sign a pauper's oath in lieu of payment. I was sent to the newly re-opened Sandstone Minnesota prison between Minneapolis and Duluth.

Sandstone was a town of about 1500, entirely destroyed by fire in the 1890s but now rebuilt. The prison is several miles out of town and was used mostly for conscientious objectors in the 1940s, and later as a state mental hospital, but in 1959 it was reopened as a medium security prison. At the time of my entry there were 70 prisoners, and by the time of my release there were 354. Mostly we lived in dormitory custody with about 45 in a dorm.

One morning we were marched to the front office and given medical shots. I told them that I did not believe in shots but they said they would strap me down and make me take them anyway, so I took them. About a week later we were called up to take more shots. I told the officer that I was not going to take them and asked to see the captain. He forced me to take the shots, after which the medical officer said, "I'll make you come back and take all the possible damn shots."

But in a few days when I went before the classification board the medical officer was all smiles (he'd given me the shots, so could afford to smile). I was told to go to the Educational Department and be ready to help set up the school when the educational director arrived. Meanwhile I helped set up the library.

Lights on at 6:30 and breakfast from 7:00 to 7:30 in the cafeteria-like dining room with four to a small table. You could choose with whom you ate; I was generally with my Indian friends. To work at 8:00 and lunch at 11:30; back to work at 12:30 and to count in your dorm at 4:30 when the whistle blows on workdays. Supper at 5:00 to 5:30.

After supper on week nights prisoners could go to the library or to classes until around 9 p.m. I worked extra at nights and on weekends and holidays in the library, and while I got to know the location on the shelf of each book I never got to read much as I was busy shuffling Zane Grey and other rubbish for the prisoners. You could buy a certain amount of candy, cigarettes, etc. at commissary and afterwards there is a scramble to pay gambling debts. Some of the most religious were the worst gamblers.

"There are two kinds of people in the world: those who have done time and those who haven't," said a lifer to me in Atlanta prison in 1917. In prison and out of it, about a third of the people are stool-pigeons who are ready to name names for a profit to themselves. The current issue of the Atlanta prison paper says that 95% of the men there are recidivists, that is, they come back again to prison. It would be around 85% in Sandstone. None of the officials ever used the word "rehabilitate" without excusing themselves, for they know it is a farce. Attitudes toward prisoners range from the sentimentalist who says that "there are no bad boys" and that most prisoners are incarcerated unjustly, to sadists like J. Edgar Hoover, who wants more jails and more punishment. The Milwaukee papers tell of the acting Postmaster who "mishandled" $17,000 amd was fined $1,000 and placed on five years probation. I slept near a Negro from Milwaukee who got five years for a minor theft. The New York Times of 6-22-60 tells of a Chicago judge giving two policemen three years' probation for stealing $1,800 worth of appliances, saying that their take-home pay of $350 a month was not enough to live on, and that when off duty and stealing they "were engaged in free enterprise." The darkest place in the world is a prison and this is where light is needed. When I left Sandstone I told the warden that the prison had not hurt me any, and perhaps I had helped in my attitude of being the kind of radical who does not believe in prisons at all but who while there tries to give his fellow prisoners the idea that there is a different way of looking at life, on the inside and on the outside. My time in prison was not wasted and if in the future I do up to five years for civil disobedience I think it would be time well spent on my part. I often say that a fellow who is any good on the outside does much better on the inside, for, as Debs said, "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free."

AND FINALLY...

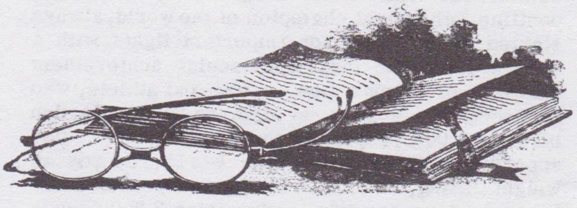
The passage that follows is not the end of Ammon Hennacy's book, but it is the closing piece that I choose to print here because it brings us to a seldom seen tragic point: the complete abdication of reason— essentially mental death. Here the weakness that had partially paralyzed the author's intellect since the last days of his time in Atlanta Prison, at last grabbed hold of him completely and—from my point of view at least—destroyed him. Read on:

I looked around for something to read and saw a book on the table, "An Anthology of Russian Short Stories", and of course looked up the one by Tolstoy. It was one I had never read: "The Diary of an Insane Man". I have not seen it since and my memory of it might not be accurate, but the impression I received was that this man said that when he was a boy he had not hit back when another boy had hit him, and people had called him foolish or crazy. Then again, when he had grown up and the peasants had stolen wood from his forest, he had not done like others and taken them to court, but had said nothing about it. This was also foolish and crazy. And now he had sold all he had and given it to the poor and had been committed to the insane asylum. How Tolstoian!

Dorothy went upstairs to read and write and I went toward the barn, where I slept upstairs, above Father Duffy's room. It was quite dark. Without any conscious intention it seemed I walked into the chapel instead of going upstairs. There was a candle burning by the Little Flower. (I didn't know what the Little Flower was. I had always bought Carmen and Sharon a red rose every day or two and had brought one for Dorothy when I could get one. I did not know how I was "working against my stubborn self", for Dorothy had put a rose by the Little Flower and it was there while I prayed and meditated for an hour or more.) I had always prayed for grace and wisdom when in a Catholic Church, and I did so now. Much of the time I was just quiet and did not say any prayers. I did not hear any "voices" but there came to me a clear assurance that the Catholic Church was the true Church, that whatever I did not understand would be explained to me, that I was not hurting the Church by remaining outside: I was only hurting myself. For I needed this spiritual insight that Dorothy had when she knelt and the main thing now in my life was to work toward getting it.

I did not think anything about theology. I had the confidence in my heart that this was the road upon which I was now entering. How fast I would travel depended upon myself, and upon more of this Grace from God that I had prayed for since 1950, and that had been present all that day. It was as if the Communist family represented my first Marxian Socialism by which I had gotten away from a bourgeois surrounding. God had brought them there to bless me by their kindness, tolerance and courage. It was as if Tolstoy himself was there, as represented in his short story, sent by God to bless me in my life of voluntary poverty and hard labor, in my tax refusal and anarchist emphasis. It was as if Dorothy had brought us all together by her great life of love and sacrifice, sent by God to bless me in deeper spirituality.

I was very happy. I said to Dorothy in the morning: "I'm a Catholic! What am I supposed to believe?" I would have believed that Jonah had swallowed the whale if I was supposed to... ■



Some Comments on Ammon Hennacy's Life and Memoir

By Fred Woodworth

BECAUSE I DO like many qualities that Ammon had—particularly his fundamental decency and persistence over many years in carrying out public protests of a semi-anarchistic nature—I've printed this long extract from his autobiography.

However, there are of course some important problems with his views— some obvious and others less so. Like all minds of the type that are attracted to religion, his accepted some non-materialist explanations; and the number increased as the years wore on. People usually do get more and more consistent with their own innate tendencies. The reader at first winces now and then, then begins to lose sympathy, and finally on reading the last passage reprinted here wants to toss Ammon Hennacy's work aside in complete disgust. One sees all too clearly that the atmosphere he breathed and the people he surrounded himself with were ultimately corrosive to any attitude besides sycophancy to the deplorable and monstrous Catholic Church. In his travels here or there he would visit with "Father" Such-and-Such, or go hand out his leaflets in front of the Cathedral of Saint So-and-So, and distribute the "Catholic" Worker. And always, in the background is the insidious presence of the praying, blandly innocent Dorothy Day— NEVER urging him to "join the Church", NEVER advising him to "do anything he didn't want to do." Oh no; she'd never exert any pressure like that... and under such unrelenting actual pressure he as we know at last gave in and abandoned reason entirely. ("I am a Catholic! What am I supposed to believe?")

It is true that a few years later he did get "out" of that church again, in the sense of relinquishing formal membership; but as usual he remained some kind of non-church Catholic, and to one observing from the distant vantage point of atheism, his move looks like a distinction without a difference.

One thing is certain: No anarchist has any business being a part of the Catholic Church, and no Catholic can really be an anarchist any more than a Nazi can. Such people can SAY they are, and they can even THINK they are, if they're capable of that degree of self-deception. But there is no way that anybody who is a willing member of any organization that ever tortured anybody to death, or passed ferocious laws, or exercised dictatorial control over masses of people, can be an anarchist— for the simple reason that these are the precise things that anarchism opposes.

Ammon Hennacy's refusal to pay trifling sums to the tax collectors had not the tiniest effect of hindering any governmental activity or war effort —and he certainly knew this, and would respond that it was his EXAMPLE which was important. By following his non-taxpaying example, any significant portion of the populace acting in concert could bring down the state in a very short time.

On the other hand, by following his other example— that of rampant, servile Catholicism— a significant portion of the people could create a far worse statism than we have ever known.

Thus his anarchism was seriously diluted and turned into something equivocal and self-nullifying.

It is true that he opposed many absurd and oppressive government policies: the draft, requirements of licensing, mandatory participation in air-raid drills, and so on. But—and here is where the non-obvious problems with his views start to come in—in many cases his opposition came to be the right action for the wrong reason. For instance let's consider his refusal to pay income tax: What would be an *anarchist* reason not to pay the tax? Well, it would be that no government has the right to rob you, any more than an ordinary robber has the right to rob you. That what you earn is yours because you spent time and effort earning it, and that if the product of your labor does not belong to you then you are a slave; and if part of the product of your labor does not belong to you, then you are partly a slave. The question is not whether or not government has a "good purpose" to set your money to work performing; the real question is whether any government or coercive body, call it what you will, has any right to transform your labor into ITS property, and you by that process into a slave.

So, in other words, at least where anarchism is concerned, it's not a question of whether they want to rob you to "pay for war" (war, of course, being bad), but whether they want to rob you *for any purpose at all*, good, bad, or indifferent.

Ammon's reiterated "no tax for war" stance makes me wonder what he'd have done if told that some of his tax money might go to things far better than, and certainly far more debatable than, war. I think he weakened all his protests and his arguments severely by harping on the expenditure of the government for war. The simple fact of the matter is that while there may be (a large number of) hideous things that governments do with taxpayers' money, there are (a fairly tiny number, actually) some things that are less bad. We anarchists can only call them "less bad", and not "good", because they are badly flawed by being conducted under compulsion. Anarchists want the right to decide for themselves how their lives are spent, how their labor is used, and what purposes their earnings or property or collective efforts are put to. If the government uses some money to keep a few people from starving to death somewhere, we do not therefore support *that part* of the government's efforts. We may not bother to oppose it very hard, but if pressed on the question we would answer that it would be far better if the starving people were aided by the voluntary effort of other persons who care— mutual aid, in other words, instead of organized, systematic coercion.

Ammon never made any of this explicit, and to appearances he had no such thoughts. This means that despite his own statements, his efforts were always rather more in the camp of the Socialists, than in ours.

Or consider conscription: Ammon opposed the draft, first, last, and always, because it provided manpower for war. I oppose the draft too, *but no matter what it's used for*. This is by no means some academic question, in our time when high-school students are being subjected to compulsory "volunteerism", and bills are forever being introduced into congresses to create a form of "national service" for "youth". That's involuntary servitude just as much as if they were sending you to Iraq, Cuba, Vietnam or someplace else to die or have your legs blown off. If you grant the state the implicit right to carry out compulsory "good" things by only opposing its tendency to draft (or tax) for "bad" things, then you're not an anarchist, but just an advocate of Friendly Fascism.

MOVING beyond his religionism and flawed analyses, I'm also taken aback by some of his strange tactics. Let's see if I have this straight: The state has no right to DRAFT Ammon, but it does have a right to IMPRISON him. It doesn't have the right to force him to get a license to distribute papers, but if it tells him he has to go stand in a cage for two years, then it does have that right.

I can see going to jail for some matters of principle—when there is no other alternative but capitulation, and where you are forced to do it. But Ammon, toward the later years anyway, seemed to think that going to jail was some kind of positive end in itself. He spoke of taking "responsibility" for his actions: But whose responsibility? That imposed by the State? Granting the government the right to dictate what our "responsibilities" require is just about equivalent to submitting to the draft, isn't it? It means playing a game that only the State can win.

In a situation where one is in the power of criminals, one should do everything possible to escape and preserve life and freedom. Where one may be about to fall into the hands of criminals, one should evade them by any reasonable means. What one should not do is treat criminals as if they had any legitimacy. For example, if you got word that there was a kidnap plot against you, the thing NOT to do would be to present yourself to the kidnap gang and announce: "Okay, I'm here to take my responsibility as a victim; give me whatever treatment you deem proper." Criminals have no legitimacy. Hennacy seems a lot more like a Martin Luther King Liberal than an anarchist in this regard. If I'm resisting their draft, I'm refusing to abide by a law that I had no hand in making, and that threatens my personal existence. To speak of "taking responsibility" for my acts of refusal is idiotic; my only responsibility is to myself or anyone I voluntarily accept responsibility for.

The section of the memoirs where Ammon steps over a tiny fence at a military base and is arrested and sent to prison, bewilders me. What is the purpose of such an action? How does it impede militarism (or, even more, statism, since the result is more authority for the prison system)? The idea seems to be that the military is bad, but prisons are okay. Does this seem like anarchism to you? Again, it's this fixation that he had with war— war being bad, and, as a bad action of the state, needing opposition; whereas other branches of the State deserved some accountability from you, some "accepting" of your "responsibility".

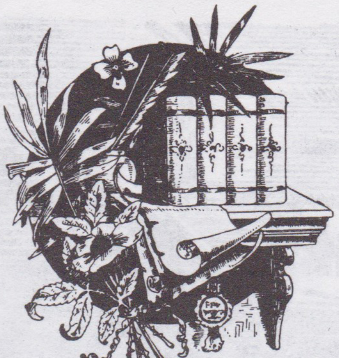
You don't have any responsibility to any draft board; you don't owe them anything. The law itself has no right to exist; it has only force. If that force grabs you up, then matters are of course somewhat out of your hands, but as long as it has not yet been able to apprehend you, why not sidestep its tyranny wherever you can? The concept of the so-called Conscientious Objector is alien to me; one might as well be talking about ritual scarification or drastic circumcision. You won't give the State your life or your labor, but you will hand both over to the Bureau of Prisons?

As for Ammon Hennacy's evident belief that fasting had some kind of effect on world events, I can only shake my head sadly and say that here he has gone completely over into the realm of sympathetic magic, and he may just as well have been poking needles into a voodoo doll of Truman, or Lyndon Johnson. I'm not criticizing the concept of hunger strikes; just "fasting". In a hunger strike prisoners are threatening the government with the only moral force they have left to exert: the propaganda value of the abandonment of their own existence. Presumably, human life even in these times remains of enough importance to the media and the public, that death self-inflicted as a protest against conditions, becomes a powerful threat and indictment against officials or policies. But to "fast", to merely stop eating for a few days as a "protest", seems curiously meaningless. Why not instead shave off all your hair? "I'm standing here bald with this sign as my protest against..." Why not dye your entire body green? Why not refuse to walk except on stilts? Why not clench your fist for such a long time that the nails grow and protrude out the other side of your hand, as is the practice of some Hindu mystics? What on earth is the particular power or meaning of one's temporary self-deprivation of food?

Ammon's paragraph extolling the physical pluses of fasting, toward the end of the memoir, says more about his belief in man as a nonphysical being than it does about social protest or progressive tactics. From his examples of the benefits to persons who have gone without nourishment for tens, dozens, or even more than a hundred days, food-intake looks to be an outright reactionary practice. If some fellow once was able to lift almost a thousand pounds some dozens of times in a few seconds after a prolonged diet of almost nothing, then by implication human strength comes not from physical processes (ingestion, metabolism), but from "the spirit". Frankly—and I mean this very soberly—I suspect that too many of these so-called "fasts" over his lifetime had deprived Ammon's brain of vital chemicals. The broken logic and the relinquishment of mind in the final passage excerpted, really do raise questions of what PHYSICAL cause may have been at the root of it. I can only say that I have seen some of the identical tendencies in other persons I've known who have had this habit of "fasting", and though the number I've observed is too small to be of statistical or scientific value, I myself am convinced that fasting harms one's intellect.

Past all of these objections, though, I do think that Ammon's memoir is at least worth knowing about. The book is out of print today, and hard to find, so by reprinting these large sections of it here in The Match, I hope to have provided you readers with a bit of anarchist and social history, and some ideas that are worth thinking about.

A last personal word: I never met Ammon Hennacy, but I think that in the late sixties I passed by him once as he was picketing. What a talk we might have had! I wish I'd stopped and said hello. ●



Subscriptions and contributions for this issue have been received from the following people:

Joe Gallo, Jim Grimmeison, R. Green, David Futrelle, Robert Fitzgerald, Left Bank Distribution, Primordial Soup Kitchen, Don Olson Distribution, Bound Together Books, Sixth & Washington News, Xan Karn, P. Turner, Bob Conrad, Y. A. Duck, Laughing Horse Books, Pat Murtagh, Bolder Landry, John Gibbons, Heather Wilson, Hungry Head Books, Chris Dodge, Robert Montgomery, Dave Rutschman-Byler, Tom Trusky, Phil Deslippe, D. Richards, Tad Davies, Peter Woodruff, Steve Wagner, George LaForest, Mike Swanson, David Rosinger, Chip Rowe, Tom Rolfsen, D. R., James Hammond, Matt Ames, Dick Williams, Gary James, Michael Stec, Mark Hetts, Jack Deal, Ellie Martin, Brian McCluskey, Robert Carr, Al Medwin, N. Scott, Jim Bayley, Harry Siitonen, Sam Colman, Time Tested Books, Mary Dixon, Neal Wilgus, Chip's Booksearch for Freedom Press, Vernon Richards, Steve Ongerth, David M. Washington, John Walden, Jerry Kubias, Michael Priborsky, Mike Jenkins, Michael Ledo, Phillip Krantz, Chris Stadler, Susan Boren, D. Price, Joyce Hardin, Tom Greene, Joshua Parker, Brendan Conley, M. Chapelle, Jennifer Rosenthal, Kimberlei Hurst, Analen Villar, Vera Veronika, David King, Stephen Gnitka, Jim Wayman, Rich Stattler, Stephen Harnsberger, Jim Clarkson, James Dyer, Matthew Morrissey, Michael Jackman, Monte Throneburg, Christopher Renda, Dick Martin, Richard L. Williams, Mike Coughlin, Jasiu Milanowski, Bonnie Dodson, David Waters, Ron Cody, Kimmo Sundstrom, Robert Peat, Tom Nespeco, Doug Young, Jim Lippard, Mike Oliver, Harold Barclay, Shell 63, William Frieburger, Charles Randal, Ernie Brooks, Rick Howe, P. Samida, R. Busby, James Diggs, Christopher Phelps, Ron Marke, Ed Smith, Stephen Guesman, J. W. Gandert, Tony Roehrig, Rayner Ward, Chuck Sohaskey, Salve Santos, Larry Gambone, Jon Kiparsky, Mark Pawson, Jeffrey Deboo, Mind Over Matter Books, Martine Richardson, Pistil Books, Joey Stein, David Waterd, Shawna Smith, Rob Munshower, Jaime Enrique Baxter, Michael Barrows, Lucy Parsons Center, Dan Kiss, Joan Thomas, Les Loranger, Charles Bateman, Dana Waters, Temy Beal, Michael Higgins, Tom Dooley, Steven Farkas, W.S.U. Library, Lina and Rui, Michael Walsh, Lisa Walker, Adam Welch, Audrey Goodfriend, Doug Holland, A. N. Mishra, Gary James, Ken Morse, Robert Sicurello, Nick Wolf, Terry Tapp, University Microfilms, Quimby's, Ron Hill, James Watson, Frank Skiles, Thaddeus Bordofsky, Jason Jackson, Joseph Gandert, Karen Switzer, J. A. Schneier, Sam Adams, Gerald Cooper, Hugo Bishop II, Ronald del Raine, John McIntosh, Matt Hogan, Dave Matthews, Rick Cricow, Tom and Jeanette Jaquish, Jon Cone, Gary Fromm, Robert Gorham, Anthony Rayson, M., Summer Copelan, Tony Rayson, R. L. Williams Sr., Colin Everette, Malloy Chapelle, I. J. Yablon, Craig Thran, Jerry Gouge, Jeff Meyer, Oahu IWW, Jim Zaluba, Peter Kalberer, Two Feathers, Phil Lowenthal, Blackout Books, Emma Fuentes, Chloe Eudaly, Jacques Musy, Enrico del Bianco, Lennox Sweeney, Bill Shannon, David Ruth, B. G., Kyle Bryan, Sabot, Brenda Emerson, Tower Magazines, Christopher Lenz, Chris, Darius Hober, David Briars, Jack Thompson, Renee Feltz. *Thanks for your readership. –Editor, October 7, 1997.*

REMEMBER...

You can't get THE MATCH in very many stores. *Most* refuse to carry it because of its contents; *some* won't carry it because they don't deal directly with publishers—and the *distributors* they might get it from won't handle THE MATCH because of its contents! Isn't "freedom of the press" in America wonderful? ***But you can subscribe.*** Ten dollars in cash, stamps, or money-order will get you four issues. Our address is: P. O. Box 3012, Tucson, AZ 85702.

LETTERS

Please address correspondence
to: THE MATCH!
Post Office Box 3012
Tucson, Arizona 85702

Hey, Fred! I don't know if you remember, but back when you were sending me The Match in Grand Rapids, I was running the Ammon Hennacy House there. He and his anarchism had a profound impact on me, and I'm looking forward to your profile of him.

—Jasiu Milanowski,
Holland, Michigan.

Well, I hope you liked the feature. I reprinted as much of Ammon's book as I could, and I had to be critical because there was some downright stupid stuff in there. However, the anarchist movement could certainly use a deep infusion of the kind of principled commitment and decency that he exemplified. —FW.

Dear Fred: I bought a copy of **Dream World** at Bound Together Books in San Francisco, and the book is as excellent as all of your readers have suggested, both in content and craftsmanship. I do hope that **Paul Roasberry's** "Teaching Pigs to Whistle" will someday be published as a book as well— even though I think he's let Stirner fuck with his mind. Iris Lane's "The Two Sisters" and Kent Winslow's sequel also deserve to be books.

Referring to "What Would You Do?", back in issue 89, I was interested in knowing exactly what you had in mind, and since you never revealed it, I have attempted a few guesses: Use a bicycle instead of a car for daily transportation. Consider how much government and bureaucracy are involved in the use of the personal automobile, from insurance to registration fees to traffic kops to parking tickets to ecological destruction and exploited labor. In my opinion, using bikes instead of cars represents a major step toward a free society. Another guess at what you were thinking of was to sell your TV (if you have one). I can think of no greater tool other than religion for subjecting individual minds, than TV. And TV plus religion equals a catastrophe never imagined by even the anarchists of the early 20th century.

One final guess I had was: we could grow some of our own food. None of these suggestions would solve any problems entirely, but they could represent positive first steps that individuals could take. Beyond that, I believe that combinations of individual and collective action in varying degrees would be necessary, pro-active steps toward abolishing government.

Issue 91 was both a delight to read and infuriating at times. First, it was sad to see fellow Wobbly Bob Helms doing his best to discredit himself with his rather asinine letter. Oh well. I would agree that theft is probably not justifiable, though I would not hesitate to support the right of "snot-nosed kids in the big city" organizing in a free, democratic union to achieve better working conditions (such would be better than theft, in my opinion). Whether or not their condition can be directly compared to "actual slaves of the old American South and elsewhere" does not alter the fact that selling their labor to another for extended periods of time represents an act of indentured servitude.

Similarly, another letter writer suggested that these "snot-nosed kids" wouldn't have access to the copier had their employer not hired them. Whoa! Wait a minute. While that may be true, it is also true that the employer would probably not earn a cent without the labor of said employees, unless he was self employed. This doesn't mean that I endorse theft, but it does mean that I do not endorse the notion that once people have sold their labor to someone else, they do not retain their freedom. If that same letter writer believes otherwise, then he or she is in fact not an anarchist, but a capitalist. Which leads me to...

...Jeffrey Deboo, who states that he cannot fathom Syndicalism being equated with freedom and considers it yet another form of government. I would make the same claim about capitalism—even of the sort that Deboo envisions. Maximum individual freedom must apply to **ALL** aspects of life, and that includes the work-place as well. For some people, maximum individual freedom necessitates collective work relationships. I sometimes wonder if "individualists" such as Deboo ever stopped to consider who purifies their water, grows their food, builds their houses, produces their ink, manufactures their paper, builds their printing presses, builds and maintains the roads upon which they transport their "individualist" newspapers.

Having said all that, I think that letters to the Match from "anarcho-" capitalists should not be censored nor should these writers necessarily be disgraced. Although I consider myself sympathetic to both anarcho-syndicalism and anarcho-communism, I realize that I don't have all of the answers of life. Like yourself, I think that in a truly free world, anarcho-communism, anarcho-individualism, anarcho-hermitism, and perhaps even anarcho-capitalism could indeed exist side by side. I thought I'd put in a positive word for syndicalism considering the number of anarcho-capitalists corresponding to you in issue 91 who seem to be suggesting that communal living and working could not exist in a free world. From what I've studied of the Spanish Revolution, the anarcho-syndicalists and anarcho-communists did not force individualists to join the FAI-CNT; in fact many individualists apparently joined freely after witnessing their efficiency and commitment to freedom. It is the responsibility of contemporary anarcho-syndicalists and anarcho-communists to show the same respect.

By the way, what influences my decision is not solely philosophy. I've found that the anarcho-capitalists have a very limited concept of ecology whereas other anarchists do not seem as limited. In my experiences, the latter tend to regard all species as worthy members of the "commune" in a broader sense and the land as something to be held in common freely by everyone. The former would subdivide the land into parcels of "private property". I fail to see how this would be accomplished without some form of government. Furthermore, I have seen aerial photographs of how "private property" is treated (e.g., clear-cut forest land stopped only—and uniformly—by that magical "property line"). Also, the non-human species have no way of knowing that they are "owned" by some capitalist or government. They are by their nature, free. One person cannot own another living being (who doesn't know better or would not consent to being owned under ideal circumstances in a free society.)

Thanks for the encouraging words about Earth First! (We always spell it with the exclamation point, just as you punctuate The Match with one; perhaps Dave Foreman & Co. were influenced by your publication; they were from Arizona after all!). There are indeed many anarchists involved, but Earth First! is not really a formal organization; political views are quite diverse, and as a result, authoritarian behavior sometimes goes unchecked. Incidentally, a number of us believe that the loggers themselves are not the enemy, but rather the enemies are the corporate tyrannies to which these loggers have sold their labor. Lately, many Earth Firstlers are starting to realize that neither the cops nor the other branches of government are on their side.

— Steve Ongerth,
Berkeley, California.

The idea I had for improving one particular horrendous condition in this city was far simpler and less radically sweeping than any of the suggestions you mention. However, this vile, evil, nauseating place does not deserve input from me, and is most emphatically never going to get any.

Regarding Syndicalism, FAI-CNT, Spanish Revolution, etc.– 80% of Match readers are going to hit the ceiling when I say this, but: I THINK THAT EVERYTHING ABOUT THOSE TOPICS IS COMPLETELY IRRELEVANT to our modern situation. It's leftist secular academic substitute for religion. Almost none of those people involved, back then, had a truly anti-authoritarian attitude– or if they had it, you didn't often see much sign of it: generals... armies... people fighting to install governments. Let's be honest: Spain is and for centuries has been, an ignorant, backward Catholic country–religious maniacs who delight in torturing bulls to death. With a population like that, you don't jump ahead moral lightyears into the advanced behavior of true anarchism any more than goldsmiths in a medieval guild could overnight start manufacturing transistors.

I'll continue to listen to other people's ideas on those historical topics, and I'll certainly print notices about books, etc., dealing with them. To me, though, they are empty of significance to the present times.

Dear Fred: Apropos the "From the Editor" column in issue 91— I have had numerous difficulties of my own with the US Postal Service. The current orgy of automation occurs during a long period of declining service and rising postage. Another aspect that seems very sinister is the now-beginning requirement that bulk-mailers produce a computer disk with their mailing list on it for the USPS to compare against their own database of zipcodes. This could certainly be used for totalitarian purposes.

A further tendency of the USPS to be obsessed with automation seemingly almost for its own sake is the placement of serious limits on the addressing and even designing of envelopes as an art. The excuse given is legibility, but I have had letters whose address could leave no doubt about their destination, both as to placement and legibility, be returned to me because the address did not fall within some arbitrary area defined in one of the massive rule-books. The Post Office is so hostile to mail art that they x-ed out some drawings I made on envelopes. We see that for all the claims which have been made for the creative possibilities opened up by computerization (and these claims may have a modicum of truth in them), there are also great and grave ways in which they inhibit creativity and expression, and only the pathologically uncritical computer maniac could be blind to them.

The assertion of the weekly newspaper's representative you quoted that "print is obsolete" is on its very face a lie. Books and magazines are still everywhere, and there hardly exist any objective reasons to predict their extinction.

But we must understand a statement like that in another way: it is cut from the same cloth as "punk is dead", "communism is dead", "surrealism is dead", and so on— obituaries designed to produce a death, which stem from the insecure suspicion of the speaker that the dreaded object is very much alive. Print Is Obsolete is another of these magical incantations, but impotent...

I admit to a Web page, but I hope no one thinks this means I have given up on print. Far from it. Print remains far superior in many ways to the latest fad of the World Wide Web, and I recently had some sharp words for some soi-disant "Virtual Surrealists" who implied in a grossly ignorant manifesto, that the surrealist adventure should be an exclusively electronic enterprise. I recall Andy McCluskey's explanation of his unsuccessful attempt to keep Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark off compact disk— that you sing a song because you feel something, not because you want to make a computer program. But wisdom like that has been lost as fetishism-hypnotized consumers have rushed to embrace uncritically this record-company oligopoly price-gouging scheme. Those who have hesitated have recalled the subtle warmth and magic of the vinyl LP, a form that has served us well these many years, and which —as former Cure guitarist P. Thompson pointed out, provides in the very square-footage area of its sleeve greater opportunities for creative expression than the CD "coaster" does. But those with such realizations are ridiculed and advised to "get with the times."

Here, as elsewhere, traditional technology that no one can show to be seriously lacking is pushed aside, the victim of enforced obsolescence for the "must-have" new fetishised gadget (more expensive, of course). As the plan works, the laggers will be stripped of options, and ownership of the new machine will become compulsory.

—Dan Boyer,
Milton, Massachusetts.

Dear Fred: Sorry to hear about your problems with the Post Awful. People have suggested that I turn "It Goes On The Shelf" into a website, and the idea does have a certain appeal (assuming I could manage the pestiferous voodoo) but there are just too many people on the mailing list who don't even have computers, much less web access.

Enjoyed the Crap Detector— it's a wonder we can still detect it, against a background of mostly crap. I have been accumulating a file of examples of inane psychobabble promulgated over our local net by management.

You misquote the second half of the penultimate stanza of Swinburne's "The Garden of Proserpine" (one of my favorites— the other is "Before the Beginning of Years") on page 15 of issue 91:

...That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

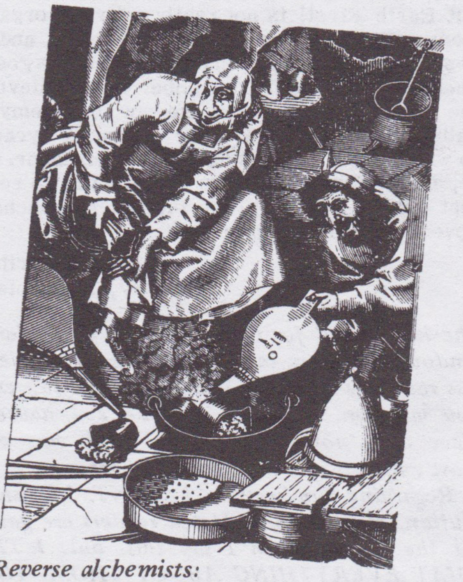
Love your interior illos! What is that woman on page 25 doing, having her feet fumigated?

That was supposed to represent Madalyn Murray O'Hair, so I guess it would've been more appropriate if I'd found a drawing of somebody having her whole body fumigated... (Actually, I'd started using that illustration several years ago because, as an ancient engraving of alchemists at work, I found it sardonically applicable— I wrote a caption that spoke of American Atheists, Inc. as "reverse alchemy that changes gold into crap." A little work retouching the character with the bellows, and he looked just like Madalyn's nasty, authoritarian son. The search for subtle depictions continues...) —fw

I don't understand Eugene Nelson's comments about the ISBN. I have received Bowker mailings for years, and have filled out their forms and gotten ISBNs assigned to the Purple Mouth Press, but there has never been any suggestion that I should pay them anything. I assumed that they recovered the cost of this effort by selling the information to the libraries and bookstores in the form of the Books In Print volumes. It seems a useful service to me; as a book collector I often need to find out if something is still in print, and if so where to order it.

Fascinating account of your 21-digit mechanical calculator. I had no idea such things existed. The ordinary computer programs for doing calculations cannot, as you say, handle anything like that number of digits. I would like to know why Monroe ever put such a monster on the market— what task was it intended for? That level of precision is not required in most calculations. It is possible, however, to get even a home computer to carry this many digits. A few years ago I got interested in an account of an 'idiot-savant' who could multiply 18-digit numbers in his head. An example was given, so I wrote a computer program to check it out. Out of sheer hubris, I dimensioned the program to handle 100-digit numbers. It works fine on 18-digit numbers, and gives the answer about as fast as you can get your finger off the Run key), but of course if I did multiply 100-digit numbers I would have no way to check the 10,000-digit result. The program is less than 50 lines long and uses only standard arithmetic.

I see that Kimmo Sundstrom quotes a definition of a 'book' that includes the old USPD specification of '16 pages'. I wonder who came up with that number? I have an old postal manual that has a definition of a book, that goes something like: 16 or more pages, permanently bound, and con-



Reverse alchemists:
The O'Hairs changing gold into crap

taining no advertising except for notices of other books. This was back when Book Rate was five cents a pound. Pretty clear, except for the 'permanently bound', which I think they dropped when looseleaf cookbooks became popular. I don't know what you pay per copy to mail The Match, but you mention the possibility of having to pay $1.75. What would keep you from mailing it as a book at $1.24, the rate for the first pound?

—Ned Brooks,
713 Paul Street,
Newport News, Virginia 23605.

The Post Office tells me that The Match does not qualify as a book because it is a serial title—that is, it keeps appearing. But don't worry: even if I stuck a different title on it each time they'd still think of some other obscure regulation to smilingly trot out.

If you're not producing anything that tries to criticize the abhorrent nature of everything, you don't have a worry in the world from any of these regulations or bureaucracies; they're not interested in you. Consider this actual example of the principle:

Several years ago, when it came time to do a Match bulk-mailing, I lugged a number of heavy canvas sacks in to the bulk mailing dock, and had a clerk shove the whole thing back at me because the mailing envelopes had printed on them the following words— "Address Correction Requested; Return Postage Guaranteed."

That was no longer the proper wording, he said. Now it was changed to: "Forwarding and Return Postage Guaranteed; Address Correction Requested." Thousands of expensive mailing envelopes invalidated— just for this meaningless change!

Okay, I made the switch: got new envelopes, fired up the printing press and ran 'em through. Needless waste. Only guess what? For TWO YEARS after that I kept noticing that mail I was getting from other publishers still had the old wording on the mailers.

A couple of months ago, while working on the present issue of The Match, I got a new sheaf of regulations from the US Postal Disservice, and now they've changed it again. Now you're supposed to print on your envelopes THIS formula: "ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED." So I drive back out to my paper supplier, buy a few more 6 x 9 envelopes, and waste another day of my rapidly-vanishing life printing them.

And a couple of weeks after I've done so, what arrives in my mailbox? Why, it's a copy of "Anarchy Magazine", the "Journal of Desire Armed", carrying articles by, and all sorts of laudatory stuff about, writer Bob Black, who just happens to be a police informer. Óther articles all through the creepy, expensively produced discreditation of anarchism, seem specifically designed to make readers turn away from the whole philosophy in disgust. And on the mailing envelope, what do we read? The words that would suffice, all by themselves, to cause THIS magazine, THE MATCH!, to be rejected from the mail: "ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED."

...I guess the CIA or the FBI, or whoever it is who is behind that magazine, won't have to waste ITS time redoing a mailing.

Turning from such unpleasant and disheartening topics, to one that always soothes my fevered brow with its built-in rationality—namely, old mechanical apparatus— let me hasten to explain that the antique calculators weren't really built so that you could do 21-digit arithmetic. As the above writer rightly notes, few calculations would ever require such precision. While the capacity did exist— not solely on the Monroe but also on many other machines such as Burroughs, Friden, Marchant, and Comptometer— to carry out calculations to 15 or 20 or more decimal places, ordinarily the extra space would have been used to store or perform separate calculations. In other words, it was memory (or beyond memory, surplus capacity).

Aside from the fact that this area of obsolete technology is a hobby of mine, I do think that it has some relevance to the subject of critical thinking, and therefore anarchism, because the old machines reveal again what lying big-business propaganda a lot of this current computer hype actually is. I'd bet that there's not one person in 100,000 under the age of 35 who knows that apparatus existed, before the computer, to perform rapid, accurate, multi-stage calculations without pencil and paper.

I've seen a lot of lies in my time, but the INTENSE crusade to make every single person in all of society fall in step with computerization, generates more lies-per-square-inch than anything I've ever before witnessed. —*FW*

Dear Fred: A few comments on issue 91— Everyone I know presumes that Madalyn O'Hair is dead or dying. The other two who worked and lived with Madalyn all their lives are, by training, ill-suited to work with anyone else in order to make a living, and undoubtedly they'll be taken care of for the rest of their lives by money stashed away in foreign bank accounts. No one need worry about any of them; if we are lucky we will never hear from or of them again.

Thanks for the information about Jim Hogshire's arrest.

Larry Johnson (a.k.a. Ernest Mann) was a person I had corresponded with. As someone else has said, I didn't believe in his Priceless Economic System, but I believed in him. I appreciate people who are more aware than the average citizen is. People who have self-generated opinions, people dedicated to living their lives according to their own espoused beliefs (unlike hypocritical right-wingers, Christians, etc.). I finally stopped supporting the Little Free Press and advised Larry that I didn't want to be a part of the thing that was preventing him from living his dream of living on a sailboat. I don't believe that you can change the world's people.

Apparently using an old mailing list, his daughter sent me a package of material including her pathetic story about visiting a psychic seeking relief from the guilt of having birthed the boy who killed her father. The basis of her comments and those of her brother is that 'their father's work on Earth was done and he was ready to die anyway, and now he is pure love/spirit and is happier than he was on Earth.' Sickening. I know that Larry Johnson did not believe this kind of spiritualist and fatalist crap.

— Randy Yakey,
Houston, Texas.

Dear Fred: In case anyone's interested, Madalyn O'Hair or a lookalike flew into Seattle on Christmas night (1996) with, or was met by, a couple about her age. I saw her from about three feet away, across an escalator, and she knew I recognized her; stared straight back, defiant. Estimated time: 9:45 pm. . .

— Merritt Clifton,
Clinton, Washington.

Dear Fred: When I play my chess computer, I can set it so that it'll be as dumb as I am. I can take back all of my bad moves, and, if even that doesn't help, I can switch sides in the middle of a game. Try any of those tricks when you're playing an anarchist and see where it gets you.

The real problem with computers is that since they operate at speeds faster than human imagination can comprehend, Murphy's Law applies even faster than usual. But if you dumb the things down enough, they can make nice pets...

I'm still feeling a bit shaken from reading about the death of Ernest Mann... talk about Situation Hopeless.

— Dick Freeman,
Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Dear Fred: Thanks for the excellent review given us in Match #91. We both feel rather awed, and certainly honored. The review is one of the finest we've seen. We also got reviewed in "Pathetic Life", and these two anarchist reviews went right to the heart of what we are and do. It's not just selling seeds; were it only so innocent and simple, how pleasant life would be! You both immediately understood the political/social implications in a way that no one else is ever willing to discuss. In some way, we feel like all these years of hand-to-mouth struggle have actually been worth it; being weird, "radical", going against the grain— it's VINDICATED! We even got some catalog requests too. So thank you all.

On the rising weirdness of police roadblocks, here's one I recently heard on a big local AM radio station: apparently, a couple of weeks earlier, a child had been hit and killed by a car, and the driver did not stop and was never located. This happened somewhere in the East Bay; unfortunately I missed the location. Anyway, the police decided they would use an up-coming three-day weekend to work on solving this hit-and-run. They put up a roadblock at the intersection where the accident occurred— they didn't CALL it a roadblock, though; the police spokesman simply said they would be "stopping cars", and they would hand flyers about the case to the drivers, asking everyone if they'd been in the area that day, and if they had "seen anything". Cop said they might just use the existing stop-light, and just ask drivers their questions and so forth while they were stopped for the red light. Or they might not, depending on traffic flow, and mumble mumble mutter.

This amazed me. Cops can sneak in a roadblock to ASK QUESTIONS about a two-week-old hit-and-run?!? Say what? Mind you, this story vanished without a trace. I never heard it mentioned again. It was of course presented in a low-key, friendly, we're-just-asking-for-help manner. A brilliant method of approach— who could object to helping find this evil hit & run killer? Right... Just ease the citizens into accepting random roadblocks. "But they have a GOOD REASON," cries the Decent Citizen. Can we never remember that the end does not justify the means? Well, that's it from Sunny California— Leading The Nation in Fascism! We're Number One!

— Sheri, for
J. L. Hudson, Seedsman,
Star Route 2, Box 337,
La Honda, California 94020.

Fred: I received The Match and have to say that I was pleasantly surprised, both by the quality of the writing and by the simple elegance of the printing and layout. I also appreciate the sheer bulk of the thing; I have great respect for those who truly try to deliver up value for my money, and that you've certainly done. Doug Holland recommended you in his wonderful zine, and I generally respect his judgment in these things, but I was still a little dubious. Though I'm a more or less political writer, a sort of lefty with mixed anarchist/libertarian cultural politics and vaguely socialist economic beliefs, I've come to look upon most political publications with distaste; I read sectarian lefty mags for laughs, and not much else. Z Magazine makes me wince; I won't even touch most anarchist rags (and in libertarian publications like Reason I have to stick to the cultural subjects so I won't make myself ill.) I read The Nation and In These Times (a mag I used to work at) more out of a sense of duty than anything else. (Once in a while they surprise me with something lively.)

I can't say I agree with all your writing— the computer manifesto seemed in so many ways to miss the point (see below)— but what I've read so far of The Match has a solidity and integrity and intelligence that are far too rare in the left press. "I Go Time-Traveling" in issue 90 was an elegantly written and incisive piece; the account of your dealings with Fine Print was harrowing (especially to someone thinking about launching a sort of zine); the whole publication, from the editor's note to the letters section, is truly a pleasure to read. (And I read enough that ISN'T a pleasure to know the difference.)

The computer thing: Though I put your piece down with some dissatisfaction, you and I actually agree on a good deal. Even though I have a bit more fondness for computers than you do, I have to say that the experience of publishing an online zine has driven me back to paper. While I appreciate the online community of things like The Well and Usenet, and while the net is a handy place to find loads and loads of material and sources for my own writing, I find I can't read anything of length or substance while online. If I like something enough to want to read it, I'll go through the hassle of reformatting it and printing it out. BUT— it's still MUCH, MUCH easier and quicker to get out-of-town newspaper articles this way than through the damn library, and much easier to search out stuff on particular subjects. Within an hour or so on the Net, I can track down recent articles on most subjects I write about in a half-dozen newspapers or research reports. I can assemble a big bibliography of other things I can track down and a list of people to call if I need to. It takes me an hour even to GET to the nearest library with any significant resources.

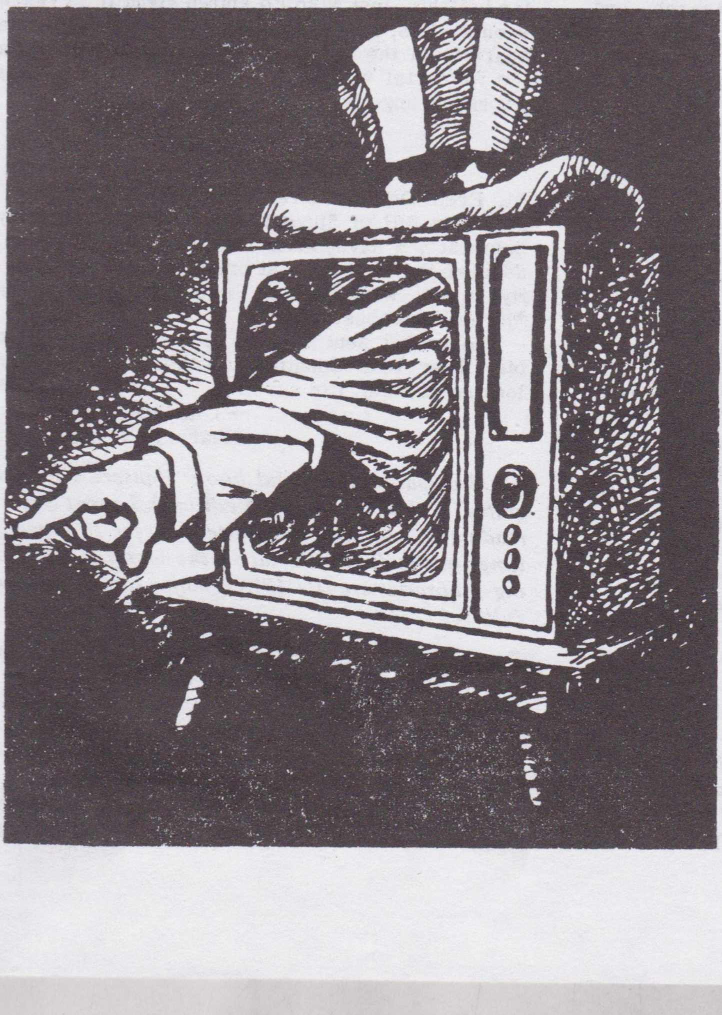
Still, I don't know why anyone who's not actively researching a particular subject would want to spend time reading online. It would be rather like reading a book on your television; what's the point of that? Sure, it's fun to poke about for odd stuff on the Web— at first. Now, though, I do the minimal amount of "surfing" needed to fulfill my professional responsibilities. Oddly enough, my best writing gigs at the moment are with online publications; apparently quite a few people actually DO enjoy reading online.

You're right to point out the hidden costs of computers. But there are hidden costs to almost everything. If computers don't work well for your needs, so be it. They work for mine. When I first discovered the joys of word processing in college, it quite literally changed my life. I'm not sure I would want to be a writer without a word processor. Different writers have different approaches. I'm a sloppy typist and I revise constantly; you're a fast, skilled typist and apparently you don't set down your words until they're just right. You quite obviously don't need a fancy computer to turn out good prose, and I'm not going to try to convince you that you do. I do. If you're trying to publish something that looks like Wired, you need a computer; if you're trying to publish something that looks like The Match, you don't. I'm glad I've got both of them.

Some other thoughts: Your screed against miserable zines was, alas, all too fair. I've just gotten over a momentary zine fetish, and I can think of no better cure for the disease than a mailbox full of miserable zines. One or two are wonderful, a few others are at least diverting, if rather slight— a kind of "alternative" literary junk food. But most would be better off moldering in their creators' basements unsold.

Finally: You're absolutely right about Kevorkian. I've always felt a little uneasy about the man, and his recent death binge has convinced me he's crazy. Yes, terminally ill people should be allowed to die if they consider it preferable to a life of endless suffering. But (and I say this as someone who foolishly stayed with a perpetually-suicidal and manipulative girlfriend for many years) it is unconscionable to wantonly encourage suicide when there are other alternatives. In one of the recent Kevorkian cases, the woman was only IMAGINING she was terminally ill; she may have been suffering only from depression which (as I again know from personal experience) is eminently treatable.

— David Futrelle,
Chicago, Illinois.



Dear Fred: I recently read Jerry Mander's book, "Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television," and he talked about advertisements creeping into our brains, whether we want the images there or not. Likewise the very idea of a godhead and the "moral creed he has set down" is so deeply engrained in the human psyche that if an individual dares to use logic and to question, nobody can stand it.

My neighbor who's a former Catholic priest has a lot of fascinating insight into all this. He says that for many centuries various mythologies have existed, and all the wonderful stories woven about various gods and goddesses and miracles, were just that: myths. But sometime after Jesus, church fathers twisted these myths into TRUTHS, and all of a sudden if you didn't believe them you were damned to hell for all eternity! I find it all fascinating. As I dropped out of the Catholic Church when I was 25 (and am now almost 50), I think that the early delving into spirituality, even though the church was lost on me, made me into a very spiritual person... BUT (bear with me here) that can mean different things to different people. I have come to love the natural world; consider myself somewhat of a biocentrist; think most humans are ridiculous and destructive creatures who generally follow the leader like the sheep they are.

I consider my appreciation for the wilderness to be almost a spiritual thing; I consider life precious and brief (or, as Woody Allen says: "Life is really horrible; then it's over much too fast!"). I also think that love and sharing among humans can often transcend the flat, frightening world. In other words, although I am not a religious person and do not espouse any formal "religion", I find plenty of things almost bordering on magic: like a simple desert sunrise, or watching my cat's fur gleaming in the sun; kindnesses I see daily. Maybe Ed Abbey was right: we don't need heaven; it's all right here. I think most human beings seek out a spirituality of some sort; it's the organized junk that's so oppressive.

— Phyllis Hordin,
San Diego, California.

Fred: If you accept this definition of anarchy—"By anarchy I mean first an absolute rejection of violence,"— I recommend you read "Anarchy and Christianity", by Jacques Ellul. The definition of anarchy quoted is Ellul's.

Another quote from the book: "I came to see how impossible it is to give simple obedience to the state and how there is in the Bible the orientation to a certain anarchism." Also: "...the more the power of the state and bureaucracy grows, the more the affirmation of anarchy is necessary as the sole and last defense of the individual, that is, of humanity." I should add that Mr. Ellul admits that his ideas on Christianity and anarchy will find little favor with most Christians.

— Lee Poleske,
Seward, Alaska.

Actually I don't accept that definition. Coercion can take many forms, and not all of them rely on actual violence to back them up. Moreover, I don't reject the idea of defensive violence at all; in fact, I think that if there was more of it the world would be a better place because aggressive violence then would decline, eventually taking with it the NEED for defensive violence, in a downward spiral. The refusal to engage in self-defense, sometimes indeed out of principle but more often out of fear of being met with even more overwhelming force, is a large part of the long-persisting UPward spiral that has pumped governments full of capacity to harm or enslave or kill their populaces.

I disagree COMPLETELY that "there is in the Bible the orientation to a certain anarchism." The wretched, disgusting book is stuffed to the bursting point with injunctions to OBEY, and that is the exact, precise reason why it is almost impossible for those believing in this material to refrain at some time or another from trying to compel someone to act as they think it commands.

Yes— as I keep saying here: People have the right to believe whatever they want, so it is certainly possible to believe in Christianity and "be" an anarchist; but realistically speaking, it isn't awfully likely. You might just as well insist: "But do I not have the right to read the works of Hitler, to slobber over Goebbels, and to hate Jews, as long as I don't coerce anybody, in an anarchist society?" Sure, you have that right. But, again: that's a pretty naive and unrealistic formulation, and it's just not the way things work. As long as this Bible is held in esteem by anybody, such followers are sadly apt to go tearing off on a holy crusade at any instant, because they have an intrinsically unstable and self-contradictory set of desires.

You can try to rehabilitate Christianity all you want, but it'll never be any better than sewage-polluted water— you might be able to drink it for a while with no apparent effects, but eventually its true foulness, in my opinion, can no longer be avoided. —FW

Hey, Fred: Just received my third copy of The Match. I can't tell you how much it brightens my day to find it waiting in the box. A flame of common sense in a world gone insane with authoritarian bullshit. Just wish I'd known about it 25 years sooner. Yes, it's all hopeless. I just live my life apart from the herd and refuse to participate. In the immortal words of the Grateful Dead: "What a long, strange trip it's been."

— Gary James,
Bandon, Oregon.

Hi, Fred: Due to the recent criticism of my work as being full of "juvenile irreverence and surly bombast", I have, after much self examination, decided to work hard at bringing a new maturity to my work, so am now concentrating on "juvenile bombast".

The book I sent you was in the library discard bin. They toss donations in there without even looking at them, I'm sure...

— Clark Dissmeyer,
Kearney, Nebraska.

That was a wonderful book: Hansard's "Typografia" (reprint from 1825 edition). I spent a week reading it and will undoubtedly refer to it many times in the future. What in the world is happening— libraries are DUMPING major sections of our culture!

Dear Fred: I liked the quote from George Carlin. I was wondering if you ever send copies of The Match to celebrities who make statements like that in the media?

—Al Medwin,
Farmingdale, New Jersey.

Funny you should ask. A George Carlin in fact requested a sample copy of The Match in 1989.

He didn't subscribe and I never heard from him again; but after mentioning the celebrity George Carlin's anarchistic comments last issue, I mailed a copy to the Los Angeles address that was still in my file. It didn't come back... However, I don't make a habit of mailing this journal to people unless they've either requested it, or exhibited some reason for me to believe that they might like to see it.

Dear Fred: I finally had a chance to read Dream World, by Kent Winslow, and got wonderfully swept away into it, moved, frightened, furious, outraged. I am particularly impressed by Kent's refusal to rationalize or add justifications for his own occasional leave-taking of his senses— I mistrust anyone who finds in retrospect that he really had the best of intentions when in fact his intentions had little to do with the unfolding of many events in his life.

I took Doug Holland's exuberant praise for this book as a bit of hyperbole. Until I read it. Best damn book I've read in many years! It is not a "happy" book, but it is a book that I find hopeful in the sense that it is possible to live in a way that involves personal integrity and principles, even against intimidating odds, bad luck, and people out to knock you down.

I sat for a time after reading the final pages and all I could think was that I can't remember caring quite so strongly and personally about any character in any book I've read in recent years.

— Mark A. Hetts,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Fred: Thanks for the whopping issue. Enjoyed (if that's the word) the recounting of your woes with the USPS. I know what it's like: sending 2,000 catalogues, pre-sorted in some esoteric, labyrinthine procedure...

— Chip's Booksearch,
Box 123, Planetarium Stn.
New York, NY 10024.

Dear Fred: I found issue 91 at the Taos Public Library free section yesterday and am still reading it, mostly with delight. I wish to suggest, seriously, that lately my main source of hope has been the Mayan prophecy that the world will suffer natural mega-catastrophe in the year 2012. (They did know about the Cortez/Columbus gang...)

— R. H. Schmidt,
Carson, New Mexico.

Dear Fred: I see the exposure of the tyranny of the government, but why don't you ever mention the real reason? Tremendous overpopulation. The higher the population density, the higher the tyranny. And, of course, churches having huge responsibility in the overpopulation— huge responsibility in keeping the masses stupid and placid.

The population density will necessarily lead to a violent redistribution of the world's resources. We now have TWO BILLION youth, age 15-25, who do not have and never will have means of support or a job (world-wide). When I was in school the world's population was just two billion total.

Social, economic, monetary world-wide collapse is coming in 2010; it'll last 35 years and two-thirds of the world population will perish in resulting upheavals. After 2050 it will be fine again and we can then focus on colonization of space and other worthwhile projects. Well, take care.

— Jerry Kubias,
Vail, Arizona.

You seem to know something I don't. But I hope either you, or the Mayans, are right, because if this hideous mess doesn't collapse pretty soon the entire planet is going to be one big festering, poisonous prison.

Dear Fred: Regarding your mention of Georgia laws against oral sex: It is my understanding that it's used only in rape and sex-offending (i.e., child-molesting) cases, and is not used against the average person. Perhaps that is why it is under "sodomy laws".

— Michael Ledo,
Kennesaw, Georgia.

Wrong. It has been used against fully consenting adults. One case involved a British photographer who engaged in oral sex with his girlfriend in a hotel room. He used his own camera apparatus to take pictures of the two of them while engaged in this activity and then, unintelligently, he sent the film out for commercial developing. That's when they nailed him, using his own snapshots as evidence. I think I heard he was serving 19 years.

You see, people, oppression doesn't just spring from economic causes. Much of it arises out of pure busybodyism, as control-freaks (authoritarians) impose THEIR moral codes on other people. The above writer, a Marxist, would obviously like to think that some other explanation can be put on the Georgia "sodomy" laws, because he wants to preserve a social analysis that identifies economic and not authoritarian factors as the source of human oppression. This is one of the three major ways in which Marxism is out of touch with the real world.

Dear Fred: Nearly all of issue 91 was thought-provoking, but what caught my interest the most was John Johnson's letter. I love hearing from people who are new to anarchism. They always have a fresh approach to the question we are continually grappling with: what would an anarchist society look like? I'd like to share some of my thoughts.

I find that, when talking about anarchism, there is a tendency to speak in the abstract, about some future Utopia, or to ask what would happen if all government were suddenly eliminated from our present society. This inevitably leads to questions like the one posed by Simon DeSantis in his letter: how do we protect ourselves from crime in an anarchist society? The problem with this way of discussing it is that anarchy is not going to come about in an instant. It is going to be a slow process of social change, with many small advances and setbacks, starting from where we are now. To be frank, we don't have to worry about Utopia because we are so far from it. What we do have to worry about is our present society, and what we can do to make it more free and just. That's why my approach is to look at who is working to change our present society from the perspective of anarchist principles. This work inevitably involves many compromises, but as someone once said, "Every breath is a compromise with injustice."

I think one of the best examples of anarchist principles in action is the modern intentional communities movement. Right now in North America there are over a thousand small communities of people living together on farms or in cities and towns, bonded together by the beliefs or principles of each individual commune. Some call themselves anarchists, but most do not. Each community is unique, and they are as diverse as one could imagine. But they are able to work together enough to promote their common movement through the Fellowship for Intentional Community, which publishes the Communities Directory (available for $23 from Communities, Rt. 4, Box 169-D, Louisa, VA 23093). To return to the idea of Utopia, perhaps it would be a world of autonomous communities, with each following its own principles, and organizing itself in its own way. Voluntary inter-community organization would provide opportunities for trade, exchange of ideas, and working together for common goals (global ecology, for instance), as it does among today's intentional communities.

Connected to this is another good example of anarchist principles in action: the Catholic Worker movement. I've found CW to have an excellent balance of theory and action. The CW is one of the longest-running anarchist newspapers; it is always full of discussion of the injustice of capitalism, the principles of a free society, and what means can bring us from here to there. It is available for one cent from 36 E. 1st St., NY, NY 10003. Yet CW folks waste no time in getting down to the work of changing our society for the better. This includes direct service to the poor, communal farms, civil disobedience, and work for peace and justice in countries that have been victims of U.S. foreign policy.

John Johnson's second letter brought up an important issue: in the current state of society, we are often dependent on the government. As I said before, work for social change is full of compromises and contradictions. Just as we might drive a car in order to participate in a civil disobedience action, so we might support a law that controls a corporation's disposal of toxic waste. This does not mean that we lose sight of the fact that we are working for a world without destructive transportation methods and a world without government. We are simply using the imperfect tools that are available to us. I believe anarchists have a responsibility to get involved in making our government better, if we ever hope to have the "best government", which is none at all.

Anarchism is just a word. Too often activists get bogged down in arguments about semantics, and lose sight of what's really important: making progress in the struggle for social change. Personally, I support anyone who is working for a more peaceful and just society, whether they call it "American democracy," "Anarchist revolution," or "God's justice."

— Brendan Conley,
Atlanta, Georgia.

I'm stunned at your incredible naivete, Brendan. There is no political faction ANYWHERE that doesn't claim to be working for a more peaceful and just society!

The Clinton/Bush/Reagan/Carter/Ford/Nixon "Drug War" has been blaring for over 25 years that it seeks social justice, but if you believe that, you had better go apply for a job kicking in people's doors and seizing their assets.

Everybody from the Nazis and the Catholic Church to the hick Mormons, the clitoris-slicing Moslems and the organ-"harvesting" Red Chinese, trumpets a "just", "fair", "peaceful" social agenda. You support them just because THEY say so?

You notice I stick the Catholics right in there with the Nazis. That's because the Catholic Church is one of the all-time champion murderers and oppressors of humanity, right up there in numerical score with Stalin, Hitler, and Mao Tse-Tung. I went ahead and printed your full comments, including the address of the "Catholic Worker", but as far as I'm concerned that whole phenomenon is more an effort to drag people into religionism by the back door than a real anarchist project. Once the recruit is softened up by the alleged radicalism, his or her attachment to real human liberation wafts away as the person comes to support and more and more identify with, this major reactionary force throughout the last 2000 years of history.

The Catholic Church has murdered millions of people. If you can un-glue your eyes from the Internet for a few minutes, see if you can find an old encyclopedia and look up the entry "Inquisition". Or consider the role of catholicism in Latin America, where its mind-control has resulted in numbing overpopulation and poverty. (Then go visit the Vatican— you won't find any poverty THERE.)

If somebody puts out a publication called The National-Socialist Worker, complete with swastikas, but only seems to work toward setting up soup-kitchens for the homeless... will you support it too? Why not? Just because "Nazi" has a nastier sound – to YOU – than "Catholic"?

If the CW wants to change our society for the better, it can start by dropping the affiliation with that brutally suppressive institution. No, this isn't "getting bogged down in arguments about semantics," unless you consider MILLIONS of lives lost or stunted to be "semantics".

"Catholic" is not "just a word", and Anarchism isn't "just a word" either: both are clearly defined sets of decisions about life and society and what is

good or bad; and they are at DIAMETRIC OPPOSITES to each other. The person who shrugs that important matters are "just words" is somebody who is in serious danger of sliding down a slippery slope at any minute.

I say this not to insult you, but to beseech you: THINK what you are DOING.

...I guess this is what I get for saying (very mildly) a couple of times in recent issues that, yeah, if people want to believe in religious ideas, and they can keep from trying to force others to live by their ideas, there's nothing fundamentally incompatible in that, with anarchism. So now I guess the word has gone out that The Match is open to this kind of nonsense, and now I have a lot of people writing me and tugging at my sleeve with "christian anarchist" wheedling. Frankly, I find it sickening, not persuasive, and for your information I loathe your religions and your nonexistent "god" perhaps more now than I ever have. Do not be misled by my decade of attacks on Madalyn Murray-O'Hair and "American Atheists": I criticized those people because they were No Good, not because I had set foot on some path that would eventually lead to one of your idiotic religious philosophies.

Incidentally— in the above letter I read: "Just as, blah, blah, ...so we might support a law that controls a corporation's disposal of toxic waste." Not if we're anarchists, we don't. This is another whole huge topic in itself, but in brief, when you support ANY law, no matter how "good", you are supporting all the law enforcement, court system, prison setup, and taxing and legislating power that keeps it all going. And even if you could just support that one "good" law without supporting the rest of it, you'd be ignoring yet another MAJOR anarchist principle: LAWS HAVE UNEXPECTED CONSEQUENCES. Just as a "flag-desecration" law may easily turn into a law abridging free speech if you VERBALLY "desecrate", laws such as those against "toxic waste" have unexpected facets that I can illustrate easily by asking: What do YOU mean by "toxic waste"? Is that what the GOVERNMENT means by that term?

You may not know it, but under "toxic waste" laws, misprinted sheets of The Match that I discard are toxic waste, and there are a MILLION regulations about this which, if I followed them, I would not be able to print this publication at all. If I get ink on my hands while running the press, and I go in and wash it off with soap and water, I have just run "toxic waste" down the drain and am liable for a fine of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

So do you still support such laws??

Dammit; please THINK, will you?

Dear Fred: I appreciate your writing about people who might otherwise get forgotten, like your friend Larry Shull (issue 91, p. 15-17). I guess I'm just sappy enough to think people have value, even if they're alcoholic janitors who aren't particularly talented. This is where I part company with the Libertarians and others who lean in that direction, because for them it's always a question of MORE for those who are strong and smart and talented, and devil take the hindmost. The strong and smart and talented are gonna do at least okay no matter what, and I still feel like the rest matter too, even those who aren't "outstanding" or "important" in any major way.

I also appreciate The Match's strong sense of ethics. A lot of anti-authoritarian people of various kinds seem to be obsessed with proving how hip and cynical they are and how good they are at scamming and ripping off and generally screwing over other unsuspecting individuals. It doesn't make me want to know them any better. I agree with what you've said about how in the absence of rules and enforcers, trust is even more important, and if people break that trust there's nothing left.

So here's a question, and you've probably already been around the block in the letters column about this one before; but where do ethics come from, if not from religion? I realize philosophers have come up with various systems of ethics on their own, but most seem to have been influenced by religion, if only historically. I don't like organized religion a whole lot better than you do, but I often find myself in the unhappy situation of WISHING I could believe in something, and being unable to, though I think it would help me get through the day. Every time I move to a new town and feel lonely and insecure, I convince myself it's time for me to go to church, and every time I remember why I haven't gone since the last time I moved! It's horrible! But aside from that, I'd say the one marginally good thing about organized religion is that it has contributed a few things to our store of ethical concepts (not that anybody ever follows them— I know). Okay, so it's also given us a lot of bloodthirsty self-righteous bigoted loons, and there's probably no salvaging it. But as you've shown with your columns on American Atheists, anti-religion can turn into a religion too.

— Lisa Walker,
Oregon.

Atheism without anti-authoritarianism is just as bad as anarchism without atheism, and maybe a bit worse.

You guys sure are making me write a lot of replies this time. Don't you realize that it's late at night and I just want to drop these letters into the layout and move on? Let's see; what was your question— What is the meaning of life? Okay, it's... Or wait; no, you just wanted to know where ethics come from if there's no god. Oh, good.

They come from our understanding of suffering. It seems to be true that all animals are capable of suffering (feeling pain, hunger, fear, etc.), and two or three species, including ourselves (lucky us) also have the power of imagining the suffering of other creatures by projecting mental images as the supposed experience of another.

In short we (some of us anyhow; maybe 15%) are capable of exercising a trait known as empathy.

By empathetic understanding, we can easily know how we would feel in the other person's situation if we were to act in such-and-such a way to that person (or creature). We then derive a structure of ethics based on the minimizing of behavior that provokes suffering in other creatures.

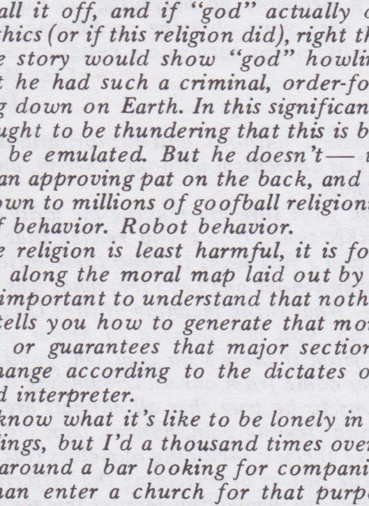
And that's the basis of it all. Simple, but then, all of mathematics is similarly based on such simple principles as that A = A, or 1 + 1 = 2.

RELIGIOUS ethics, on the other hand, are a far different matter. Those arise out of the supposition that behavior has been ordered, commanded, by some higher being, and as long as you carry out these orders you are "doing what is right". In some cases it may happen that behavior produced by such a system is basically indistinguishable from the results of REAL ethics that originate internally in a thinking being; but in the case of religiously-inspired "ethics" no individual decision is theoretically involved. So here the person shrinks to the shriveled-up moral stature of a robot. Worse yet, since in reality there is no "god" at all, religious ethics ultimately depend on the interpretations or revelations handed down by people claiming to be in contact with their higher being— and what they hand down is of course their own invented laws, on the pretext that they come from "god". Un-anchored as these precepts are to anything real or rational, they can and do undergo vast changes depending on political conditions, self-interest of the religious controllers, etc. People following the ersatz ethical system never seem to notice anything amiss in the whole business, and one can only conclude that to a great extent they do not think about such questions unless forced to by some decision that pits their religion's commands against dormant realizations of their own minds.

A good example of this is the story of Abraham and Isaac. As this made-up myth goes, "god" tells Abraham to go out and stab his son to death. Abe grabs his knife and heads for the appointed place. Little Ikey trots along with a foolish smile on his face, equally willing to do "god's" horrific will. Only when the deed is really about to be done does "god" call it off, and if "god" actually did like REAL ethics (or if this religion did), right then and there the story would show "god" howling with rage that he had such a criminal, order-following underling down on Earth. In this significant story, "god" ought to be thundering that this is behavior never to be emulated. But he doesn't— instead, he gives an approving pat on the back, and the tale passes down to millions of goofball religionists as a model of behavior. Robot behavior.

Where religion is least harmful, it is following generally along the moral map laid out by reason. But it is important to understand that nothing in a religion tells you how to generate that moral map yourself, or guarantees that major sections of it won't change according to the dictates of some privileged interpreter.

I do know what it's like to be lonely in strange surroundings, but I'd a thousand times over prefer to hang around a bar looking for companionship, rather than enter a church for that purpose. At least the cigarette smoke and alcohol only damage your body— the church has the potential to turn you into something that isn't even human anymore.



Dear Fred: Save me from "leaders." Every time a government/leader-inspired horror occurs, the media describe the situation as "anarchy"— and then "order" must be restored. I.e., more of the same. If religion is involved, the slaughter continues over millenia; e.g., Ireland and the Balkan region (three damned religions there).

I share your views about computers. I determined long ago that I'd never have one; friends urge me to, but I demur and use your arguments to bolster my resistance.

— Richard L. Williams, Sr.
Clarkesville, Georgia.

Hi, Fred: Your efforts are an inspiration. Hopeless as things may seem there is not much choice if we have a conscience. Like your reminiscences of struggles of the '70s, etc., when I was just learning about the concept of anarchy, the social expression of freedom as a way of life.

Be creative; computers are just another thing to deal with, a powerful tool for empowerment of the privileged over the unprivileged. It seems that the computer age has come and is ours to deal with. I don't think it matters much because the computer is just another machine and if we end up giving our lives to it then we, as a society, would only have done it another way without. Such are the powers of a society based on force and wealth.

— Dick Martin,
Argenta, British Columbia.

Dear Fred: It was great to see some intelligent, articulate criticism of the computer (hell, it's nice to see ANY criticism of it). I think it's very dangerous for people to be surrounded by machines and technologies they can't understand or control. This atmosphere contributes to a general feeling of stupidity, powerlessness and impotence to change anything. It's the very opposite of the feelings of control and empowerment one gets from 'doing it yourself' and baking a cake or fixing a bike.

— Philip Deslippe,
Manchester, Connecticut.

Dear Fred: Well, in a way I'm glad you're still in Tucson. Our fair city needs more people like you (though simply fewer people generally, I think). And, though you keep writing about what a repressive place this is—and it definitely IS—I'm not convinced that it's much more so than most cities of comparable size. Every time I wonder how Tucson could get any worse, I take a trip and visit L.A., Phoenix, Colorado Springs, Redlands California (my childhood home), San Luis Obispo, Escalante Utah, or some other hell-hole.

Your description of the Postal disService fiasco hit home with me. One week I'm told I have to turn in my 85722 key and Tucson Earth First! has to find another address. The next, we can keep the box after all.

Ten years ago I moved to Tucson and tried to find a downtown-area p.o. box for my stop-public-lands-ranching project. At 85703 I had to settle for a medium-sized box because, they said, no small ones were available and wouldn't ever be. Six years later, the rental price for that box had tripled, and it now stands at nearly $100 a year. One hundred dollars so they can slip your mail into a 6 x 12-inch metal box right there at the post office, rather than have someone load it into a truck, drive two miles to your house, and place it in a box beside your front door — for free!

On cats: I like them and I too would love to see them roam wild and free everywhere— except for one thing. That is, they kill an incredible number of truly wild and indigenous animals. One less cat means literally hundreds of wild animals saved. It's a sad fact of life and death here in modern civilization.

And on corporations: I of course agree that they're horribly unjust and environmentally disastrous. However, even if all commercial enterprises larger than a used-car dealership were eliminated from the planet, social injustice and environmental destruction would remain rampant. For several thousand years at least, social wrongdoing and environmental pillage have been commonplace. And they still are, regardless of the influences of corporations or anything like them. What I'm saying is, the Earth is being nickle-and-dimed to death just as surely as it's being ruined by big business.

The Mediterranean region of southern Europe was transformed many hundreds of years ago from a land of fertile lushness into its present scrubby, eroded condition. This was accomplished not by large-scale commercial enterprise but by many thousands of individual sheep and goat herders and woodcutters.

Take North America as another example of social injustice: In only a century or so, ten to twenty million Native Americans were killed off as a result of many thousands of relatively small, mostly unorganized and even essentially unrelated incidents— small, violent skirmishes, introductions of diseases, forced starvations, etc. And the survivors endured endless social injustice from millions of individuals and small groups, even with little or no influence from big business.

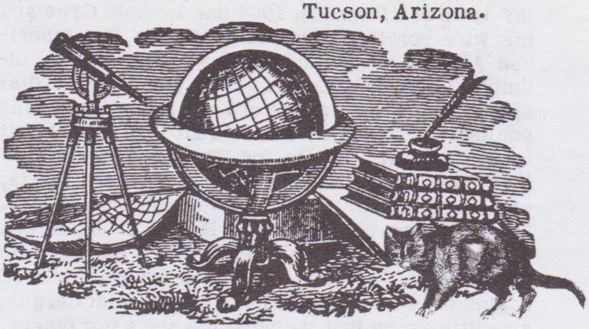
Environmental destruction: With hand tools, animal-drawn vehicles and livestock, the European invaders of North America did more damage to this continent in fewer years than did any other people to any comparably sized region ever. They did it all little-by-little, bit-by-bit.

In the western U.S. during the late 1800's and early 1900's, only a couple of hundred thousand widely-but-evenly-scattered individual and family ranchers managed to do more actual ecological damage to this region than has ever been done by any other group or business. And this scattered group is still doing more damage than any other group or business— corporate loggers and miners included.

It's the unnatural, acquisitive, growth-oriented shared modern cultural reality that is responsible for most problems in the world today. Corporations may help reinforce this reality, but they are much more a manifestation than cause of it. Human overpopulation is another result, but even with only a fraction of our current number, people would still trash the planet as long as they retained that historic mind-set; it'd just take longer.

Anyway, I guess I don't really have any Big Solutions to the world situation, at least the way things are now. All I know is that we better get back to living more naturally/tribally WITH the Earth rather than trashing it or in spite of it— or we'll eventually reach the point of no return. At that point, human life on Earth either ceases or becomes not worth living.

— Lynn Jacobs,
Tucson, Arizona.



Your paragraph on cats lurches into the same managerial thought-box as the U. S. Forest Service. Didn't you guys once erupt because somebody was shooting rattlesnakes, and the ol' buzzworms had an intricate interactive effect with the whole environment? I say: cats do too. Leave 'em alone. Nature can strike its own balances; it doesn't need people— who are the most destructive creatures that have ever existed— to bungle yet again at this job. Go after cats and extremely large sections of the radical populace will desert you.

Besides: cats have rights.

Do you really want to be in bed with "Animal-Control"?

Dear Fred: The stories of your post office and mailing permit woes strike a chord in me, as I remember my problems and encounters with the Portland main post office. As I was quitting my second-class permit for SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW they were just beginning what I still consider a national anti-small-press campaign of death-by-requirements as they made bundling correctly ever more complex, and instituted a mailing sack tag change designed to catch-22 small mailers.

I had P.O. Box problems at the local branch, too, when they replaced all the old combination lock boxes with new key lock boxes, and I was suddenly deprived of my large 10 x 4 box and forced to accept a 4 x 5 box if I wanted to retain the same box number. The branch assistant manager was particularly snotty and arrogant about it. I kept the number, but I remember the fuck-you attitude. Never forgive, never forget.

I was unaware that you printed The Match yourself as well as editing and writing so much of if... Amazing effort. I know and appreciate what you've done for so long. I been there, done that, as the saying goes, with SFR, in its earlier, mimeograph days. That took five days of running an electric Gestetner all day, and then collating 1500 copies, and stapling, and enveloping, and addressing... It's a dedication and a job for a single man, I think. But it was worth it. I never regret it.

—Richard E. Geis,
P. O. Box 11408
Portland, Oregon 97211.

Dear Fred: My first contact with Mad Madalyn (Murray-O'Hair) was in 1963, when I started corresponding with her pretty regularly, as did my brother, David. In 1964 one Lemoin Cree and his wife somehow wrested control of The American Atheist magazine, and I wrote a "youth column" for it for several issues, until Cree disappeared from the scene and the magazine ceased publishing. Madalyn, as you know, then started it up again. I also wrote for The Age of Reason, a New York magazine published by Joseph Lewis, an eccentric (i.e., rich nut), who published books. Two of those books were by Robert G. Ingersoll. When Lewis died in the early '70s the guy who was handling his estate shipped several hundred copies of both titles to The Young Atheist League, a Seattle group that included me and a few others. Madalyn had been corresponding with Gladys Muirhead, one of the YAL people, and Glad told Mad about the shipment of books. Madalyn offered to buy them all for $1 a copy "to help finance the Young Atheist League". We shipped about 300 copies to her.

But, as you've no doubt instantly surmised, we never saw one penny from Madalyn. Some time later I wrote to her and asked her why she'd ripped us off. She answered with a "Gee whiz, did you send me some books?" letter, and, of course, no money or even an offer to return the books or some of the other titles that her overpriced book-service was peddling by then.

Back during the Lemoin Cree period— circa 1964—Madalyn got quite irate with me, but at least she never tried to put me in prison. She did write a bunch of snotty and abusive letters, which I simply ignored. My brother David, then 16, took up the challenge, though, and answered her in kind. What amazed me was, first, that she had the time to write profane and abusive letters to a 16-year-old at the rate of one or more a week for over a year, and that during this period she somehow learned things about us and our family that she would then include in her tirades. For instance, our father's brother was (and maybe still is) an Assembly of God (i.e. "Holy Roller") preacher. She found out about this some way, and then that became a regular theme of her letters, as if Holy Rollerism was somehow a genetic trait, or we were somehow tainted by being related to this guy. (The fact of the matter was that exposure to this religionism through that very uncle was what had first turned my brother and me toward atheism.) My father was involved in the Southern California Democratic Party at this time, and was the "chairman" of the LBJ and Pierre Salinger campaigns. Madalyn learned of this also, and would write postcards (knowing, she said, that "they" would read these) "exposing" our father as the hidden hand behind our anti-clerical undertakings.

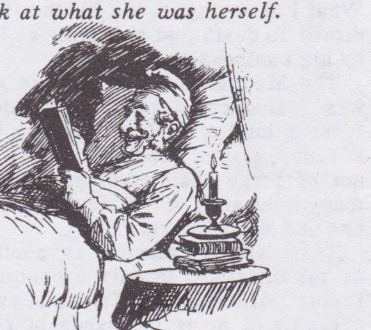
In 1975 I met Beth, to whom I am still married. She worked at the PSA San Franciscan Hotel in the coffee shop. An abusive curmudgeon named John Mays would come in every day, never leave a tip, but always badmouth his sister. It turned out his sister is Mad Madalyn. I wrote a postcard to her, still remembering her address after all those years, and asked if she knew her brother ate at the PSA San Franciscan and badmouthed her to any and all who would listen, and to himself if no one else would. Lo and behold; one day I ran across the American Atheist in the library, and guess who was listed as Circulation Manager? Mr. John Mays!

Somewhere around here is the one Madalyn letter that has survived my many moves. I'll try to find it, and when I do I'll send it your way.

—Steve Wagner,
Oakland, California.

Wherever she is (with the almost three-quarters of a million dollars that she and her son and granddaughter took off with), I'd bet she's using that name you mention—Mays. I'm pretty sure that she was still getting V.A. benefits under the name Madalyn Mays, and therefore would have maintained identification under that name.

At any rate, she called a lot of other people thieves; but look at what she was herself.



Dear Fred: Several years ago when Bob Black denounced me as an "agent monger" in one of his books, I could hardly stop laughing as I read the passage. At least he spelled my name right. Now, to see him denouncing people to the police brought it all back. All I can say about Black is that he has skated the edge for some time. His denunciation of another person in the same book made a remark about the reception this person would meet in a working-class barroom. I'm sorry, Black, but you've chosen the ONLY social milieu on Earth that wouldn't have given you the boot years ago...

...The persistence of factors like Black, and Anarchy Magazine, etc., for too many years, has convinced me that the collective "we" can't keep our own house in order. Yet "we" presume to lecture society. Hold on. There is a problem here, one that drives sensible people away from anarchism.

— Pat Murtagh,
Canada.

Dear Fred: The Lucy Parsons Center has been distributing radical literature for more than 20 years. Given Bob Black's long history of using state power to harass and destroy those whom he cannot control or manipulate—most recently sicing the Seattle SWAT team against Heidi and Jim Hogshire—we will no longer carry books by

Bob Black. We call upon other radical bookstores and publishers to do the same, as there is no room for such immoral, unethical behavior in our midst. Copies of this letter are being sent to a number of publishers and distributors.

— Lucy Parsons Collective,
(Unanimously approved by **LPC** Steering Committee, January 8, 1997.)
3 Central Square,
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

Dear Fred: Your article on Bob Black is shocking. I never did agree with his ideas on the "abolition of work", but I didn't think that he was such a pig. There are some anarchists here in Poland who have followed Black's writings, and I will therefore write something about him in "Mac Pariadka" here.

I have some remarks concerning your words about Libertarians. I don't think that Libertarians "don't seem to allow for people who might want to sometimes NOT trade or buy or sell." I don't hear about even non-anarchist Libertarians who want to ban non-market relations between human beings. Free market means that you aren't coerced to participate in it. In a free-market, you can organize non-market voluntary zones, communes or kibbutzes. And I don't think that Libertarians "generally want to replace government FUNCTIONS with functions performed by private agencies". Libertarianism isn't for privatization of collecting taxes, drafts, or generally offensive force. Libertarianism is for the abolition of offensive force, though some Libertarians fear consequences of their own doctrine, and speak only for some limited form of it. In fact Libertarianism logically implies Anarchism, and there are some important thinkers in the Libertarian movement who are anarchists, for example Stefan Blankertz in Germany, Christian Michel in Switzerland, Brian Micklethwait in England, or David Friedman and others in the United States.

— Jacek Sierpinski,
Katowice, Poland.

Dear Fred: This message is being produced on a Macintosh computer. If you were on the world wide web (under $20 per month for unlimited access), you would receive this message in seconds. The fee for internet access includes 10 megabytes of space for your own world wide web page and a free, e-mail account, which contains no commercial messages. I have two web pages, one from my server and one from a free-net, no strings attached.

I use my computer to communicate with people on a global scale, the world wide web. I could be talking in voice to someone in Japan as easy as you can pick up the phone and dial a friend in another state except there are no extra charges for me. All current day computers are voice capable. Your ideas need to be brought before a much larger audience and I recommend that you get on-line in order to spread logic and reason. If your free thought and logic were on the information highway it would bring the world that much closer to reason. Education is the answer to our world dilemma, to understand what is going on will help us evolve that much faster and evolving as a species is the name of the game.

I've used a computer and modem since 1982, upgrading every few years in order to keep up with current communication technology. The world wide web is the place to be. You can communicate by e-mail or by a on-line chat using typing or voice. You can have your own world wide web site, complete with graphics, text, sound, quick time movies and links to friends pages and other places of interest. It is not hard to do and has many rewards. In the 15 years I have used computers, only one has failed me and that was on December 25, 1996. I'd had that particular computer, a earlier version Macintosh since 1994 and that's almost ancient history in the technology field.

I stretched a bit and bought a new system which is four times faster and 100 times more capable of doing tasks. It's also a television and has ports for earphones, a vcr, laser disk and a video camera. Pictures can easily be taken from the tv portion by a simple command. It came with a remote control for playing music on CD and it has various other functions. Our computer is video iphone ready (internet phone with video) but our camera needs to be upgraded and that will have to come when I get the funds.

I am a member of The Net Atheists (TNA) on the world wide web and they carry links to each member page. It is free to join. It is fun and educational to visit each member's page and see what they have to say. I learn a lot. I make many new friends. I can send all of my internet friends a message just my clicking (sic) on my address book. There can be thousands of names. I use Netscape Navigator as my browser. Bill Gates and Microsoft's brand of browser is a step back in technology but it is being advertised as number one because Gates wants to control the web.

When I say 'internet' I am not talking about America Online (AOL) as that is a separate entity, a somewhat confined and controlled member organization. The browser AOL give members to 'surf the web' is not very user friendly. The web I am talking about is easy to access and it's (sic) prime function is for information exchange on a fast global basis.

Yes the government is trying to control the web and the phone companies are freaking out over iphone but there is a on-line (sic) "Blue Ribbon Campaign" of many millions of users to ward these entities off. So far the people are winning. I have made many new internet friends from all over the world and that can never be taken back.

I would be happy to set up a web page for you from some extra space I have, no charge. You could write an article and give subscription information for the Match. There is at least one 'Internet Cafe' that I know of in the Tucson area, perhaps more, and you could e-mail information to me. I would love to visit you in Tucson and take you to lunch some day as there are many things we have in common.

— Charles Williams,
Phoenix, Arizona.

This reply is being reproduced on mechanical equipment. If we were on the "World Wide Web", *this exchange would be vanished and long forgotten by mid-1998, but as it stands here on archival paper in The Match, it will have many readers in the years 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046 (when I will have been 100 years old but will instead be long dead), 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, and on and on. Get the point? Your "Web" is nowhere, and if I hadn't chosen to print your silly letter here probably not one scrap of you or any remembrance whatsoever of you would even exist during some of the dates just mentioned.*

Cramped up in two dimensions, as you people are, your "chats" have all the permanence of a subatomic particle. Paper and printing—mediums that fortunately you despise—sprawl out comfortably into the full four dimensions, and reach more actual minds than are ever dreamed of on your confining and trivial "Web".

To produce this discussion as found here in a tangible form suitable to HUMAN BEINGS, I use pieces of equipment from the years 1950, 1952, and approximately 1970. It never quits working, never has to be replaced. Your junk, on the other hand—well, let's examine what you've told us:

You've "upgraded" every few years since 1982. Therefore, in about 15 years you've gotten new equipment about four or five times. (Better factor that into your glib "$20 a month".) "Only once," during those years, you claim, has a computer actually failed you— but that looks like one out of FOUR, by your own admission! In other words, past all your hypnotizedly enthusiastic babble, the fact is that one-third, one-fourth, or one-fifth of this apparatus you recommend, has failed. Thanks, but no thanks.

You mention that the device you have now is "100 times more capable"— but what effect does that have on what you write? What you've written here is simplistic gabble that in places sounds like something produced by a six-year-old: "a on-line chat", "a on-line Blue Ribbon Campaign," "it's prime function" (that apostrophe means you're writing: "it is prime function" there), etc. So exactly what great improvement has this 100 times more capable device wrought? If any, I'd hate to see what you were writing before.

"It is free to join." "It is fun and educational." "I learn a lot." "I make many new friends." Good grief!

Wake up. You are hypnotized. You don't even see, as you burble about your many new friends, that you have NO friends. Those aren't friends, you fool!

I was very insulted by your letter, and this is why I've answered you in kind. Don't flatter yourself; you and I have almost nothing in common.

Dear Fred: Pat Murtagh's letter last issue set me thinking as to why I am more optimistic than you are. If your life was anything like those described by Winslow, Lane and Roasberry, I can fully appreciate why your view is so dark. I say this, hoping you realize this does not mean I think I am right about the world and that you are wrong, or vice-versa (the same goes for Murtagh).

We are about the same age (I was born in 1945), but I grew up in rural, coastal British Columbia among loggers, farmers and fishermen. We were poor as dirt, often without running water or electricity as sometimes we lived back in the boons like hillbillies. My step-father worked as a logger, hired man, gardener, supply teacher, and unsuccessful chicken farmer. My mother worked for minimum wage at a five and dime.

But this was a very tolerant and left-wing area. Even the right-wing, the Social Credit Party, originated in a split-off from the Left. My parents were socialists, yet one of their best friends was a So-Cred. My parents were non-believers, and looney religious types were seen as the butt of jokes rather than threatening. Religion was a private affair, and everyone resented those who tried to shove it down your throat. The most extreme sect, the Sons of Freedom Doukabours, were anti-government communists and only terrorized each other and the State.

In high school I was a socialist, but then so was half of the student body. Looking back on it, the people I grew up with were honest, hard-working, responsible and fundamentally decent people. Ignorant and unsophisticated, even voicing prejudices from time to time, but fundamentally decent and humane. We had our share of school bullies, white trash and delinquents, and I suffered at their hands, but they were very much in the minority.

When the ban-the-bomb movement came to town in 1965 (there was an air-base nearby), many people supported it, no one got beaten up, the cops didn't harass anyone, and the abuse from the opposition was only verbal.

In more than 30 years of anarchism and other radical causes, I have not suffered for even 10 seconds for my beliefs. For nine years I had long hair and a beard ('66 to '75), yet only was harassed by the cops once. Only one time (and that was in '65) was a crash-pad or communal house that I lived in visited by the heat. Sometimes rednecks or greaseballs would yell comments, yet I never got beaten up for looking like a hippie or for voicing radical opinions.

We had a redneck mayor in Vancouver who tried to drive out the hippies and close down the Georgia Straight (so-called underground paper) no less than six times. He became the object of ridicule across the country and the courts upheld freedom of speech for the paper. The hippies rioted and the mayor was thrown out of office, replaced by a liberal. During the riot the cops acted with a brutality which shocked the nation, and these cops were denounced in the media; they cleaned up their act, and never again repeated those sorts of actions. Two Yippies, leaders of the demonstration, were hauled in front of an inquest, but were never indicted for anything (and secretly wished, no doubt, for a Chicago Seven-type trial).

The people most responsible for making my life miserable? As a child— parents, teachers and white trash. As an adult, leftists/counterculturals and government bureaucrats. You are certainly

STAINFORTH

familiar with the dishonesty, irresponsibility and hypocrisy of the former and the cruelty and greed of the latter, so I need not go into detail. Let's just say I have never suffered a tenth as much at the hands of ordinary working- or middle-class people as I have from the two groups just mentioned. In fact, I find them to be fundamentally decent and more open to ideas, and less authoritarian than the so-called revolutionaries. The happiest period of my life has been the past ten years— since I quit associating with the far left and have social relations only with "normal" people. I don't get ripped off, I don't get guilt-tripped, abused, or insulted, and when people say they are going to do something, they goddamn well do it. Nor is everything encased in some smarmy, self-righteous, self-indulgent ideology. They are people, not walking gramophones (to paraphrase Orwell).

Given an opportunity, I always discuss my ideas with friends, family members, and workmates. I never call myself an anarchist, but rather bring up libertarian ideas. Everyone agrees with what I say, and they start putting in their own ideas along the same line. They are not closet anarchists, but they are definitely open to libertarian-oriented thinking. Everyone hates politicians and bureaucrats, agrees we need far less government and regulation, a radical decentralization of power, mutual aid societies to replace the welfare state, and genuine workers' input into the running of industry. To put this into perspective, I remember 35 or 40 years ago when everyone accepted, WITHOUT QUESTION, what the government or the "experts" did or said. Also, if there was a problem, everyone chirped "Get the government to do something, make new laws!" Not anymore!

MOVE, Waco and Ruby Ridge could not happen here. We have had a number of serious armed confrontations with the police and army, yet no massacres. People would not stand for it. Nor do we have the Nazi-like "search and seizure" laws. The U.S. and Canada have traded places. At one time "our" government was far more centralized than the U.S. This is no longer so, beginning about 15 years ago; the Feds have been losing out to the provinces, and the Canadian "federation" is actually looser than the U.S. Also the federal government is actually cutting back in size. All of these are the tiniest baby-steps, of course, and could be reversed with the blink of an eye. And the left, the New Class and the media are working day and night to do just that.

I'm no Canuck nationalist looking down my nose at the You-all's. This place has many problems and is in some ways more authoritarian than the U.S. It is still basically a corporate state, with every jerk sucking at the government tit. Our gun-control nuts have made it almost impossible to own a firearm. We are tied hand and foot by ridiculous laws and regulations. But it is no budding police state, like I'm afraid the U.S. is becoming. My background and experiences make me a GUARDED optimist, and after reading this I am sure you see why.

The bios in The Match have inspired me to begin my own. I am about 6,000 words into it. Even 100 years ago, "ordinary" people did not write their biographies; as a consequence, historians have a hard time finding out what life was like back then. We have only the words of the rich and powerful. A hundred years hence, historians will kill each other to get their hands on "Dream World" or The Match, to understand the present reality.

— Larry Gambone,
Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Fred: Leon and I continue to enjoy The Match whenever we get it; especially liked issue 91. The best friend of my life was my father, a rock-headed atheist who never was anything else. From about the age of seven when taken to Sunday school by his lay-minister father, my pa thought it was all nonsense, highly imaginative. And then of course I came along, a crackpot mystic, but no matter; we were always the best of friends with highly interesting "theological" discussions.

Anyway, I noticed that you're doing an article about my late second husband, Ammon Hennacy; I'll be most interested in what an atheist has to say about God-believer-for-sure, Ammon. Incidentally, my pa and Ammon (who was 7 years my dad's senior) got along great; they both had in common remarkable tolerance.

I remain poor as ever, as I keep on a-writing stuff that does not seem to sell. I've been trying recently genre-junkers, so-called; did a real "erotic" slam against the R.C. Church— "Nun-Dreams". Every reader it's had has liked it, with one person here who at times has acted as my agent stating he will publish it himself if he hits it big on some recent work he's doing. He has a small press and does a lot of prepaid ghostwriting that does see publication, but makes precious little money. You know that old game.

Best wishes,

—Joan Thomas,
Phoenix, Arizona.

Dear Fred: The other day on the radio — a little college station we listen to — we heard a song called "Police State", by a group called "The Crap Detectors". Now if that wasn't inspired by The Match!, I don't know what would be...

—David Theodoropoulos,
La Honda, California.

Dear Fred: Greetings from Irvine, California, the safest city in the U S. I am not sure if that is true, but that is what all the advertisements said when I moved here a couple of months ago. At the very least their police force is alert enough to catch people who don't look like they belong here. My first week I was pulled over while I was out running. I am not sure if it was my long hair or my atheist shirt but the cop told me that he wanted to ensure that I was "not wanted in 19 states." And he wanted to know why I wasn't carrying an ID in my running shorts. This kind of thing didn't ever happen to me in Texas.

"Do we all stand unknowing on such shifting sand as he does?" Iris Lane wrote — and I have often wondered the same. Is there a god? I was taught that the answer was yes and I believed it for a long time. I am now an atheist but it took me over 10 years to get to that point. Along the way I had to read the bible a few times, a few books on the history of the times, and some on the morality of Christianity. Already I knew enough to recognize the science in the bible as wrong. Twenty years ago what seemed like a pretty well established fact to me has not only shifted, it seems to have completely blown away and I can no longer even remember what it was like to believe in gods.

What else is supposed to be a fact that may be completely wrong? That society can't exist without government? There's another question with an obvious answer that it has taken me a long time to realize is wrong. It is difficult to find books on atheism but there is no shortage of books on anarchy. Or 'zines. I think the first book I found was Powell's "Anarchist Cookbook"... (editor's note: the book that is, in my opinion, a CIA or FBI discreditation plot)... And that left me with the question of when were the ideas of anarchy taken over by teenagers with spray paint?

My point in all of this is my reason for thinking things are hopeless. Maybe I am slow but it has taken me a long, long time and a lot of work to get where I am. I seem to spend a lot of time undoing what I was taught in the first 20 years of my life. And in that time my Jehovah's Witness neighbor has probably converted half the city. The people who accept things as they are taught always seem to have lots of time to go out and convince people of their point of view. Why stay home and learn when you can go out and preach? It always seems easier to accept things as they are and not to question anything but the surface.

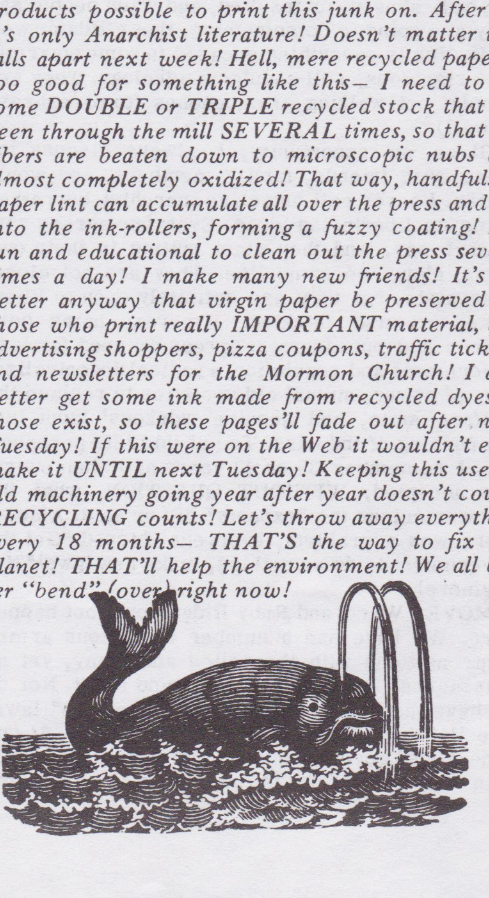
By the way, this letter was typed on a computer. I use a computer all the time at work. I routinely compare millions of bases of DNA by computer in a way that could not be done by hand. There are certain things that have to be done by computer just as there are many things that cannot be done by computer. Computers have certainly been overhyped but they are essential for some tasks.

— Chuck Sohaskey,
Irvine, California.

Dear Fred: We're here in Portugal. Some time ago we wrote you begging you to send some Matches on consignment. Thanks for sending them. We're not certain of this, but the paper you use is not recycled, should be. Governments like to talk about recycling, but they do nothing. You should be doing it because you know what it implies about our environment. Let's see if this time you're going to bend. But we're not trying to be better or worse than you, just to talk with you.

— Lina and Rui,
Portugal.

Sure! Let's go all-out to find the most inferior products possible to print this junk on. After all, it's only Anarchist literature! Doesn't matter if it falls apart next week! Hell, mere recycled paper is too good for something like this— I need to get some DOUBLE or TRIPLE recycled stock that has been through the mill SEVERAL times, so that the fibers are beaten down to microscopic nubs and almost completely oxidized! That way, handfuls of paper lint can accumulate all over the press and get into the ink-rollers, forming a fuzzy coating! It's fun and educational to clean out the press several times a day! I make many new friends! It's far better anyway that virgin paper be preserved for those who print really IMPORTANT material, like advertising shoppers, pizza coupons, traffic tickets, and newsletters for the Mormon Church! I also better get some ink made from recycled dyes, if those exist, so these pages'll fade out after next Tuesday! If this were on the Web it wouldn't even make it UNTIL next Tuesday! Keeping this useless old machinery going year after year doesn't count; RECYCLING counts! Let's throw away everything every 18 months— THAT'S the way to fix this planet! THAT'll help the environment! We all better "bend" (over) right now!



Dear Fred: I heard from several Match readers before my trial, and some afterward. I might've gotten mail from readers between those dates, and some mail seems to have gone astray in the property room. My mom says she enclosed some mail and magazines with some things she sent me here at the prison, but it wasn't mentioned when I picked up my property. They did tell me I couldn't have some newspaper clippings she'd enclosed, as well as some gloves— I had to send them back at my own expense.

I was tried and convicted, and taken straight to jail. (Editor's note: See article about this case on pages 29 and 30 of last issue.) I informed the judge at that time that it was against my religion to eat in captivity or wear jail clothing. At the jail they forcibly removed my clothes, but when I wouldn't let them dress me in jail panties, I was bundled in a blanket and rushed into a solitary holding cell. They brought in a priest, and later a psychiatrist who decided I wasn't nuts, just had strong convictions. The third day they moved me into a cold cell in Medical, the coldest pod in the jail. By the end of the second day I realized that I would be held incommunicado until I wore their clothes, so I decided to compromise that far, and got to make phone calls and send and receive mail.

(Just got a letter from a new reader of The Match!, who said he's sent a check to my defense fund; I'll have to write and tell him that account is closed, but I could use some funds, money-orders only. I appreciate the moral support.)

Prosecutors asked that my sentencing be accelerated because I was disrupting the jail with my fasting. By the ninth day of my fast, I realized I'd messed up by ever giving them jurisdiction in the first place; and I also figured I might hurt my chance for appeal if I couldn't think straight at the sentencing. And even if I was freed on appeal (for which I saw little chance, as my public defender wasn't speaking to me), I didn't know how I was going to live while appealing. In short, I lost my nerve and figured prison might not be so bad for a few years. I ate on day 10, still expecting the maximum sentence. I wrote a statement and memorized it, just in case it would be taken from me by an overzealous guard. (By then I'd learned not to trust them for anything.) A good thing I did...

My attorney stated her view of the mitigating circumstances, which included the strength of my political convictions, that she said impaired my ability to competently defend myself (true enough, I suppose), and the fact that the dry weight of the marijuana I had was just under the 4-pound threshold. Also that it was my first offense. Then I got to give my 7-minute impertinent oration, and was followed by the prosecutor giving HER list of aggravating circumstances, including my TOTAL lack of remorse; that I'd expected to harvest over ten pounds; that children were living there and knew all about it; that I'd admitted growing for six years; and that I wouldn't say who I'd ever sold any to.

During this trial every time I tried to quote the Constitution I was interrupted by the prosecutor or the judge, and the judge made me sit down halfway through my closing, after I asked him to please stop interrupting.

During the sentencing, Judge Conn led off by saying he was sure I didn't expect him to go running out of the room, crying, "A terrible injustice has been done!" He'd love to debate with me, he said, but our philosophical positions were set and unlikely to change. He then proceeded to blow away all of the aggravating circumstances and to give weight to all of the mitigating circumstances, even adding one of his own: my extreme cooperation in getting myself convicted. He didn't consider my lack of remorse aggravating, because he doesn't consider remorse to be mitigating, as that would only reward good actors. Four pounds or ten or one thousand, the sentence was the same, so the fact that I was just below the threshold at 3.9 was mitigating. That I hadn't been caught for six years was irrelevant; and, while children were living there, since I didn't have them on the streets peddling the stuff, he'd disregard that. He ended up giving me the extreme mitigated sentence, three years for distribution and two years for production, three months for possession, served concurrently, making three years total, plus three-sevenths of a year community supervision and a fine of $9,540. The fine is based on three times the value of the pot seized, which he set at $2,000, plus a 59% surcharge that they tack onto every fine.

I'd been expecting the maximum sentence, so I was pretty happy with Judge Conn, thinking he'd given me a sentence perfect for my appeal, just long enough to cover it, with a fine large enough to keep the issue from becoming moot if the sentence ran out before the appeal was decided. But in an article about the filing of my appeal it was stated that by appealing I was risking a new trial and the maximum sentence if reconvicted. This news came from my attorney, apparently, but she hadn't bothered telling me this directly. As far as I can see, though, that only applies to any procedural errors, lack of probable cause, and denial of due process. If the law itself is found unconstitutional there can be no new trial. And if that's the case, that explains the mitigated sentence— to discourage me from appealing the errors.

My appeals attorney has told me that he won't help me commit legal suicide. Not that he doesn't like my argument...

(Editor's note: Basically the writer's argument is that a law such as that prohibiting use of marijuana violates an individual's conscience. In some persons conscience rises to the status that the law elsewhere grants to religious belief. Therefore with such laws, the State has gotten into the business of determining what beliefs are really religious, and ergo, such laws violate the demand by the Constitution for separation of church and state, and are unconstitutional.)

...My attorney is happy to research it on his own, but his "instinct" tells him that, if it could win, it would've been tried and won elsewhere. I told him I don't want to appeal the errors, just the law, and asked him if my admissions at trial make those errors moot. If so, I've already committed legal suicide; anything I do now can only help. And just because an argument hasn't been tried doesn't mean it can't win. Of course, I can see that HE might be committing political suicide if he takes my argument.

So it's looking like I'll have to go on my own with my appeal. This law library is not well equipped for me to start from scratch; nor do I have the time, unless time limits don't apply when you're challenging the constitutionality of statutes.

—Rycke Brown, #125399,
Arizona State Prison, Center for Women,
P.O. Box 52112
Phoenix, Arizona 85072.

Dear Fred: I wanted to let you know that I always pass my copies of The Match on to people with the request that they pass it on. Last issue went to an acquaintance who sent it on to his anarchist son living in Scotland. That made my day, knowing one copy can go so far.

—John Sutton,
Huntington Beach, California.

Dear Fred: The article in Harper's Magazine about Bob Black and the escalation of the drug war, is truly frightening. The extent the government machine will go to in pursuit of its Holy Crusade against "drugs", is absurd. The article anyway should finally discredit Bob Black.

—Karl Wenclas,
"New Philistine" zine
4474 Third #203
Detroit, Michigan 48201.

That's right, folks: Bob Black the "anarchist" made national media with his launching of a SWAT-team raid on a man and woman he got into a quarrel with. Stories also appeared in Newsweek and US News & World Report. Both the Harper's piece and that in US N.&WR said that as a direct result of this snitching against Jim and Heidi Hogshire, the Federal Government is now gearing up for a whole new kind of assault under the "War on Drugs": They're now going to go after people who grow poppy flowers in their yards!

Thanks a lot, Bob! Some of us work for years to try to derail this juggernaut; but you, with your sweet little informer-letters to police agencies succeed in whipping this fascism up into a higher level than it has ever been! And let's not forget "Anarchy" magazine—currently rewarding this unwholesome goon by PUBLISHING HIS LATEST BOOK and printing more of his semi-incoherent, poorly-written articles.

Dear Fred: Issue 91 fills me with joy and sorrow by turns: joy at your steady voice of dignified outrage, sadness at the tales of feuding and betrayal within the anarchist community (if it can be called that). Your view of the "movement" is less than flattering, but it's honest.

Thanks also for pointing out that religious beliefs are not automatically incompatible with anarchism so long as such beliefs don't inspire coercion. I have agreed with anarchist principles (as I understand them) for a long time, but have resisted claiming that label because of the company I'd have to keep. I'm bisexual and bi-religious (Christian and Pagan) and I tend to grow tired of milieux where I'm obliged to hide parts of my identity in order to get along. Unfortunately, this usually winds up being the case, for some reason. Most anarchists I've encountered have been anti-religious, sometimes violently so. They have somehow failed to observe that non-proselytizing, egalitarian people of faith are no threat to them (though church hierarchies are another thing altogether), and even make good allies insofar as they help to fight the evils of state and capital. But I suppose ideological purity becomes important when it's really all you have...

The horrors perpetrated by Christians on people around the world are extensive and well documented. I can't imagine how anyone could be a thoughtful Christian and not reflect on this fact daily. But as I'm sure you're aware, most of the criminals had economic and political motives as well. Ferdinand and Isabella didn't expel the Sephardim from Spain out of "Christian duty"; they wanted their land and gold. The attempts to "convert the heathen" in the New World and Africa were accompanied by similar plundering, including the seizure of the territory now occupied by the USA. One might argue that atheistic philosophies have been no kinder, the history of the Soviet Union providing a splendid example. People tend to be terribly cruel to one another when they believe it's in their interests, and they tend to justify their cruelty by any number of reductive philosophies to which they've previously sacrificed their cognitive functions. As we all know, anarchists are hardly immune to this tendency. At least by denying ourselves the coercive power of a state, we agree to fight each other barehanded.

And that leads me to John Johnson's wonderful letter. Like him (I think), I'm a liberal in some stage of recovery, though I keep backsliding and voting for leftish Democrats. I fear corporate and workplace oppression far more than the governments of Minnesota or the U.S. Like John, I want the state to protect me from the capitalists. But I realize that at the root of my craving for protection is a profound belief in my own weakness, a belief which seems all too justified in the presence of multinational corporations that are richer than small countries. This belief leads to sick revenge fantasies. I dream of a state strong enough to seize and nationalize property, to put the bankers and stockbrokers up against the wall, to commission public transit systems and provide free education and health care. I dream of a state with the power to create or destroy. And these fantasies are a sword that will turn and cut me if I give it half a chance. If I agree to a state based on coercion, I agree to be coerced when it pleases the state—and sooner or later, it will.

Those acres of "protected" wilderness we love? Clinton is rewarding his cronies with the mining and logging rights. Those acres of public land, once prairie, that are held in our names by the government, are being ground into dust by the hooves of cattle, whose owners lease the land for pennies. If we give the state the power to protect the land, the state can just as easily withhold protection for its own benefit (and its continued re-election). And once the state reaches a certain size, "democracy" becomes a less and less credible fiction. Those multinationals I'm so afraid of would dispense with the state in short order if it ever became a serious threat to them instead of steadily advancing their interests through deals like NAFTA. In places like Nigeria this has happened with some regularity.

But I'm still not sure I'd oppose efforts to make states accountable to their citizens in the short term, which is where I differ from Al Giago. Al criticizes Earth First! for its "statism" because it encourages political action to save wilderness areas. Aside from Fred Woodworth's observation that EF! never claimed to be anti-state, I'd point out that political action in this case appears to be a tactic, rather than an end in itself. But do the ends really justify the means? If I demonstrate against anti-choice movements when they come to town (as they recently did—Human Life International had its world conference in the Twin Cities area) and help fight for continued legal abortion— is this a tactic to help my sisters live with dignity while we work against the system, or am I propping up that same system by acknowledging its power to enforce (or NOT enforce) the rights of certain people?

Yes, that's an academic question— I went to the demo, of course, because I think anti-choicers are scum who should forget abortion and work on poverty issues if they are going to claim to be "pro-life". If they're Christians, why don't they go feed the poor? But academic questions are fun now and then. P.S.— I say "scum" in a CARING way, of course...

Sam Adams,
Saint Paul, Minnesota.

BACK IN A JIFFY— I' VE GOT TUH WRITE ANOTHER O' THEM GOL-DERN REPLIES!

One of my old mechanical calculators once had this strange problem: sometimes, if a computation was run somewhere around the middle of the bank of number indicators, it would come out wrong by 1, 10, 100, or 1000. Other times the answer, even in that section, would be right.

I finally got into it and found that a gear buried down in the mass of mechanism in the position of the ninth decimal place, was missing a tooth. If the arithmetic happened to demand that a sum carry over, and the required rotation was large enough, the missing gear-tooth would induce the figure in the next column to be off by 1. (At length I did manage to extract that gear, and braised a lump of brass onto it; then filed the brass back into a new gear-tooth. The machine now works perfectly.)

In otherwise intelligent people, Christianity is faintly similar. A lot of the time there's no noticeable ill effect; but sometimes, when conditions are just right... thought seems to try to cross this broken bridge, and then— watch out!

Agreed: your Christianity isn't AUTOMATICALLY incompatible with anarchism. But the fact is, what you're telling me you believe is illogical and indefensible by reason, as shown, in the most distilled form, by this series of four questions and responses:

"Is God willing to prevent evil, but not able?
Then he is not omnipotent.
Is he able, but not willing?
Then he is malevolent.
Is he both able and willing?
Then how can evil exist?
Is he neither able nor willing?
Then why call him god?"

You say that "non-proselytizing, egalitarian people of faith are no threat" to persons who just want to be left alone, and that may be true, most of the time. But the fact is—and here I think that for once I'm probably not speaking just for myself, but for most atheistic anarchists as well—we worry that we can't trust you; that some situation will come up such that the combination of your belief in "God" or "Jesus" with some particular social situation, will suddenly impel you to decide that coercion has become necessary.

Already, by condoning Christianity on any level at all, you are having to overlook passages in the text of your religion that speak of your own sexual orientation as an "abomination" to your god. Worse yet, if you'll check the Book of Romans in the Bible, you'll find a bunch of utterly unarguable commands to regard the police as always doing "god's" work. Is there some way you can justify believing part of the religion without believing all of it? If so, I'd be interested in knowing how you can pick and choose without that undercutting the whole rationale for belief in the first place.

THERE IS NO GOD. Thinking that there is, introduces an error. Depending on the size of calculations, and the decimal column where that error tends to appear, it may pop up frequently and in extremely serious ways, or hardly ever at all. But it is there, and I think you'd be a better person if it weren't.

Dear Fred: Have you heard about California's computer boondoggle with the Department of Motor Vehicles, where a million-dollar system had to be completely scrapped? Well, now the state has even bigger computer disasters. An article about this in the local papers basically admits that computer systems in ALL the states are having "problems" (their euphemism for "not working"). You'd think by now people would realize that massive computer networks are just a pipe dream— too full of problems to actually work. But people have so committed to the new computer god that they can't turn back now. To back away from computers would imply major problems in the whole philosophy, and that can't be allowed. To admit a system won't work is to admit a defeat in computers themselves, and that would be untenable.

I recently called a company that maintains a database of information on everybody— I was calling to have my name and my family's removed from their files. You know what they told me? It's not possible! They said they collect information from public records and all of that information automatically goes into their databases. The only way to stop the information from getting into the databases is to go to the public records themselves and somehow get the information taken off— which is in itself of course, impossible. So we have no choice in the matter; the information is collected from a source we can't control, by a company we don't know, that has no accountability. The company then sells the information to whoever pays for it. Land of the free?

—Alden Scott Crow,
Editor, Know News,
P. O. Box 1948
Fair Oaks, California 95628.

I hope the government puts ALL its records on computers. It's the only hope we have.

Dear Fred: I would ask that you consider the value that computers add to folks who are disabled (or whatever the current correct word is). Me, I couldn't function near as well without one, and my "difference" is very mild compared to many.

—Rick Cricow,
Eugene, Oregon.

Yeah, and when I realize that the handicapped can't even get real typewriters anymore (except on the secondhand market), I feel even worse about their plight.

All right— you don't deserve sarcasm. But now you consider this: I have never seen a computer operate properly. You heard me right: I have never seen one work the way it was supposed to. With all my criticism of the things, friends keep asking me to come over and witness the manifold advantages of their late model & software. I go there and they never work.

Only last week local computer guru John Kromko insisted that I come over and check out a very old Tucson underground publication that, he said, had just sprung to life again as a web-site. Curious, I showed up. He turned it on. Nothing happened.

Another friend of mine was enthusiastic about the Internet, but suddenly she couldn't get on it anymore. Days passed; it wouldn't work. Weeks passed; no change. She had a different line connection made with the server; got new phone plugs and cables; had the modem worked on. All for naught. Expenses multiplied; monthly bills kept coming in. After ten weeks of this, she and AOL decided to part company, and she got a small refund. The AOL rep said to try again "sometime".

Back at the friend's where I was to be shown the old re-born underground, John suggested that as that wouldn't come up, for some reason, we should look at some interesting type fonts he'd gotten in software.

"John, I have 108 Varityper fonts, about 60 or 80 Composer fonts, 30 or 40 headliner fonts, and close to 200 fonts of hand-set metal type."

"Yeah, but these are, are..." The word he was fumbling for was "modern"—like there's something really new and different that you can still do with the fucking ALPHABET after more than 2000 years of use.

While he continued tapping endlessly at the keyboard without anything real dramatic occurring on screen, I suggested: "Okay: As long as you're on there and looking at typographical stuff, why don't you see if there's something someplace on the topic of some of my old machinery. Try 'Varityper'."

"Okay." (Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.) Wait. Tap. Tap tap. Wait, wait, wait, wait. At last some picture of a COW comes on screen. Slogan says: "Welcome to Tucows." Then it wants you to choose a location that you'll receive information from. I think John indicated the west coast. Then it wanted to know what continent the matter you were going to ask about would likely most pertain to. (See how limiting the thing is? I wouldn't mind knowing if anyone in Burma or Hungary or someplace might still be manufacturing or selling Varityper parts; after all, the machines were sold all over the world, and were made with special type-fonts for Russian, Arabic, Hebrew, Thai, Korean, Laotian, Azerbaijani, Kirghiz, Tadjik, Uzbek, and close to a hundred more that I don't have room to list here.)

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap. Wait. Wait. Wait. Wait. Ultimately he had to admit defeat. I said, "Okay, why don't you check out Marshal South."

(South was the anarchistic semi-hermit, do-it-yourselfer who lived out in the California desert in the 1930s and '40s, featured in Kent Winslow's "Landmarks in the Desert" column here several issues ago. South wrote columns for Desert Magazine, and ten of his novels were published around the time of World War II and are quite hard to find today.)

Nothing. Once again on an out-of-the-way subject, there was nothing.

Every time I look at any of this phenomenon, one way or another it isn't going to do anything useful. Either the software is going to screw up, or the device itself is going to suffer some catastrophic "crash", or the thing you want to find or work with is going to be very, very hard to reach.

It seems that "research" here is a bit of a misnomer: you can only find something out if a whole LOT of other people already know it. If it's slightly less than common knowledge, you're better off looking in old books.

So, fine: If the "disabled" can't get books, can't contact people on the phone, can't write with pen and paper because they have no fingers, can't type with a secondhand beautiful typewriter obtained from Value Village for 20 dollars, can't have any kind of a life or do anything at all unless it involves staring at one of these glowing screens, then I can only hope that they CAN get these garbagey consumer ripoffs to work enough to satisfy whatever unimaginable needs they have. As for me, should I have an accident and get paralyzed, or endure a stroke, or undergo such a lengthy police questioning in tight cuffs that my hands have to be amputated– KEEP COMPUTERS AWAY FROM ME! If I can't read, write, or talk– i.e., if I'm really disabled– the last thing I want is to be thrust into a situation where I have to deal with nonworkable junk that seems to only cause ABLE people endless hassles.

Dear Fred: I can't thank you enough for sending the copies of The Match! I've already turned on a friend, and my mom, whom I was leery about showing them to, for fear she might misinterpret me as a "fringe radical". To my relief, our next conversation was largely about how she loved the one, and would I hurry up and loan her the other.

Concerning computers and technology: I have my guilty weaknesses of TV, vcr, and stereo, which I could never give up considering my obsession with music. I have no car, no computer, and, with my current attitude, soon no phone. For living this incredibly easy lifestyle I'm thought "strange". As a custom color printer at a large photo lab I've had a close eye on computers as they have marched their way right over me. A pessimist, I've been trying to figure out just when my job will become obsolete. As the years pass and computers get more embedded in the industry, a few things become painfully obvious. First, just the difference in technology, and knowledge of it, set roadblocks all along the line of production from customer to finished product. With the current acceleration of technology, and constant lag of general knowledge it will only get slower. Second, for making changes it was thought that computers would be our savior, but often the corrections take time the customer doesn't have.

In the past, a photographer/customer brought in some film and had prints made in a timely manner. If there were changes that needed to be done in a hurry, the printer could drop what he or she was doing and redo the job while the customer waited (people will always be picky about their pictures— or "art"). But it seems to me that after this wave of computer gadgetry drains a few huge investors, nothing will be cheaper than humans for doing this kind of work under tight deadlines.

— Craig Thran,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Fred: I love your "Freedom Eclipsed" column and wonder if you could add a notice of some things happening in San Jose. Recently here the city councils of this town and Palo Alto passed laws criminalizing homelessness—and existence in general—by making it illegal to sit or lie on the sidewalk between the hours of 10 a.m. and midnight. There was a protest in Palo Alto, but I doubt the likelihood of getting this law reversed. Also, after the recent Cinco de Mayo festival in downtown San Jose police decided that because of "gang fighting" there'd be a police sweep that would remove about 2,000 people from a public place. Surprise! Just as anybody could have guessed, a riot erupted. Now the city is considering canceling next year's festival. If you're ever in San Jose be sure to listen to my radio show on Tuesdays, 5 to 7 pm on Radio Free San Jose, 93.7, the local pirate radio station. You can get it very well downtown.

—Adam Welch,
San Jose, California.

Dear Fred: I wanted to let you know that word is getting around about Bob Black. I hear that Left Bank Books in Seattle has stopped carrying his books and pamphlets. A local music store just began carrying "Anarchy" magazine, which is continuing to print Black's articles; I told the store why I would boycott the issue— that Black was a police snitch. I noticed an article in Harper's Magazine about opium, Hogshire, and Black.

— Duff McIntosh,
Morgantown, West Virginia.

Dear Fred: I've been reading The Match since I was a teenage anarchist; it's inspiring that you have sustained it for so long. I've only been running this store for three years but sometimes it feels like 30...

— Chloe, Reading Frenzy,
921 SW Oak Street
Portland, Oregon 97205.

Editor: Here's an update on the Cove/Mallard road blockade. At the time this letter was sent (August 8), the blockade was in its 34th day. This is the most extensive blockade in the history of the United States with only one exception: the Warner Creek blockade in Oregon. Because Cove/Mallard is an area of unprotected national forest that links several major biological corridors, it is one of the most significant timber conflicts in the Northern Rockies this decade.

This past summer has seen several significant developments in the campaign to end the Cove/Mallard timber sales, and has proven once again that the ability of the legal system to rule justly is far inferior to the power of people committed to finding justice.

After sitting on the lawsuit until the brink of the legal logging season, Idaho District Judge Boyle rejected the suit. An injunction pending appeal so that destruction of the area might be delayed, was also denied. The last legal remedy at this stage is a full hearing, scheduled for January of 1998, but in the interim the courts have done nothing to protect this vital piece of the lower 48's last big wilderness.

So, while the lopsided wheels of justice were stuck in the same old rut, people got busy, putting themselves between the chainsaws of the US Forest Service and the forest. At first two brave souls perched in tripods, blocking the logging road to one of the sales. The protesters remained for three days before being finally plucked with a cherry picker, and sent off to jail.

Others set up a blockade, and at this point several activists are staying in structures 35 feet off the ground, that are designed to make police risk the activists's lives if they wish to extract them. Other protesters are locked to cement barrels buried in the road. The blockaders, many of whom have been on the road for more than a month, are fatigued, but committed to staying.

—Adams Wood,
Cove/Mallard Coalition
P.O. Box 8968
Moscow, Idaho 83843.

Dear Fred: I haven't considered the ramifications of statism vs. anarchism when it comes to hospital care for the aged, but it would be something I'd like to see discussed in The Match. My mother is on Medicare and Medicaid since she is indigent— and I for one am thankful for the fact that so far, my brothers and I have not had to bear any of the financial burden of her hospitalization, drugs, home care, etc. My feeling is that even though the care provided by the state may not be the best, it's good enough to keep her in good spirits and hasn't caused me any problems. I doubt if my brothers and I would be able to afford private care for her.

— Fender Tucker,
Shreveport Louisiana.

If you guys weren't being robbed of 80% of your income by statism, in the form of taxes and the costs of endless regulation of everything, you might be so wealthy that you'd never miss the paltry few thousands that it would take to give poor old Ma the care she needs.

And if she hadn't been robbed similarly all of her own lifetime, she might not be poor at all, and could afford expensive hospitalization.

And if the medical industry hadn't been allowed to turn into such an exclusivist, elitist set of licensed monopolists, greedily extorting the highest possible prices for the slightest application of a bandage, (a venality exacerbated by their own necessity of paying immense taxes and regulatory costs)— care might be within reach of anyone.

Dear Fred: I read through the issues you sent, twice, then gave them to a school friend. I dropped out last year in 9th grade, and now while my friends are reading books about "heroes" who fought in "courageous" wars, I'd rather read literature that really is worthwhile.

Recently some friends and I started a Food, Not Bombs group here and it seems to be going really well. We are also trying to get a community garden growing. I'm also trying to do a lot of work against police harassment and curfew laws.

I especially liked your criticism of the computer. I have never liked computers and I am never going to get one, ever. You are right: if you question the validity of the computer you are laughed at. It is sad that all throughout school they gave me the impression that you have to have a computer in order to be educated, or to publish anything.

— Kyle Bryan,
Spring Valley, California.

Dear Fred: This depressing blurb of propaganda from New York's "Daily News" got me pretty fired up. (Reprinted at right.—editor.) I wonder what the hell they're getting at with this kind of "news". Notice how the details are pared down to absolute meaninglessness. A truck is carrying seven and a half tons of fertilizer; big deal. A dump truck is carrying diesel fuel— where? In the gas tank? And what are those other explosive materials? Sulfur matchheads or pressurized butane in a Bic lighter? Almost anything could contain "explosive" materials! In paragraph two, the cop joins in with a little fear mongering. And then we end up with that lame reference to the OKC bombing.

Imagine a story about a Coca-Cola truck overturning on the highway— Coke bottles smashed, pulverized all over the blacktop! I have serious doubts that the blurb would end mentioning that "bottles are routinely used to make Molotov cocktails," or that they're sometimes lobbed at police or soldiers on the Gaza Strip! The idiocy is just amazing.

I'm not in any way saying that bombing is an acceptable pastime. But the mad rush of the media to pin blame on fertilizer has my own crap-detector buzzing. What do you make of it?

Picked up "Dream World" used at a bookshop here in New York. Absolutely fabulous stuff, energizing to read, and filling me with a lot of new questions.

I too have had some bad experiences with the US Postal Service. It seems like they are cracking down. Now, due to "increased security measures," no mail can be dropped in midtown mailboxes (Ed's. note: Or anywhere else.) if it is over 16 ounces; it has to be mailed at the counter. Now I have to tromp over to Grand Central Station where a sign says that all bags, parcels, etc., are subject to a search by the Postal Police.

I also endured a baffling barcode fiasco at work; the USPS sent me a weighty tome full of rules and regulations on where to POSITION the barcode! You are right on about the needlessly confusing and mind-numbing terminology in those books. To top it off, when I tried getting my P.O. Box in my zine's name so that no mail would get returned to the senders, I ran up against a brick wall. Now you still need to show TWO pieces of picture identification, and your name and ID numbers all over the paperwork— AND, no sooner had I jotted my zine's name on the form than they started asking all variety of searching questions. (Keep in mind that you don't HAVE to check the "Business" box on the form; I certainly didn't.) They STILL asked for a "Certificate of Authority" from the State of New York, a Federal Tax Identification number, and company letterhead authorizing me to use the box. I decided just to get the box in my own name: the less they know the better. Probably they won't really return mail addressed to the zine name unless somebody gets interested in what I'm up to. Now I understand why some people use a mail drop.

Soon I suppose we can get ready for another wave in the rising tide of authoritarianism disguised as anti-terrorism. This hysteria is the pretext of the moment for whittling away any remaining liberty. I wonder how many people have died from bomb-lobbing crackpots this year; it can't hold a candle to how many have died from dangerous workplaces, car crashes, suicide, or even unsafe food. It just goes to show how dismal this political pony show really is. What's next? Locking us all away in underground prisons to protect us from the danger of being struck by lightning.

I mean, what qualifies as terrorism? If I ask Joe Blow on the street, he's going to tell me that it's Moslem fanatics or hate-group crew-cut freaks goofing around with fertilizer. But the fact is, when anybody uses violence against the State (which I do not advocate), they are branded a terrorist; but when police for instance use violence against powerless HUMAN BEINGS, they are not "terrorists"— they're something entirely different!

I watched with some interest the hysteria surrounding the "downing" of TWA flight 800. It was impossible to avoid those fearmongering banner headlines speculating about a bomb. Then Clinton signed away more human rights (I'm talking about the wire-tapping bill). In the final analysis, I suppose the flight 800 is like the "bombing" of the battleship Maine: it doesn't matter if it was an accident or sabotage, it's only useful to illustrate to what uses the powerful will put any tragedy. Who will watch as the story limps off to page D-20 anyway?

"JOURNALISM"

'Princeton, N. C.– Authorities cordoned off a stretch of North Carolina countryside yesterday after a dump truck carrying 15,000 pounds of ammonium nitrate fertilizer, diesel fuel and other explosive substances overturned on a local highway.

Highway Patrol Lt. J.E. Smith said the cargo would cause a powerful explosion if it were detonated but that there was little actual risk.

Ammonium nitrate was the fertilizer used in the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City in 1995.'

If you want to talk about real danger, what about those ozone holes opening up over the poles? Sometimes you can catch a few words about what's really happening, but it's hard to hear above the shrill shilling of bought-and-paid-for "scientists". I don't know if The Match has addressed this issue before, but I'd be interested in seeing something about it, because I find it terrifying.

One point of contention: Helen Walker's comment in Match #91 that: "New York City... is a black hole from which no writer, once he or she is sucked into it, ever sends forth another sentence in print." Not that I don't find her witty, but here's my effort, "inspector 18", which comes from New York City. Perhaps you might pass it along to Helen to clear up her ideas about the black hole.

— Michael Jackman,
P. O. Box 3663
Grand Central Station
New York 10163.

Dear Fred: Another aspect of computer technology that clicked in my head the other night was this: As some bureaucratic boob was saying, on NPR (which stands for National Government Radio), "DRIVING is not a right; it's a privilege." That's about the 50,000th time I've heard that. Well, it seems to me, as computers too become more and more "required"—in the public's mind—the machines could easily be registered, licensed. Owning one is a "privilege", not a right, and since they're frightfully unreliable, constantly in need of repair and/or replacement, putting official registration numbers on computers and peripherals could be as chilling (or more so than the International Standard Serial Numbers (ISSN's) and International Standard Book Numbers (ISBN's). When 99% of the underground press—such as it is—is written, laid out, or edited on computer, those who control access to computers (components and equipment, programming, etc.)—The National Registry of Computers, let's say— would have the power to click a lot of people into silence.

A typewriter, once sold, is very difficult to regulate.

A computer is much easier to regulate, to silence. Phone lines can be tapped, software can be altered when the machine is in repairs; "updates" can include tracking software that is easily, VOLUNTARILY loaded onto the system by unwitting (or simply witless) users... Sales can be registered, and since computer owners are always (told they are) needing to buy something new, the opportunities to get names and addresses are endless.

...At the place where I live, the City sends inspectors to see to it the building is up to code, and these assholes have the complete authority to come into my shitty little room any time, without warning. They walk through once per month, knocking on randomly selected doors: Knock Knock Knock; "City Health!"— and if you don't answer, they're coming in; one inspector accompanied by the landlord. If you're there and you say no—I always say no—they'll inspect a different room. But J— and I live in the same hotel, and each of us have had our rooms "inspected" once in our absence, and were later told by the landlord through his thick Hindu accent that the City Health Department wants us to clean up our rooms. WHAT BASTARDS! It is literally government as mommy/daddy. Clean up your room. Told the landlord I don't like being inspected, and promised him I would NOT "clean up" my room, but his English is so bad I don't think he understood me. I posted a sign on my door, "Day Sleeper — Do Not Disturb," which I figured might be a bit more subtle and effective than "Hey, Inspector: Go To Hell," and so far it's worked; no inspections. But since these bastards go "inspecting" at all the city's residential hotels, there's not much else I can do, short of getting a real apartment (which I can't afford). Poor people, even poor people who pay rent without government assistance, have no expectation of privacy.

Another privacy issue: I should have clipped the article some grade-school teacher wrote for the Chronicle a few weeks ago— all about some happy, bubbly little girl in class who suddenly clammed up and stopped being so outgoing. Her mother was dying of cancer. Teacher writes, oh so seriously, of all the ways she tries to "break through" to the kid, but the girl stubbornly refuses to talk about "what she's going through". Imagine: the kid keeps coming to class, doing her work, and it's not enough. The teacher just can't get her to talk about her "feelings". So finally the kid's mother dies; the kid of course misses a few days of school, and so teacher tells the class why, and all the kids send condolence cards. But when the little girl comes back to school, she still won't crack down and cry. Gosh, this IS a problem for the teacher. But at last, through some maudlin maneuvering on a field trip, teacher corners the kid and brings her to tears. And this, dear editor, is the feel-good end of the Chronicle's story! I would dearly love to see that teacher shot. Privacy of course cannot be allowed in third grade, or at any point in life. Teachers cannot simply TEACH, no, they must provide "healing" and "nurturing". When I read that article I felt that what I was really reading was an adult's account of having successfully broken a child's will and individual spirit. Ah, well... what use would she have for such characteristics in America...

I'm enclosing a publication called "Perspectives," because it really rings bells on my Bullshit Detector, and I'd love a second opinion. It seems to be the first issue of a newsletter put out by "anarchists"— and lo and behold, they're already giving out $6,000 grants to writers, for books and articles that HAVEN'T BEEN WRITTEN YET. Dozens of names are listed as staffers and contributors, and you know, I've been a fairly active anarchist for ten years or so, but the only name on their roster that I've ever heard of before is of some guy I briefly met at the Anarchist Book Fair. Do you know anything about the group or its cast of characters?

— Doug Holland,
San Francisco, California.

No, and they didn't send me a copy of their publication. Thanks for passing along to me the one they sent you. I too pondered the dozens of names listed therein, and at last was moved to start looking them up one by one in my card file, which now stretches back 28 years and contains around 12,000 names of people who've ever subscribed or sent The Match any sort of communication. I got noplace fast with this crowd.

I can only say that for a bunch who can afford to hand around thousands of dollars to people we have never heard of for articles that haven't yet been written, on topics of very boring-sounding description, they have certainly been shy about ever sending so much as one dollar to support The Match. I do intend to keep track, if I can, of who they award their "grants" to. What do you want to bet that "Anarchy" magazine and Bob Black get some?

Dear Fred: Thanks for the eye-opening booklet, "The Atheist Cult". I've flirted with atheism and have been familiar with M. M. O'Hair for 15 years or so (I'm only 30), but I never sent her a cent and now I'm very glad I didn't.

I like the way you handled yourself in the reprinted conversation (in "The Atheist Cult") with C. Goeringer. Your common sense in avoiding calling Madalyn showed a restraint that many people, dare I say most people, don't possess. Your reasoning quite reminded me of my father. He's a special guy, a brilliant man, who taught me the value of picking your fights and being cautious, always cautious. I was a little startled to see that you did talk to her at the end of the phone call between Connie and Maddie; but I understand it.

My brother was very happy with your work, and in particular he enjoyed the serialized autobiographical works; he told me he was "riveted" by them. The day he received the latest issue and The Atheist Cult he and his wife started for their vacation in South Carolina. As they drove along, Mike's wife Julie read The Match aloud. I warned them about driving through such, well, redneck territory, but luck was with them and they had no trouble. They did however get a chance to see some jerkoff hick in Georgia go out of his way to hit a young deer with his truck, which had been modified with some sort of device attached to its front bumper to prevent damage to the pickup, but to inflict maximum damage to the animal. According to Mike, one of the deer's legs flew off and the rest of its body flew a great distance onto the median where it looked like a wreck at the Indy 500, rolling, tumbling and kicking up dust. Here's hoping the saying "What goes around comes around" is true in the case of this buttplug animal killer.

— Bill Shannon,
Elmhurst, Illinois.

Dear Fred: Just when you begin to believe that they couldn't find any new ways to degrade and demean human life any further, or that they couldn't advance in techniques to terrorize and subjugate the prison population— there comes the Bureau of Prisons' latest incredible manner of controlling prisoners. This should send shock waves of terror through anyone who still believes in human dignity or justice and sanity. This edict would have made Adolph Hitler salivate with excitement; it is one that finds its origins in, and is strongly reminiscent of, the Russian Gulags. It is a policy of depravity that has been dredged up from hell. Pathetically, it is also an AMERICAN edict that has been artfully camouflaged behind pages of legal mumbo-jumbo to cover up its sinister intent and twisted purpose: total mind control over heavily guarded prisoners, as carried out by prison guards who are now authorized to push the button of horror at any whim.

Edict No. 5558.10 authorizes the BOP to force "maximum custody inmates" (at least for starters) to wear what it euphemistically describes as a "Remote Electronically Activated Technology Stun Belt" (REACT) as a custody control device WITHIN a prison. Edict 5558.10 goes on to state that the use of the Stun Belt "does not preclude... the use of deadly force." That remains under the discretion of the Officer in Charge. To fully understand at least some of the horrors of this Stun Belt, it is necessary to read the revealing Attachment B to 5558.10, which is called an "Inmate Notification of Custody Control Belt Use." This is a form that inmates are asked to sign before the belt is installed on their persons, and it is a legal warning that if you wear the belt and some hack pushes the button — by mistake or intentionally— you will:

a. be immobilized immediately, and fall to the ground;
b. probably defecate in your pants; and...
c. probably urinate in your pants.

Attachment B does not describe any other possible side-effects from being shot with a bolt of 50 thousand volts of electricity, but surely these must include heart attacks, permanent twitching, loss of memory, puking, and God knows what else! Attachment B does explain that your hack can push the button if you fail to comply with a verbal order to halt any "movement of your person", or if there is any "loss of visual contact by the Officer In Charge," or if you "tamper" with the belt. Needless to say, Attachment B to Edict 5558.10 does not explain how the trustworthy hacks will be able to pinpoint WHICH inmate is the offender if he or she happens to be in a crowd of inmates, all of whom are wearing the Stun Belt.

While the media are filled with stories about inmates' "frivolous lawsuits", consider the following case. How much money did the government spend dragging this through the courts for more than twenty years?

In November of 1972 I mailed my first complaint, alleging illegal segregation in Marion prison's Long Term Control Unit. The federal judges and magistrates kept dismissing it on various specious grounds, and I kept appealing it.

When the US attorney filed yet another Motion to Dismiss in 1986, he attached a memorandum from my prison file, and only then did I learn why I had served 28 months in Segregation: According to the document, written by a typical Leavenworth "Fearless Fosdick" specimen, he had observed me "talking" to another convict during a work strike. He, in turn, had been observed speaking to someone else, and he to yet another prisoner. This positive proof of guilt resulted in five of us being locked up, with three being transferred to Marion as a result.

After learning of this allegation—14 years later—I added this guard to the case as a defendant.

In February of 1996— 1996!—the seventh circuit remanded the case for the fourth time. A judge then appointed yet another attorney to represent me— this was the fourteenth one.

After telephoning me, visiting me, and corresponding with me, this latest attorney had me subpoenaed for pre-trial motions from Leavenworth Special Handling Unit where I was languishing on my seventh false charge in two and a half years. After the US attorney deposed me in a "black box", my attorney obtained a court order prohibiting this. But during some conferences and depositions with my own attorney, I had to wear the 50,000-volt stun belt and was to keep my hands above the table.

However, with the point of no return finally approaching, the government raised their offer to settle from the original $4,000 (later $10,000) to $20,000. Since the US attorney wouldn't agree to a bench trial (before a judge only), and since the puppet press have propagandized the public into believing that all convicts are evil personified—AND since I'd probably die of old age before further appeals were finalized, in November of 1996 I accepted the settlement, thus ending this 24-year-old case.

After seven weeks I was returned to Leavenworth SHU where I discovered my 73-year-old rappie on the latest bum beef is still locked down. And so the beat goes on...

— Ronald Del Raine, #85462-132,
P. O. Box PMB
Atlanta, Georgia 30315.

Dear Fred: I have an idea that you might like some press cuttings on the Lorenzo Ervin affair in Australia, which rapidly took on the proportions of a farce. Mr. Ervin must be left feeling that he can hardly believe his luck! Tens of millions of dollars' worth of advertising would not have given him this much publicity.

—Nigel H. Sinnott,
Alexandra, Australia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The clippings that Mr. Sinnott has sent us tell a very disturbing tale. Therefore, the remaining space we have available in this issue is herewith devoted to...*

A Look at How They Do It

IN JULY, 1997, an American named Lorenzo Komboa Ervin embarked on a month-long speaking tour of Australia. Supposedly a representative of "Anarchism", Ervin was reportedly in that country at the invitation of an anarchist organization called "Angry People", and was to lecture on racism, as an Anarchist, to Aboriginal audiences. Ordinarily, anything that real anarchists do receives practically zero publicity, but in this particular situation an extremely interesting chain of events occurred.

First, the representative of American anarchism became known in the Australian mainstream press for some very lamentable credentials: being a convicted hijacker and kidnapper. According to reports, some circulated by the alleged anarchist group inviting Ervin, he... *"In 1968 was summoned to testify at the 'black power' grand jury in Tennessee. He refused to appear and went underground. During 1968 and 1969 a number of Black Panthers were gunned down. Mr. Ervin was informed he was on the FBI's infamous Counter Intelligence Program and he could expect the same treatment his comrades had received. In 1969 he hijacked a plane to Cuba to escape the FBI dragnet. After being deported to Czechoslovakia by the Cuban government, he was eventually arrested (by the U.S. government) and sentenced to two life terms. As a result of a worldwide campaign for his release, he was released in 1983. The Bush administration granted him an executive clemency —a pardon—in 1988."* (Joseph Toscano, "Spokesperson, Anarchist Media Institute" in The Melbourne Age, July 11, 1997.)

In other words, it would be hard to think of someone who might give a worse impression of what anarchism and typical anarchists, are like.

Next, Australia's government arrested Ervin, again to the accompaniment of growing lurid publicity, took away his visa, and promised that he would be deported. Form here the affair built to a crescendo of reports, articles, and editorials, as free-speech groups, civil libertarians and others rallied in an enormous outcry demanding that Ervin be released and allowed to give his speeches.

Four days after they arrested him, the Aussie Feds conceded before their own High Court that they: *"Had not followed the proper procedure in deciding to cancel the visa, ...and agreed to free him and pay his substantial court costs."*

By now Ervin was a full-fledged Anarchist representative in the eyes of the Australian public. Letters filled the newspapers, such as this one from Robert Bropho writing "on behalf of the Nyungah Circle of Elders" on July 12: *"We of the Aboriginal nation of this continent... are concerned about the present Government's attitude against this man Ervin entering Australia to visit us, the Aboriginal people. It was said on the local radio..., that the reason for trying to deport this man was that he had bad character. (But) what of the record of the white people? ... Those ministers... have no right to deny this man speaking with us..."*

Nige Peacock of Bundoora wrote: *"I note with concern and disgust the comments made by Senator Vanstone and company regarding the case of Lorenzo Kom'boa Ervin (The Age, July 7). ...The government deserves to be condemned by the international community..."*

Karen Elliot, Brunswick: *"I am outraged that the government has the gall to try to deport Lorenzo Kom'boa Ervin, who espouses the values of social justice, equality and free speech..."*

Col Friel, Alawa: *"The principle of free speech and the defence of that principle are far more important than anything...Ervin can possibly say... If we fail to uphold the right of our political opponents... to say what they think, then we are heading down the road to fascism..."*

Editorialist Michael Gawenda, writing in a 700-word column on July 14, observed: *"When he arrived in Australia a little over a week ago, it is unlikely the former American Black Panther and convicted hijacker and kidnapper, Lorenzo Ervin, could have imagined that within the space of a few days, he would be transformed into an international martyr for free speech.*

"Mr. Ervin..., had come... on a speaking tour organized by a group called the Angry People. Now the Angry People, it must be said, were not exactly a household name in Australia... In fact, outside the small and shrinking world of anarchist and neo-Marxist revolutionary politics, it would be fair to say that (they) had no profile at all. That could be why they are so angry...

"In all likelihood... Mr. Ervin's tour would have consisted of meetings of handfuls of people in shabby little halls. Those present would have re-

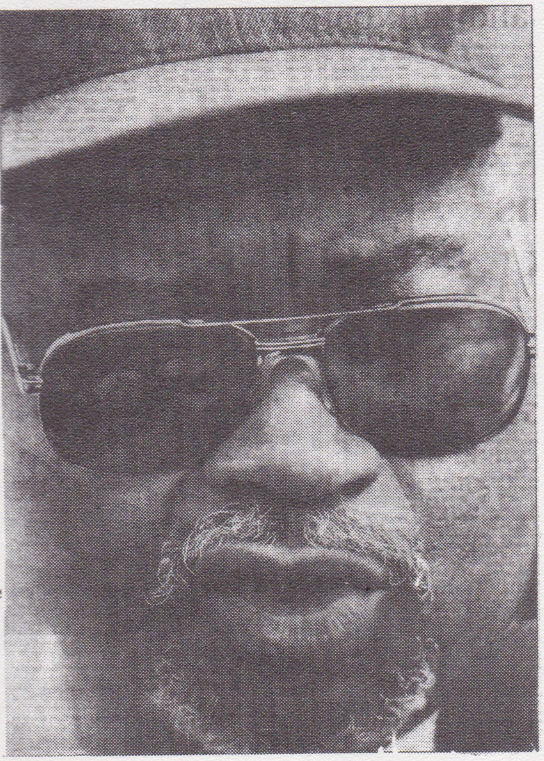
affirmed their revolutionary fervor in something approaching total obscurity. ...That is the lot of class-struggling anarchist revolutionaries in the post-Cold War world of the 1990s.

"At least that would have been their lot had it not been for the extraordinarily clumsy interventions into Mr. Ervin's lecture tour by the Prime Minister, Mr. John Howard, and the acting Immigration Minister, Senator Amanda Vanstone. ***So clumsy were their interventions that, were one prone to wild conspiracy theories, it could be suggested that Mr. Howard and Senator Vanstone are closet anarchist revolutionaries, secret members of the Angry People."*** (He almost figured it out!)

"On talk-back radio in Brisbane last Tuesday, Mr. Howard was asked about Mr. Ervin's visit to Australia... Howard...expressed immediate outrage and vowed to do something about it. In the space of several sentences, the Prime Minister had transformed Mr. Ervin from an obscure revolutionary into a figure who could attract national—and international—media attention.

"Mr. Ervin... was promptly arrested and thrown into a high-security detention centre... By Thursday human rights groups in South Africa, Greece, Italy, Sweden, Britain, Ireland, New Zealand and the U.S. were planning protests outside Australian embassies and consulates...

"For the first time in their political lives, members of the Angry People had to cope with the demands of huge commercial television media packs, and it must be said, they handled these demands pretty well— at least as well as could be expected within the rather curiously limited language that anarchist revolutionaries are prone to use. Racism, capitalism, imperialism and oppression all got a pretty good workout...



L. K. Ervin (photo from Australian paper)

"...As far as the Angry People are concerned, they should change their name to the Happy People. Immediately."

PRETTY INTERESTING, isn't it, how this horribly discrediting individual is suddenly elevated to a status of international credibility?

Readers of The Match will notice that the typical rhetoric of the "anarchist group" was actually pretty marxist, and this is an unerring sign, to me, of government origination. To statists, a radical is a radical is a radical, and "anarchist" is just a particularly easy smear-target when you want to make all of them look bad. Police-invented "anarchist" language almost never sounds legitimate to actual anarchists, because it smells authoritarian and manipulative, like communist sects. However, there are now very large numbers of people in Australia and, apparently, several other countries, who would in all innocence swear that they were recently exposed to Anarchism and know what it's all about.

Lorenzo Komboa Ervin (again according to his Australian publicist the "anarchist" Joseph Toscano) has, since his release from prison in 1983 after his "pardon" by the U.S. Government, ***"traveled to over twenty countries. He had just completed a six-week tour of the United Kingdom before he arrived in Australia."*** Well, that too is interesting; where, do you suppose, does the substantial amount of money needed to fund this itinerary come from? Maybe Ervin has a *real good* job— but jobs paying the necessary salaries and allowing that amount of freedom to travel would seem (to put it mildly) rather seldom given to ex-hijackers and kidnappers. Following my own *trial* for aggravated assault on a police officer, for example, I was never again able in this town to work at any job above that of janitor. And I was *acquitted,* not convicted.

As the story wound down, Ervin was reportedly considering suing the Commonwealth, and he got quoted in the Australian press as saying that the Prime Minister owed him an apology.

Interestingly enough, Senator Vanstone was quoted too. She said that ***the U.S. Justice Department now advised her that, contrary to Ervin's claim, he had not been granted an "executive clemency*** over his 1969 conviction for hijacking.

So what, exactly, is going on here?

You be the judge.

—Fred Woodworth

The Match Ads Column

We don't accept paid advertising, but will print notices for what seem to be deserving individuals or groups, at our discretion.

The **BAY AREA ANARCHIST BOOK FAIR** will be held in the San Francisco Fair Building (same location as last year) near Ninth Ave. and Lincoln Way, in Golden Gate Park. Time and date: Saturday, March 14, 1998, 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Admission is free.

NOW AVAILABLE: Augustin Souchy's eyewitness account of the peasant collectives—"With the Peasants of Aragon"—is a new paperback edition, translated by Abe Bluestein. 83 pages, 2 new maps and an index. Send $5.00 each, or $3.00 each for 3 or more copies, to Ed Stamm, PO Box 1402, Lawrence KS 66044. (Postage paid by publisher.)

STEFANTASY is the product of William M. Danner, who has been publishing and printing it since July, 1945. Printed entirely with hand-set type, it consists these days mostly of letters Mr. Danner has received from friends around the world. Also includes a few short essays. He says it's free, but postage isn't cheap, so why don't you send a buck or two for a copy to Bill at: R.D. 1, Kennerdell, PA 16374.

The Culture & Animals Foundation is an animal rights group which has produced a small booklet called "The Philosophy of Animal Rights". Written by the group's founder, Dr. Tom Regan, it contains ten arguments for animal rights, along with analysis of the possible rebuttals. $2 per copy, with bulk rates for 100 or more. Send check or money order to: The Culture & Animals Foundation, 3509 Eden Croft Drive, Raleigh, NC 27612.

IMAGES OF AMERICAN RADICALISM contains more than 800 images and 100 color plates, sampling the form given over the years by lithographers, painters, photographers, and cartoonists to the idea of American radicals and radicalism. The images are accompanied by text describing the various social movements and personalities. Also includes sidelights on anti-radicalism, from Negrophobic and anti-Semitic to anti-labor and misogynist. Co-authored by Paul Buhle and Edmund Sullivan. In hardcover only, $60. Order from bookstores, or directly from the publisher: The Christopher Publishing House, 24 Rockland St., Hanover, MA 02339. (Add $5 s/h.)

"Drop Out" is a tabloid magazine devoted to hatred of the public school system. Produced by Pamela Davis in a rather primitive layout and style, this 16-page zine is filled with essays and letters describing the utter bankruptcy of school with great rage and honesty. Also contains book reviews and a list of books available, generally on the subject of "deschooling" and how people can educate themselves. Donation to Pam Davis, c/o The Hindenburg, 1114-21st St., Sacramento, CA 95814.

ANIMAL PEOPLE (News for People Who Care About Animals)— a large tabloid newspaper featuring researched and detailed news about animals, people's interactions with animals, and abuse. July/August issue features appalling article on abuse and torture of horses. P. O. Box 960, Clinton, WA 98236.

Available in reprint: "Political Duty: A Confession of Skepticism", 1892 essay by Theo. Perkins. Send about $10 to Box EMAB, 88 Abbey St., Derby, UK.

Hans Ruesch's **CIVIS**, for the abolition of vivisection, reviews books and films, discusses personalities, and the dirty side of the international effort to discredit foes of vivisection. Hans Ruesch's enemies are constantly trying to silence him via lawsuits, so he must be onto something. Fondazione Hans Ruesch, Via Motta 51, 6900 Massegno, Switzerland.

Phyllis Hordin (aka Phil Bland) is offering a limited edition of her new novel, **DISTORTION**. For your copy of this tale of a trip to hell by one of your favorite underground authors, send $25 to CAD Press, 5125 35th St., San Diego, CA 92116.

WHIRL is an open forum for diverse perspectives on politics, culture, liberation, and the spirit. For a sample issue please send $2 cash to P.O. Box 5304 Atlanta, GA 30307.

Amaze your friends with underground books, music, videos, comix and 'zines from the Essential Media Discount Counterculture Catalog. Full catalog is just $2 or get the mini version for free. Essential Media, Box 661245, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

Alex Coughlin has recently produced a nine-song, 12-inch album and a 72 page booklet covering environmental issues, veganism, vegetarianism, low-impact lifestyles, radical and labor history, and much more. It's called "Your Ticket to the New Jerusalem", a literary and musical ensemble, and is available for $8, ppd from P.O. Box 28, Durham NC 27702 (checks payable to Alex Coughlin).

BURNING SENSATION, issue no. 1, is available for one dollar from Rich Lewis, P. O. Box 8214, Rockford, Illinois 61125. 16 page pamphlet. Contains short pieces on Civilized Anarchism, Hemp and Marijuana, Technology. On anarchism he writes: "It is better to set your sights in the distance and come up short, than to set your goals short and achieve them."